THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 25, 1913 — 5 CENTS THE COPY

In This Number

Golden Water—By WILL IRWIN

Each a Lucky Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Even when cars are skimped and rushed, an occasional car gives wondrous satisfaction.

No costly repairs, no troubles, no breaks. The man who gets it tells his friends he got a lucky car.

But every buyer of Reo the Fifth gets a lucky car. This is how I insure it:

Endless Care

In 26 years spent building cars I've learned what strength is needed.

To insure that strength I twice analyze every lot of steel.

I test my gears with a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I have another machine to test my springs for 100,000 vibrations.

Then, to make doubly sure, I give each driving part 50 per cent over-capacity. Each is made ample, by actual test, for a 45-horsepower engine. That means immense margin of safety.

Ending Trouble

To deal with low-grade gasoline I doubly heat my carburetor. I use a hot air intake, plus hot water wrapping.

I use a $75 magneto to end ignition troubles.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

Every car in the making gets a thousand inspections. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. And I limit my output to 50 cars daily so nothing is ever rushed.

Enduring Luxury

Each body is given 17 coats to insure enduring finish. The deep Turkish upholstering is of genuine leather filled with the best curled hair. So it doesn't sag and grow rusty.

Two front lights are electric, set flush with the dash. The old-style side lamps have been abandoned. The rear light is also electric.

This car in every detail shows the final touch.

Center Control

This car alone has my center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving a small handle only three inches in each of four directions.

No side levers; no brake levers—nothing in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, now considered essential, to bring the driver close to the car he passes.

When you see what these things mean you will not go without them.

What Precaution Costs

I could build Reo the Fifth without all these precautions for some $200 less. But this added cost saves the average buyer several times as much. It insures a car that's flawless, durable and right.

So we save in other ways. We build only one model, which saves some 20 per cent. We have cut down our profits. We employ wondrous factory efficiency.

As a result, we give you a car such as I describe at a price that's unmatchable—$1,095.

I build it for men who want beauty and luxury, combined with all the hidden worth that any price can buy.

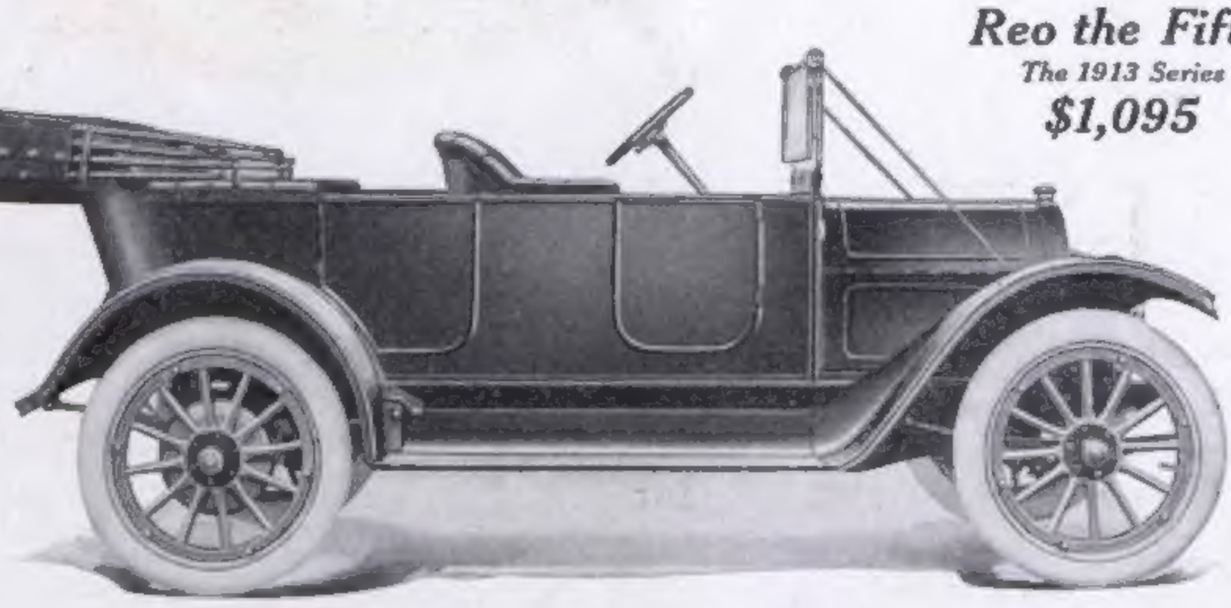
Write for our 1913 catalog. Then go to the nearest of our thousand dealers and see this new-model car.

Extra Cost

Drop forgings, on the average, cost twice as much as steel castings. But steel castings often have hidden flaws. So in Reo the Fifth I use 190 drop forgings.

Roller bearings cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. But ball bearings often break. So in Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings, 11 Timken and 4 Hyatt High Duty.

This year I have added 30 per cent to my tire cost to add 65 per cent to your tire mileage. Note how big my tires are for a car of this size and weight.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 inches
Tires—34 x 4 inches
Center Control
Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
Three Electric Lights
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

The sunrisers' club of successful men

Big Ben

EVERY morning—about the land, there is a bunch of *get-there* men who are off the mattress at the first crack of a bell.

They swing down to their work with cheek aglow—with grit afresh—with eye alight—they're the Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men and most have risen with Big Ben.

It's been his business to get them up in the world. He's done it so loyally, so cheerfully, so promptly, that he's already calling daily at over two millions of their homes.

Big Ben's the clock for get-there men. He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind, and pleasing to hear.

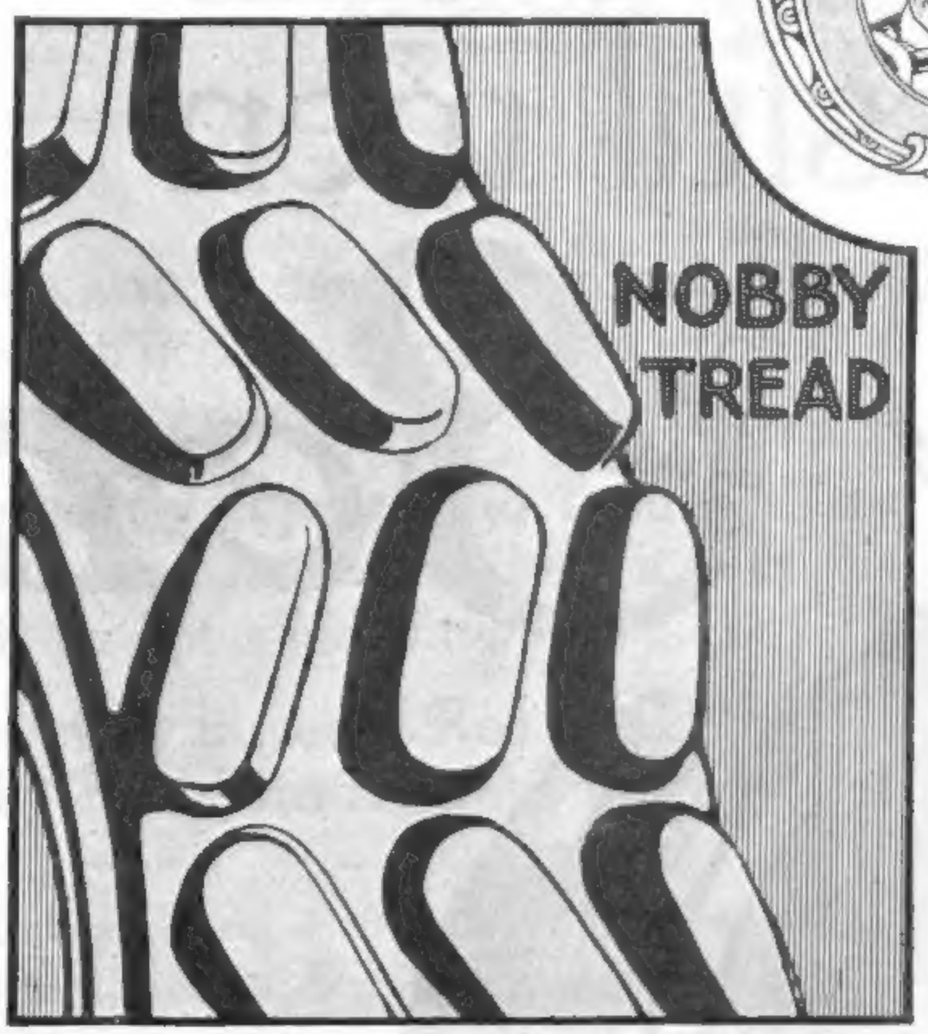
He calls just when you want and either way you want, *steadily for five minutes* or *intermittently for ten.*—He's two good clocks in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him to you attractively boxed and express charges paid.

$2.50

Three Dollars in Canada.

TIRE-LY SATISFIED



The World's Most Famous Non-Skid Tires

The Nobby and Chain tread tires are unquestionably the most remarkable and the most widely used non-skid tires ever offered to motorists.

The Nobby tread was the first successful non-skid tire to be placed on the market and proved a positive revelation to motorists who had been experimenting with the types previously offered.

It can be literally said that this tire in one year's time converted the American Motoring public to the use of non-skid tires.

Our Nobby tread output was doubled, tripled, quadrupled, until to-day it is a known fact that Nobby treads are used on more cars throughout the world than all other non-skid tires put together. And the Chain tread (the most remarkable popular-priced tire ever offered), although placed on the market only a short time ago, has met with similar instantaneous success.

Look about you and you will see a confirmation of this in the tire tracks on any roadway in the country.

Ask any good dealer, and regardless of what tire he is now selling, he will, if unprejudiced, be compelled to admit the supremacy of these two tires in the non-skid field.

And the plain, commonplace reason back of it all is this: The motorists of the country wanted a tire that would combine effective skidding protection with absolute tire economy. The Nobby and Chain tread tires *meet this demand in a decidedly satisfactory manner*.

You ought to try one or the other of them on your car during the present "skiddy" winter season.

United States Tire Company, New York

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 25, 1913* *Number 30*

GOLDEN WATER

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH.

He Stood White-Hat, Cocking and Uncocking His Futile Little Revolver

THIS is the story of the vital years in the lives of two men. Those lives began far apart, and for years they ran in separate channels. Indeed, William G. Chesborough and Robert Smith never actually met in the flesh, and only once did they have so much as a remote momentary contact. Yet the career of William G. Chesborough influenced most powerfully the career of Robert Smith.

That is the way of the modern world, with its infinite, bewildering complexities. The wife of a railroad man in Ohio wakes on a fine morning with a case of nerves and takes it out on her husband. That day, in the oblivion of bitterness, he sends the wrong message on the wire—and somewhere out in West Virginia two trains collide, killing in their crash the wife of a New York grocer, who never heard of the woman in Ohio. And if the halts and stops of this world-machine, the imperfections of its cogs and cams and levers, the imperfections of coördination throughout the whole giant mass, affect in this manner the dramatic moments in human lives, they affect also, and with just as much power, whole destinies. By the imperfection of the machine more than by any flaw in himself William G. Chesborough, promoter and capitalist, came, with others of his stripe, to be an unseen, sinister influence on the fortunes of Robert Smith, working man. Let us take the two careers separately from the beginning of their significant years.

. . . . . .

In 1890 William G. Chesborough—"Billy" to his affectionate fellow townsmen—was the receiving teller of a small bank at a town which we will call Carmania, Indiana. It was a lively and rather attractive city of the third class; it existed in the beginning as the center for a prosperous farming population, and got its later spurt into prosperity through the discovery of natural gas. Like most American cities outside of the old, settled Eastern district, it looked forward to becoming some day a second Chicago or Pittsburgh. Did it build a library or project a park, it provided not only for its present needs but for that indefinite expansion which the hopes of its citizens thought warranted.

Chesborough's Start

WILLIAM G. CHESBOROUGH, still in his early thirties, enterprising, popular and efficient, represented the thought and spirit of his time and community. From his strategic position in the bank he kept his eye on the business opportunities of Carmania, and invested judiciously his savings—he had begun from nothing, as a green farmer office boy. He used varying judgment and had variable luck. He "cleaned up" on lots in a suburban addition; he was "cleaned out" in a small factory enterprise. He won again in a country-store trade, and lost part of his winnings through his one conservative whirl at stocks. But in the early nineties he had, besides certain unnegotiable properties, about twenty-five thousand dollars upon which he could lay his hand.

He Met Mary Haley and Found Her Different From Any Other Girl He Ever Saw

Those were the early days of the significant, revolutionary McKinley Tariff, when new wine was being poured into old bottles, old capital into new enterprises. William G. Chesborough, like most of his kind, was a Republican. He believed in the protective tariff as the foundation of all our prosperities, the sacred citadel of business, and the protector—this consideration lay a long way back in his mind—of the American working man. With the other members of his business circle he rejoiced in a general way at the forward impetus that the new law was certain to give the manufacturing interests upon which Carmania, in common with other towns of the natural-gas region, based its hopes of great future gain.

He noted, rather indifferently at first, the tinplate schedule. The best citizens of Carmania had contributed liberally that year to the Republican campaign fund, and had been rewarded by some inside information. They knew that, because of powerful influence from those manufacturers of cans and kitchen utensils who wanted their material free, tinplate had hitherto been unprotected. A few American iron men, away back in the seventies, had tried this branch and given it over because they could not meet Welsh competition. The manufacturers of Wales, tinsmiths for twenty generations, had on their side not only native raw material and cheaper labor costs but great technical knowledge and inborn economy.

A Turn of the Tariff Wheel

NOTHING appeared more certain than that the United States, what with higher labor costs and steamer tolls for importing crude tin, could not compete with Wales. Then, in those merry old days of the tariff game, came the turn of the wheel. The high-tariff mania was at its zenith. The interests that profited by free tinplate had relaxed their hold; the ironmakers held a tight grip on the situation; and a duty of thirty dollars a ton was, for the ultimate prosperity of the American working man, placed on tinplate. The big mills began at once to experiment—the little capitalists and *entrepreneurs*, like William G. Chesborough, to take notice; but always, when he discussed this chance with those of his associates who understood ironmaking, he got the same answer:

"Oh, yes—but the Welsh have their trade secrets."

He believed this until one day when Harry Robinson dropped into the club. Harry had experience in the iron business. His father before him was a foundryman and a maker of sheet steel, which is the next allied business to tinplate. Harry himself had worked as assistant superintendent in a sheet steel mill in Pittsburgh. Type of the American who rolls and gathers no moss, he had given up the place to be manager of an Indiana foundry, which failed and left him adrift in the world. Unlike William G. Chesborough,

"I'm Going to Make You the Wife of the Richest Man in This Town!"

Harry Robinson had no great interest in the business end of this or any other industry. He looked upon capital only as a means of increasing output. A true workman temperamentally, his enthusiasm was all for the job—his job was making finished products out of crude iron ore.

"I'll tell you, Billy," said Harry Robinson: "You fellows down here are letting a great chance slip by you in this tinplate business. You've got the natural gas; you've got the location; you can get the labor. All you need is the ginger to start it going."

"But we don't understand tinplate," said Billy.

"Oh, yes we do!" replied Harry Robinson. "We understand making sheet-steel, don't we? And there's more iron than tin in tinplate ——"

"But the plating is a Welsh secret," objected Billy Chesborough.

"So?" said Harry. "So we can't put a little coating of tin over a sheet of steel, can't we? Is there anything secret about nickel plating or silver plating or gold plating? We do that, don't we? And you've got something here that I wouldn't trade for all the Welsh secrets!"

"What's that?" inquired the more conservative Billy.

"Natural gas—cheap natural gas!" exclaimed Harry Robinson. "They haven't that in Wales. Besides, I could tell you something about Welsh trade secrets if you were interested. Suppose I said that I knew how to make tinplate—all there is to the Welsh process?"

It was not until two or three days later, during which Billy had digested these words and seen opportunity opening before him, that Harry opened his mind and explained his hint about Welsh trade secrets.

Chesborough's Troubles Pile Up

"I FOUND him running a rolling mill in the old shop," said Harry—"William Davis is his name, only he doesn't spell William that way. He's worked right through the business in Wales—he emigrated only four years ago—and what he doesn't know about tinplate isn't worth the mention. I've talked it all over with him, and it's plain as the nose on your face. Look here!" Harry seized a sheet of club paper and began to draw a tin mill. Long into that night they talked; and in the sleepless hours of thought Billy Chesborough reached his conviction. There was a chance—a fortune in tinplate!

"You're in a good place for selling stock," Harry had said. "We can both raise a little money, and this town is crazy-wild to get new manufactures. You know what they did for the Lighter Company—bonuses and sites and all that. What will they do for you? You understand the financial end. I understand the iron business—and, by gum, I'm going to understand this tin business too! There is easy credit for machinery at Pittsburgh—I can fix that. They've already begun to make machinery for tinplate—those fellows are big enough to see it coming."

The next morning Billy said suddenly, unaccountably, to his wife:

"I'm going to do it, I guess."

"Going to do what?" she asked, rather calmly, being accustomed to these surprises of the promoter temperament.

"Make you the wife of the richest man in this town!" he said. And so was born the Carmania Tinplate Company.

Within a few weeks they incorporated; but first they had been to Pittsburgh and discovered that, by a little play of personality and a good show of actual chances, they could get surprising credit from the manufacturers of machinery, eager to push this new and promising department of the business. Before the Carmania Company began to sell stock Billy saw those "prominent citizens" who made the town go. The city was foolishly eager to get this new industry; it was willing to offer factory sites and a bonus. The partners decided, after many conferences, to start moderately, with four hot mills and a bar mill, besides a rather flimsy building they intended to make substantial when the business warranted more hot mills.

On paper the whole plant would be worth three hundred thousand dollars. Barring accident, the partners knew it would cost less than that. For instance, there were the free site and the bonus, given cheerfully by the town on the chance of attracting an industrial population. Harry knew where they could get an old bar mill from a bankrupt sheet-steel factory at little more than the cost of scrapiron; with some adapting it would serve to turn out bars for the use of the rollers. They capitalized honestly at three hundred thousand dollars—the price of the plant and working capital.

Billy put in his own twenty-five thousand dollars and Harry added ten thousand he had saved somehow in the course of his roving industrial existence. The rest of the actual cash assets began to dribble in from the farmers with whom Billy had contact through his position at the bank. These farmers were his best purchasers; the merchants, the bankers, the lords of the town, gave their assistance to the enterprise mainly in the blessings of encouragement.

For example, there were two banquets to the new Napoleons of Carmanian finance—one by the Chamber of Commerce; one by the employees of the bank when Billy quit to become head of a new commercial enterprise that—who knew?—might make a second Pittsburgh of Carmania. The town papers gave columns of write-ups—for nothing. The old-fashioned line cut of Billy's countenance, the front hair tooled out into a cowlick effect, became as common a feature on the front page as the portrait of the President.

All this time the walls of the factory were going up on the free site, and flat-cars were setting down titanic pieces of iron from the Pittsburgh mills. Harry Robinson found himself mightily busy assembling mills with one hand, organizing a factory force with the other; while Billy looked into markets and floated stock on the stream of his popularity. And just before the campaign of 1892, with its tinplate issue—all advertising for the new Carmania Tinplate Company—Mrs. Chesborough lit the first fire under the furnaces, and the firm of Chesborough & Robinson set about fulfilling its promises.

Now you may have a tariff bonanza and you may have a trade secret, but there is one thing in manufacturing you cannot get in a day or a year, especially when the industry has newly sprung from nothing—and that is organization. Harry Robinson had started with Gwyllim Davis, the Welshman, with a few old ironworkers skilled in rolling sheet steel, and with some raw, stout farmer boys—accepted, many of them, because their fathers had bought stock in the company. Davis, raised to the dizzy eminence of assistant superintendent, really knew less about tinplate making than the optimistic Harry Robinson, in the first flush of discovery, had believed. The new machinery and the second-hand bar mill creaked and wabbled; so did the whole machinery of the business. How many runs of bright new tin went back to the scrapheap, how many days this or that hot mill lay idle for lack of bars, the old books of the Carmania Company show. There were labor troubles caused by the discrepancies between the enthusiastic promises of the partners and the actual days of idleness.

On the business side affairs proved just as unsatisfactory. What with the adjustment of a new industry, the demand proved unstable. Either the storeroom was jammed to the last inch of space or the Carmania Company found itself unable to fill orders. Defective lots, sent through by the inexperience of the new force, gave the product a bad name in certain quarters.

Dark Hours Before Dividends

THE end of the first year found the company in debt, struggling, running close to bankruptcy. Then came the famous panic and—flat paralysis. The farmer stockholders criticised and roared at meetings. Only the partners, on the inside of the situation, knew that the future was bright. They were bound in time to get the working organization and to pass over the bridge into that country of great and steady profits already reached by the larger and more experienced concerns that lay to the north and east of them—enterprises no more favored than they by site, by cheap gas, by intelligent labor.

The darkest hour came before dawn; and Billy, the insider, glimpsed it first. Just when the creditors seemed about to make bankruptcy a certainty he found the hot mills working smoothly at last, the bar mill feeding them with mathematical regularity, the product coming through clean and unspoiled. With the first recovery from hard times the factories that turned his finished materials into cans and kitchen utensils became clamorous for tin. Prices began to rise. Now, besides keeping ahead of the interest on the debt, the Carmania Company was accumulating a surplus for its first dividend.

Then Billy Chesborough conceived the idea that ever afterward he believed to be the foundation of his fortunes. The disgusted shareholders, with whom he was now unpopular—perhaps justly so—were willing to sell at almost any price, especially since these were hard times and they all needed ready money. He laid his plan before the president of his old bank, who, being a financier of the antique Western school, approved and encouraged his course.

(Continued on Page 35)

"The Scabs are Coming!"

How Father Le Fèvre Came to Singing River

By LARRY EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"'Farrel! If You Touch Your Knife I'll Open Your Throat With My Bare Fingers'"

HE WAS a huge man, Father LeFèvre—huge in shoulder, and in girth, too, now; and the little bushy wreath of hair that encircled the shiny dome of his bald head just above the ears had long before turned to silver. But the light that many men had caught and only a few ever understood still burned undimmed in his eyes.

Dusk was settling thick upon the timbered ranges to the north. Below us the mills were already silhouetted in ebony against the silver of the river basin; and as the hungry whine of the saws, growing fainter and fainter, finally ceased altogether the new silence sat almost like a burden upon our unaccustomed ears.

Minutes before I had put my question to him tentatively, and at last the priest of Singing River, still staring abstractedly at the distant ridges, flame-tinted with the dipping sun, thoughtfully repeated my words.

"You ask," he said, "how it was I came to Singing River—and how it chanced that I remained?" He paused a moment, smiled, shrugged his heavy shoulders; then turned his face, half-blurred by the dusk, toward me.

"Perhaps," he went on—and spoke as if he were arguing it with himself—"perhaps it is because they still have need of me here; perhaps it is because of this"—his gesture swept the dark blot of the mountains—"that I stay on and on. I do not quite know myself. But you ask how I came to Singing River, and this is the story—merely a story, m'sieur, of a man who knew how to wait and a woman's strength, and how it happened that the things of tomorrow became the things of today—for them—for all time to come. *Voilà!*

"It was the curé's plan, m'sieur—his plan—that I should come to Singing River clad not as a priest of the Mission, but simply as any other traveler who might be forced to take to the saddle and the trail; for the railroad had not pushed in, then, even as far as Beckett.

"'They are a new people to you,' he urged—'these men of the timber country. And when one would teach one must first of all learn—*n'est-ce-pas?* They are big men, all of them—and yet very great children. To teach them a man must be big too—great in body and heart and understanding.'

"Those were his very words, m'sieur; and you can for yourself see the wisdom of that old man's plan. And so it happened that there was little to mark me as different when I rode the trail, save perhaps the too stiff seat of a man unaccustomed to the saddle—and perhaps, too, the gravity of my face. I was younger then and had not learned how much there was in the world at which a man might smile.

"It meant three days in the saddle, that journey—two to the town that marked the end of the railroad, and another on to Beckett and across the range to Singing River, where Conahan alone knew of my coming—Conahan, the first river boss of Singing River, m'sieur, huge and red-haired and red-bearded, who came out once each year to the Mission, as he himself put it, for the good of his soul.

"We will pass over those first two days—they do not matter; for it was on the third day that I first saw him—not Conahan—but him of whom I am trying to tell you as I saw him then; he who is the half of this story. In the early morning he swung into the trail ahead of me, five—maybe ten—miles outside of Beckett. I never knew quite the exact moment of his appearance, for I merely chanced to look up—and there he was before me.

"I had passed other men of the timber country in the two days that had gone before—trappers, bent low under heavy packs of the winter's catch, for the peaks were still snow-tipped to the north; and rivermen, too, with faces stained brown by the winds, clad in vivid mackinaws that flashed like tiny dots of color across the log-choked rivers. But there was something about that solitary horseman that set him apart from all the others—something that caught up my fancy sharply. Just what it was I do not hope to explain to you, for like them he was weather-beaten and great across his shoulders, and lithe and flat in the hips. Maybe it was the hint of weariness in his back, which was toward me, m'sieur, or only that he stared always straight ahead of him, like a man who strives to see the end of a long journey. I—I do not know. But I did catch the significance of the uniform he wore; you know it too, for it was the red coat of the mounted police—the mounted police of the Border.

"Twice that morning its wearer, while I watched, slipped like a shadow from the main trail into byways so little traveled that they escaped my unschooled eye, to reappear an hour or two later; and at each reappearance both horse and rider seemed a little more weary and more thickly mud-flecked from hard riding back there in the timber where the slopes saw but little of the sun. And little by little a persistent picture of a hound, for a moment off the scent, swinging in a wide circle to pick it up fresh once more behind the inscrutable wall of those pines, took form in my brain—and clung there, too, in spite of my effort to shake it off or laugh myself to shame. Whatever his errand might be—and I had only vague conjecture then, m'sieur—I was inwardly thankful at that moment that it was not my trail he rode! Somehow, watching, the singleness of his purpose seemed mercilessly, pitilessly dogged to me.

"Not once did I catch a glimpse of his face—he never turned his head from the front; and so when, close to midday, he pulled his horse from a shuffling trot to a standstill before the unpainted shack that served the shifting population of Beckett as saloon and general store and eating place I pushed my own horse forward a little more eagerly. And I entered in time to catch the greeting of the proprietor behind the unvarnished, bottle-flanked bar. It was half bantering, m'sieur, half stoical—the sort of greeting that I knew stamped men as friends out on the border of things.

"'Not back again—so quick!' I heard the proprietor say.

"The horseman was still facing away from me, but I fancied he was smiling a little, gravely.

"'Yes, back again—so quick!' His answer came slowly.

"The man who stood behind the bar eyed his lean body for an instant with what I thought must be speculative approval.

"'Trails are still a bit muddy on the north slopes,' he commented; and swiftly at his words each disappearance and mud-flecked return of the red-coated rider that had occurred during the morning recurred to me with vivid detail. I strained to catch the reply.

"'Trails are heavy,' it came at last, and it seemed only disinterested. Then the man in the travel-stained uniform for the first time took the lead in that queerly disjointed conversation. 'And travelers are mighty few,' he said.

"M'sieur, they seem commonplace words now as I repeat them; they are commonplace—for such things lose in retelling. But I tell you now that then, as I stood in the door of that barroom, a far deeper current of meaning underran their surface. And a long silence, filled with something I could not understand, followed them. Once the eyes of the proprietor lifted, flashed over me in lightninglike inquiry, and dropped again.

"'They are infrequent,' he finally agreed; then his voice dropped to a lifeless monotone. 'And Farrel rode through four hours ago,' he finished, squinting absently out of a window as he talked. 'He—he was hurryin' along some too.'

"That was all, m'sieur—that was all; and yet a hint of deadly menace underlay the very simplicity of the words. He merely nodded—the man in the red coat—nodded silently and turned toward the door of the dining room.

After a moment I turned also and followed, wondering as I crossed the room who the man they had called Farrel might be; for, of course, you know now, m'sieur, just as surely as I knew then, that he was the man whose trail had turned and twisted and doubled, back there along the ridges.

"I wondered, too, what the thing he had done might be, and then—and then, m'sieur, forgot him entirely at the strange sight that met me as I entered the rough-board dining-room annex. On the far side of the room there was a long case filled with candy boxes—it was incongruous to see them there, *non?*—women's sweets, blazing the trail for the civilization that was creeping steadily into the Northwest. They were of uncertain age, but bravely basketed and beribboned to catch the eye of the unwary traveler who might chance to stray in from the approaching line of the railroad—of many sizes and shapes, some scarcely touched by the ever-evident fly-specks; and over them stood that tall, lean-limbed horseman, considering in grave indecision.

"That instant I had the first glimpse of his face; yet—and oddly enough—it was almost in keeping with what I had pictured it should be. The nose and lips were finely cut and straight; and in the jaw there was splendid endurance, where bone and sinew ran close under the skin. His gray eyes were level, steady; but they had an old-young light that would be hard to read. M'sieur, do you listen? Do you quite understand by that what I mean?

"A woman stood behind the counter that held the candy case; and all that was behind her face—unlike the riddle in the conversation of the barkeeper—was very easy to read. With just one added indefinable touch her face might have been almost beautiful; but instead it fell short of that, and for her tinted prettiness one could feel only pity, and disappointment, too, for what she might have been. That light in her eyes was plain and open—world-old, m'sieur—as she gazed at the horseman in the red coat. Perhaps you will see him best now if I were to say that he was the sort of man at whom both men and women turned to look twice, and then turned to look again.

"The man in the red coat must have felt the weight of that gaze, for he lifted his head suddenly, inquiringly. For quite a little while he looked at her, his face still preoccupied. Then with whimsical gravity he said:

"'I'm afraid I'm going to ask your judgment on this lot of blue-ribbon winners. Which one should I choose, do you think?'

"It robbed her of her too ready speech for a moment—that quiet question—just as effectively as that highly colored array of confectionery would have robbed a dyspeptic of a budding hope of hunger. Instinctively in that pause her glance went to a single box set far back in one corner, as if it were deemed unworthy of display. It was a very simple box, plain and white and square—and yet lettered with the name of a maker that one would scarcely expect to read there in the wilderness. Of all of them it was the only—shall we call it thoroughbred, m'sieur? And for an instant she wavered, about to indicate it with a sincere forefinger. Then, instead, her gaze went suddenly back to a many-colored, heart-shaped box in the center of the case, and she threw back her head a little, her eyes half closed and her too bright lips parted in challenging coquetry.

"'For a lady?' Yes, that was what she asked him; and I, as well as she, felt the swift reticence of the man in the red coat. At that, too, his grave face was without change.

"'It might be that,' he told her quietly.

"'Then that blue-ribboned one ——' Her voice was scarcely audible as she indicated the heart-shaped box.

"I was sorry for her, m'sieur. I doubt if any man could have felt anything but pity for her at that moment. The eyes of the red-coated horseman turned to the box she had indicated and he spoke aloud—softly, but quite to himself.

"'That is pretty,' he mused. 'That is pretty,' he said again; 'but wouldn't you consider it a little too outspoken in its sentiments?' Then in his steadily impersonal voice: 'I'll take that one, please.' And he pointed out the plain white box which she, too, would have chosen had she not, like the mere prettiness of her face, fallen short a little of all that she might have been.

"Color rose and stained her cheeks. When she handed the package to the waiting man the daring invitation of her eyes had faded to something that seemed only wistful and childishly bewildered. He must have felt it too—he in the red coat—for at the door he hesitated and turned back toward where she stood motionless.

"'But I certainly want to thank you,' he told her; and then he said: 'Your suggestion was surely helpful.'

"He passed out.

"I wonder, m'sieur, whether you, sitting here, feel that you know now as much of that man as I did then, when I sat there in that little dining room and ate my midday meal—and thought steadily of him. It's strange, somehow, how trivial a thing will gauge a man's whole standard! I—I liked him—liked him swiftly and completely, without rhyme or reason; and—and I want you to like him a little at least while you listen, for when I have finished you will like him very, very well.

"I ate at Beckett and then mounted my horse to ride the trail that twisted north from there into the Singing River country; but that afternoon I rode alone. Not once did the red blot of his coat flash out against the dark background of the evergreens. Only for the first mile or two I saw the marks of his horse's hoofs in the trail ahead of me, and then even they disappeared until, when huge, grotesque shadows were finally creeping down the slopes, I topped the last ridge—the one over there where the railroad cuts through now—and saw Conahan striding up the long hill to meet me.

"They Stood in That Huge Patch of Moonlight, Totally Forgetting That There Might be Other Eyes to See"

"He was not pleased, m'sieur—oh, he was greatly displeased, that riverman, Conahan, whose heart was even bigger, I think, than his huge body—because I came to Singing River as I did. His hat came off in his hand and he held it there until I had spoken to him the second time, sharply.

"'"Tis sacrilege!' he grumbled then. "Tis not r-right at all, at all.'

"I dismounted, for I was stiff with the saddle, and argued with him as I walked by his side down the long slope.

"'It is but for a day or two,' I told him—'simply that I may have a chance to look a little—and to listen. *Non?* Is it not well so?'

"Then he voiced the thing that had been troubling him.

"'"Tis iviry room in Coteau's that's jammed full to the eaves! I was late in gettin' down fr-rom the upcounthry, for till just this blessed day no wor-rud did I have av your comin'. An' the min have been down a week from the dr-rives, till there's divil a nook or a cr-ranny that's empty. Faith, an' just wan little wor-rud in Jean Coteau's ear, quietlike, Father—'tis no harm done, surely—an' the best! An' Hivin knows it's poor enough ——'

"In just such fashion he argued, m'sieur—his tongue never quite caught the trick of your language—and I laughed back at his earnestness only a little and softly until at last he gave up as we came to the edge of the town—not Singing River as you know it now; for all there was of it then squatted in a hollow square, thickly carpeted with sawdust from the mills. The unpainted, unclapboarded post of the agent of the fur company and, opposite, Jean Coteau's place alone rose above the ragged roof-line. Between these, two rows of shacks—bunkhouses, m'sieur—stretched down to where the mills stand now, each no more disreputable to look upon than its neighbor.

"It had grown darker.

"'Thin 'tis here we stop,' Conahan said, taking the bridle from my hands as we reached the edge of that open plot just beyond the agent's house. His voice was still sulky and dissatisfied; and yet there I found, m'sieur, in spite of all his vehement argument, he had pitched a tent—a little lean-to tent—open to the square and the cluster of houses. Inside in the dark I made out the lines of a smooth pile of blankets. I was tired and heavy-eyed with the wind, and compared with the forbidding exterior of Jean Coteau's place it was unhoped-for luxury.

"Conahan cared for the horse. For the moment, while I thrust face and hands into the cold water he had brought for me, I forgot completely the man in the red coat—forgot him and the puzzling questions that had been upon my tongue tip. But when a horse and rider swung suddenly into view above us, passed by down the trail and crossed noiselessly the open sawdust plot, I turned to Conahan, with maybe half a dozen half-formed queries on my lips. And then—then the appearance of a second person cut those questions short.

"She came quickly, almost without a sound, out of the door of a little cabin that lay against the fur agent's house—*oui*—a girl, m'sieur. It was scarcely light enough to see well; but she seemed not very tall and hardly more than slender—just little and slim and round-bodied—and her dark hair shimmered in odd contrast with the stiff, unbroken white of her clothing. The instant she appeared her eyes found the tall, red-coated horseman who had passed, heading toward Coteau's, and she stopped—stopped short. And there she stood, her lips half parted and her whole body leaning out toward him a little, unconsciously, until he passed from view.

"Maybe I should have turned away—I know I should, and yet I hadn't the time—for she was very close to us and totally unaware of our presence; and in the faint, wholly wonderful smile that parted her lips, even in the poise of her small head, there was a little eager caress that no eyes save his should have seen. And yet—and yet, m'sieur, when she turned and I caught a full view of it I gasped, almost aloud I think, at the naked terror that had crept in and whitened her face. Yes, that episode at the candy counter at Beckett was clear enough now. This was the newer question with which I turned to Conahan.

"'Who is she?' I asked him softly.

"Conahan, too, had been watching the man in the red coat; he, too, had seen the girl's face whiten.

"'Supper is long after bein' ready in Coteau's, Father,' he answered my question with unhurried irrelevance; but crossing the square he explained a little. 'The agent's wife has been gettin' wor-rse with a cough that she'll nivir get over,' he said. 'That's a nur-rse he had sint up from the southwar-rd a year back and mor-re, to be after carin' for her. That bit av a board shack is hers—they put it there so that she might be always close at hand.'

"As Conahan had said, we were late for supper in Coteau's. Besides ourselves only one belated diner sat over his plate—sat in sullen silence that I did not quite understand. Only once did he glance up, just as we entered; and I started a little at the vivid bluish scar that ran the length of one cheek, rendering a face that was already tricky and repulsive absolutely malevolent. And the short nod that passed between him and Conahan was the quintessence of uncordiality, m'sieur, here on the edge of things, where the measure of a man's friendship lies in the quality of his nodded greeting. It all came back to me again swiftly—that hint of hidden menace which I had felt in the morning in Beckett.

"When a little later I followed Conahan into the smoke-blued barroom I felt it there too, even under the jocularity of the men tilted back against the walls. Once, listening, I heard a name spoken quietly, hardly loud enough for me to hear—Manning it was—and at the casual mention of it a silence came over the room. Even Jean Coteau, pouring drinks behind the bar, set his bottle down slowly. And it was he who addressed the man who had mentioned it.

"'So Manning ees make a run for the Little Salmon country, maybe?' he asked.

"M'sieur, I saw sidelong glances turned on the man with the scarred face who had come in too, and who now sat alone in one corner. Just the ghost of a smile—not a pleasant smile—touched his lips. And then Conahan himself, next to me, spoke—his tongue, as always, heavy and ponderous.

"'Maxwell himself rode in, har-rdly wan quar-rter av an hour back,' he said. ''Tis a fresh hor-rse he'll be after wantin'.' And, m'sieur, Conahan, too, while he talked, was watching the man with the scarred face.

"Yes, it was he—he of the red coat—whom he meant. I knew it then instantly, and I leaned forward to catch the next words, just as you lean forward now. Jean Coteau set his bottle down hard this time.

"'He ees return!' he exclaimed; and then—and nobody could help but catch the gladness in his voice: 'Now eef I was Manning I would commence to do a leetle worrying—*non?*'

"A murmur of agreement went round the room, but the man in the corner—the man with the scarred face—laughed aloud.

"'He is no demigod!' he said. 'He is no demigod!' And the words slurred against each other. 'And Manning ——'

"I have often thought I should have liked to have heard the praise he meant to make of that absent man, but it was cut short suddenly. And the men sat in awkward silence, shuffling their feet, when the outer door opened and that little nurse whom I had seen only a little before watch the red-coated horseman with all her woman's soul in her eyes came into the room.

"M'sieur, there was something in her face—no, not the thing that marred the face of the woman at the candy counter at Beckett. Oh, it was infinitely less pitiful than the tinted smile of sophistication that I—and you too—have seen harden women's lips in this new country. Perhaps—perhaps we might call it just a sort of haunting resignation, such as one sees more often in a beaten man's face—never easy to look at; and it hurts more to see it in the face of a woman.

"The room hushed—now wasn't that acknowledgment enough of the difference in her, m'sieur?—as she crossed to the bar and spoke softly to Coteau. He turned and took a bottle from its place.

"'Eet ees the ver' best in the place,' he said, and raised his shoulders—so—in apology. 'Mees Severs ees worse?'

"She nodded silently and turned—turned, m'sieur, and scanned face by face the circle round the walls. And her eyes widened, too, and swam with more than a little fear as she failed to find the face she sought. It was a pitifully transparent excuse for coming, was it not—that brandy?—pitifully transparent to every man there! The room was quiet after she went out, very quiet, until Jean Coteau spoke once more.

"'She knows,' he stated gravely. 'She knows and she ees looking for heem—and she ees also ver' ver' frighten'. And yet—*parbleu!*' said Coteau, 'eet ees not for heem she has need to fear. Eet ees for Manning that some one would need to be fearing!'

"Again, at those words, the man with the scarred face laughed aloud; and again his mirth was cut short. He entered, m'sieur—*oui*, that red-coated horseman—from somewhere at the back of the building, the stables perhaps; and the greeting that met him—hardly a spoken greeting—had in it all the cordiality of the barkeeper at Beckett.

"Jean Coteau shoved a bottle toward him.

"'Eet ees on the house,' he begged him. 'You look for a bunk—*non?*'

"The horseman shook his head.

"'It is a fresh horse that I want most, Coteau,' he answered. 'I'm riding early tonight.'

"Before Coteau could answer him the man with the scarred face spoke from his corner.

"'His recent trip to civilization has spoiled him for your rank corduroy beds, Coteau,' he called out.

"A man does not need to peel back his lips to sneer. Those words were spoken to Coteau, but the slur that went with them was directed unmistakably at the man who rested half wearily against the bar and replied without turning his head.

"'Or maybe, Farrel,' he said—'or maybe I am more particular than some about those I bunk with.'

"His voice was as low and grave as when he had been talking with Coteau—neither friendly nor unfriendly—just half-preoccupied, m'sieur. The man's name was Farrel—the man with the scarred face. He sat quiet an

instant, staring down at the floor. Then his head lifted, a smile—or call it a leer if you wish—curving his lips.

"'Or maybe you think you have prospects of better!' he drawled.

"The room was quiet—you cannot imagine how quiet that room grew; for there was no man present, m'sieur, who did not realize that Farrel had contrived to include in his words the slender girl who had come and gone a minute before with the brandy.

"The red-coated rider turned then—turned from the bar—not quickly—and faced the man in the corner. And—and he told him—I cannot remember the words; I wish I could—he told him he was a liar, a coward who lied by insinuation because he dared not lie direct!

"We waited—and waited!

"Then I saw Farrel's hand slipping toward his waist—saw and wondered that the red-coated man did not see too; and—and I wanted to cry out to him a warning, and my dry lips refused to move. Then he spoke again, without haste.

"'Farrel!' he promised—'Farrel!'—and he was smiling, m'sieur—'if you touch your knife I'll open your throat with my bare fingers.'

"Farrel may not have been a coward—a physical coward, I mean. What do you think, m'sieur? But he sat there—sat silent before that quiet man, his scarred face quivering and twitching spasmodically, until his creeping fingers hesitated and lay still. And when Conahan rose a minute or two later and I followed him out into the night he who wore the red coat had turned back to Jean Coteau and the pressing matter of a fresh mount."

Father LeFèvre's voice hesitated and finally stopped entirely and I knew he was searching for the next point at which to pick up the thread of the story.

"What did I think of it all?" He echoed my question. "What did I think of it then? Ah!—but, m'sieur, that is a part of the story which is to come. It would perplex you now if I were to drop it here and let you figure it out for yourself, as I tried to that night while we went back across that little open square. I was irritated at Conahan's reticence; but in the end, for all that, I had to turn to him.

"'What is the meaning of it?' I asked him. 'Who is this man called Manning? What is he? And this man in the red coat? And that little woman who is so terribly afraid?'

"Conahan's answer came so abruptly that it startled me.

"'Manning,' he said, and his voice was harsh, 'has been about everything in this country that's dir-rty an' crooked that wan man could be. Two weeks back he was after callin' himself a tr-rapper or tr-rader—or annything that had a dacint ring to the wor-rud. Thin he wint an' grew careless. Somebody saw him get a white man over the sights av his rifle; so now he's a murderer-r. An' he has always been an abuser av wimin.' There he hesitated a moment. Then he added shortly: 'That man in the red coat is out to br-ring him in.'

"With that he stopped; nor could I lead him into further explanation. Only after we had rolled up in the blankets under the little lean-to tent that was open to the settlement did he speak again—and then, m'sieur, more to himself, I believe, than to me.

"'Farrel,' he muttered, 'can go to sleep tonight thankin' his God for the mir-racle that he ain't stopped bein'!'

"Long after Conahan's breathing became deep and regular I lay awake, staring out at the bit of sky that showed through the front of the tent, and the open square, white under the moonlight. You, too, would have lain awake, m'sieur, had you seen the terror in that little black-haired woman's eyes as I saw it that night. Jean Coteau had promised confidently that there was no need to fear for the man in the red coat, only for him called Manning—and yet, oh! she was pitifully frightened.

"I do not know how late it grew, or how early, but I was awake when the door of Jean Coteau's place finally opened, and, in the patch of yellow light that streamed out, Farrel, the man with the scarred face, stood for a moment silhouetted. Then the door closed noiselessly. A moment later he led his horse out from the shadow, passed a window and disappeared into the night. And from the outer blackness the muffled thud of a pounding gallop drifted back to my ears until it finally died out altogether.

"More time passed and I lay awake, until again the sound of hoofbeats, this time close at hand and deadened by the sawdust, brought me up sitting in the blankets. Out there a man was coming slowly across the square, leading his horse; and I did not have to see his face to recognize him—no, nor even know the color of his coat—and at that there was a great change in him. In Jean Coteau's place no weapon had been visible upon his body—and now, even in the half-light, I caught the dull, bluish-white glint of a revolver that sagged heavily in front of his hip. And the light that glanced from the cartridge-studded belt about his waist quivered, too, upon the barrel of a rifle that slanted across the saddle.

"M'sieur, there was another who, watching, had also caught the full, ominous import of his changed appearance. She—that little girl in white—ran out of the thick darkness beneath the fur agent's house—ran out to meet him. I do not know what the word was that came choking from her lips.

"Maybe the little girl in white did not speak at all—maybe she just cried out to him.

"He stopped and dropped the bridle, and then I made out plainly the thing he was carrying in his hand. It was that plain white candy-box, the box that I had seen that morning at Beckett. She ran swiftly to him; and they stood there, that man and that girl, in that huge patch of moonlight, totally forgetting that there might be other eyes to see.

"Her hands clenched tightly over his wrists, while she stared up at him—stared and tried to read his face.

"'Oh!' she cried out. 'Oh! It is true—they've sent you for him!' And then, in agonized protest: 'You mustn't go! You mustn't go!'

"Her small head came barely to his chin as he leaned over her, speaking at last. Only one line I caught, m'sieur—I had no right to listen—only one line: 'You know I have to—you know I have to go!' But he repeated it, time and time again, dully, until I knew from that very repetition he was trying to convince himself as well as her.

"For a time she listened silently—stunned to silence maybe—before she broke out into terrified, incoherent protest, begging him to leave to some one else the grim errand upon which he was to ride that night. And then, again, I heard the name of Manning.

"M'sieur, that big red-coated man stood like a man stricken, only shaking his head.

"'It is the sort of thing I took oath to see through to a finish, five years ago,' he told her once, quietly; and then, again and again: 'You know I must! You know I have to go.'

"She stopped pleading then—stopped pleading with her poor broken voice. She flung his wrists from her and her round arms went up about his neck. The whole length of that slim body of hers lay against him while she struggled to bring his face down to her until the cords of the man's jaws stood out white and he strained his great weight away from her. Her head fell far back, that she might look up into his eyes.

"'I need you!' she panted. 'Stay—stay and take me away with you tonight. Oh, I need you so!'

"I wish you could have known, as I knew then, the man he was, m'sieur! Very gently he unwound her arms, but he dared not look into her upturned face until he had put her away from him. By that one thing alone she must have known how hard his fight against himself had been. And when he did set her away from him she could only stand and gaze—gaze as she might have, I think, if he had struck her with his own hand.

"'You can never come back!' she gasped, her voice so husky that it was scarce more than a whisper. 'Don't you see—if you kill him—you can never come back to me?'

"The man in the red coat turned his eyes away from that white face of hers. And still staring hungrily up at him she drew back—and back, m'sieur. Once she lifted her arms to him and waited. Then she turned and went, not steadily, back into the shadow beneath the fur agent's house. And the man who was riding that night on the trail of the murderer Manning stood and watched dumbly her going.

"The moonlight glinted upon the brass cartridges in his belt as he swung himself to the saddle; and when he wheeled his horse and rode into the black darkness that walled the square that plain white candy-box lay where it had fallen, a white patch of light against the powdered sawdust. But, after he had gone, a little, slim white-clad figure ran across to it once more, picked it up and hugged it to her breast—and sobbed over it.

"The shock of Conahan's voice coming with husky gruffness from the dark set my too taut nerves jumping.

"'You would do well to sleep, Father,' that big riverman said. 'Tis time, an' long after!'

"I reached out my hand and touched his huge arm.

"'You were awake?' I whispered. 'You were awake and saw too? Conahan, is there nothing you can say to explain this thing? Can I not help? Is it not right that I should know?'

"He caught in my questions the note of resentment at his reticence.

"'Faith, Father, an' I was not after eggin' on your curiosity,' he explained. 'I—I only wasn't sur-re myself until right now. All I knew was that he av the red coat has been ridin' in from dooty, two miles—or two hundred, mayhap—iviry wance in a while, to bring her little things like that box just now yonder. Just from seein' her annybody could tell that she's been accustomed to the brickybrac av civilization. I knew that he had been mighty good to that little woman, Father; but—but I didn't know that ayther av thim cared like that! Faith, an' I scar-rcely thought they would dare to let thimselves care that way—since she is another man's wife!' He lay there

(Continued on Page 26)

Her Two Fists Were Clenched at Her Breast

The Boy in the Blue Blickey

HOW SCHOOL AND SHOP ARE COÖPERATING

By William Hughes Mearns

MY FIRST experience with the new kind of school began with a telephone call upon the principal. "I should like to see your high school," I explained.

"Are you particularly interested in buildings or in boys?" he inquired.

I expressed a preference for boys.

"And I presume you would like to see them at work," he suggested; "so, if you will take the green car to Justice Street and walk one block west to the Riverdale Machine Works, I will meet you in the office and get a permit to go through the shops and see some of our high-school boys at work."

At the Riverdale Machine Works we moved carefully down a long lane of whirling belts, twisting wheels and cogs, until we came to a well-lighted corner filled with lathelike machinery. Here workmen were turning bars of steel to exact diameters, measured by delicately poised calipers.

"That boy in the blue blickey—he's one of our high-school students; just beginning his senior year."

A "blickey," I discovered, is a natty working shirt made of coarse washable material, invariably blue. Its wearer discards "galluses" for the neater leather belt, and, with its soft collar open jauntily at the throat, is the sign of the young American workman everywhere. The boy in the blue blickey looked as if he might be about to start on a camping trip, or be off after cattle over the hills of a Western ranch, or just in from a game of tennis.

The Machine Shop School

HE WAS finishing a gear bracket for a lathe. The part was pierced by two large holes and two smaller ones above; these must be in exact line, and each one of the pair must not vary from its mate one-thousandth of an inch. The hole in the center must be exactly at right angles to the others—exactly! In the spaces between must fit a nest of beveled cogs—and they must fit! For this lesson there is only one mark—one-hundred-per-cent perfect. On inquiry the foreman said this boy was an excellent workman—painstaking, willing, intelligent.

In the pattern-making room was a former student of this kind of high school who had naturally stayed on after graduation. Near him was an undergraduate. It was quite impossible to distinguish the students from the regular workmen. All were young men busily engaged on their individual jobs. The serious bearing of men was the common mark of all. Ordinarily a high-school student is obvious enough—the boyish grin; the swagger; the engaging chatter; the rakish hat, gayly banded; the silken hose; the bored air of eternal leisure, except during the "snake dance" after the football victory. A glance at the group of students in the picture on the next page will show the changed attitude that comes with the salutary discipline of the shop.

In the core room was exhibited a typical act of instruction. The foreman was showing a junior high-school boy how a sand-mould is "rammed" and made ready for the molten metal. "What sort of workmen are these high-school boys?" I asked.

"None better," said the foreman. "They take their work seriously; they don't think they 'know it all'—especially after they spoil their first job; they listen well, and they certainly do like hard work. I guess it's the going back to school every other week that makes 'em so industrious here," he added, with a wink and a nod toward the principal. "But the schooling helps a lot—it gives them the head to catch our problems quickly. They understand printed directions and can follow a blueprint from the office without having a man and a helper tagging round with them. If I had a boy that's the way he'd learn his trade."

In the drafting rooms we found members of the sophomore, junior and senior classes making the complicated drawings that are the basis for all the constructive work of the shops. "I have a problem here," explained one boy, "that was cleared up for me last week in school. You know, we spend every other week in school. To get this angle"—he pointed out a series of lines on an enormous India ink drawing—"I had to use some trigonometry that we hadn't reached yet; but the professor showed me where I could get the information, gave me a start, and after a few hours' digging I saved myself a lot of trouble down here. Seems to me that sort of angle has bobbed up every day since."

Foreman Teaching a High-School Boy to Make a "Core"

Foreman and High-School Student at a Gap Lathe

And so we journeyed over an area of half a dozen square miles—through other machine shops, sawworks, iron foundries, tin manufactories, printing establishments, and wool and cotton mills. This was the new coöperative high school.

To be exact, that was half of the high school. While these students were in the shops and factories, the same number of boys were in the classrooms of a regular school. But even here the new high school was different. The courses in physics, chemistry, mathematics and drawing were adapted week by week to meet the practical problems of the ever-varying shopwork. Even the English composition grew naturally out of the daily experience. Commendable essays were written on themes that arose naturally in the day's work: "How I straightened a five-hundred-foot bandsaw"; "The use of the molding board"; "The variety of work in the Sunnyside Manufacturing Company"; "The construction of metal rouge boxes"; "Difficulties of a beginner in making a connection rod"; "The new arc-light blueprinting machine"; "The use of white space on a page of print"; "Chemical knowledge needed in dyeing yarns"; "The expansion and contraction of a thirty-five-foot stocking knitter."

An experienced schoolman notices immediately one difference between the output of these high-school boys and that of the boys of the purely academic school: There is a sudden maturity about the work of the school-and-shop youth explainable simply on the ground that he has caught the spirit and the seriousness of his labor. The thing he is doing is important to him, and the studies bear upon that thing; therefore he drives hard at it, just as earnestly as a boy working at baseball, tennis or swimming.

Advanced Methods in Fitchburg

IT WAS a poet and not a practical man, we must remember, who said: "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Most of us were practical fellows in our youth—we liked to see the day's toil get somewhere. Some of us were pestering the corner druggist for information about acids for batteries; about the proper way to make a soft-core magnet, and how to ground wires for telegraphic communication between chums via back yards and gateposts—while the professor of physics was hopelessly pestering us with watts, ohms and amperes. And the pity of it all was that neither the youngster nor the professor knew enough to get together. The thoughts of youth are short, short thoughts; they deal with the things about them in the year Now—things that he can reach with his hand; and whatsoever his hand finds to do he is very apt to do with all his might. The Riverdale High School is a composite picture drawn from typical coöperative high schools in several parts of the country. The illustrations are photographs of actual work in the Industrial High School at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and the story of Riverdale is in the main the story of Fitchburg.

Mr. W. B. Hunter, the principal and organizer of that school, is a technical-school graduate, trained in pedagogy. Equally important, he has served nearly a dozen years as a skilled workman in the shops. His interest in boys led him to study out the part-time scheme already in operation in the University of Cincinnati, and this eventually brought him to the attention of the wideawake Manufacturers' Association of Fitchburg, which coöperates with the school authorities to maintain the school.

As a worker Mr. Hunter knew that the draft of industry is usually upon the fourteen-year-old boy who has been

squeezed out of the public schools at the sixth or seventh grade. He saw this unlettered youth make the hopeless attempt to find a place in the mechanized work of the trades. Except in a few shops the apprenticeship system gives no chance save to the specially gifted. One has to have the grit and genius of a Carnegie to learn a trade nowadays. Manufacturers frankly say that they cannot afford to teach a boy anything. He is more useful to them at a mechanical task. Kind-hearted workmen here and there will give the youngster a lift; but, as a rule, he finds himself tied to a machine, or set up as a permanent packer of boxes, errand boy, helper, proof puller or tool carrier. And, even if he is ambitious, he cannot get experience in the two dozen necessary departments of his own shop; nor can he master the technical knowledge locked up in unreadable books.

The regular high school is almost equally barren in opportunity for the world's workers. It is founded on the assumption that education is a fourteen-year preparation for life—something apart from experience, that one stores up in youth to use at maturity. "But I no oonderstan' th' catechesm!" pleaded Bunty's brother. "Wha asked y' to oonderstan' it? Lairn it!" thundered the father. The new school believes that education is life; that it is a process of daily growth comprehended by the grower—first with the help of gifted guides and later through self-help—a development that never ceases.

The regular school is fond of putting something in the sixth grade—for example, transitive verbs and the indirect object—that it is careful not to make use of until the twelfth grade—that is, in the study of a foreign language. Unfortunately the thoughts of youth are not long, long thoughts. Last year in one American city approximately twenty thousand children left school at the end of the sixth grade. For these twenty thousand boys and girls the twelfth grade was like the White Knight's pudding:

"Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did," said the White Knight, "was inventing a new pudding during the meat course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" asked Alice.

"Well, not the next course," the Knight said in a slow, thoughtful tone—"no, certainly not the next course'"

"Then it would have to be the next day," persisted Alice.

"Well, not the next day," the Knight repeated as before—"not the next day! In fact," he went on, his voice getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet—it was a very clever pudding to invent!"

The demand for a cooperative school such as we have been describing comes sometimes from the school authorities, but more commonly from the community. In Fitchburg the Manufacturers' Association heard of Dean Schneider's work with college boys at the University of Cincinnati, invited him to prepare a scheme of industrial education that would fit the local needs, and, with the assistance of the school authorities, organized the first public coöperative high school in this country. In St. Louis the initiative came from the Committee on Industrial Education of the National Metal Trades' Association. In Cincinnati Mr. J. T. Renshaw had conducted a private school so well on this basis that Superintendent of Schools Dyer bodily annexed the school and the principal. In Cleveland the school was established jointly by Cleveland manufacturers and the local Y. M. C. A. In Rochester, New York, the Chamber of Commerce and the school officers are back of the movement.

The growth of the coöperative school in Providence, Rhode Island, is typical of what is happening in a dozen other places at this minute. The procedure will be useful, no doubt, to communities that are about to establish such industrial schools. A committee of the Providence Association of Mechanical Engineers, setting itself the task of studying the reasons for the scarcity of skilled American workmen, came upon the cooperative plan. They called a meeting of representatives of firms that would agree to take boys on the basis of half-time in school, half-time in shop; and together they settled upon a method of placing boys in pairs, each boy working alternate weeks, arranged for an all-round shop experience and a schedule of academic and theoretic studies. Later this scheme was accepted by the school committee, which agreed to establish, in any trade in which enough places were guaranteed, courses with school-work appropriate to the industry. One of the interesting results in Providence is a half-time course in jewelry that has been studied and approved by the New England Association of Manufacturing Jewelers and Silversmiths.

Russell C. Lowell, chairman of the committee of engineers that drafted the plan and now instructor in charge, has no doubt of the proved success of the experiment. He says:

"In considering the advantages of the course we have not been in the habit of thinking how the school is benefited. From the standpoint of the school the boy has been the most important element; for if he can be improved—or shown how to improve himself—the school, the industry and the whole community will be uplifted. In Providence the 'Coöp' boys are more self-reliant than most high-school boys; they have more ambition to get to the bottom of the matter in hand; are more likely to consider questions in their broad aspect than simply in relation to the immediate results. In short, these boys are showing the elements of desirable citizens more definitely than the usual high-school students.

"In such practical work as they may have to do in the school they are also far better than the regulars; they will actually use common-sense in the work! Incidentally these boys receive wages enough from the shop to about pay their living expenses during the course. This is really a small matter when considered in connection with the trade and business experience they are also getting. The personal value of the boys at the time they leave this course is, I should judge, almost three times that of the regular high-school graduate.

"In the shops these boys are more wide-awake and intelligent than the usual apprentices. They have an interest in the future of the work they are doing; so that they realize the importance of harmony in all the departments of the shopwork. They are able to read drawings and to figure better. They realize the need for the clerical work assigned to them, and can be depended upon to look after their records well. They are, on the whole, the most desirable boys in the shop. Every foreman who has taken them reports that they are exceptionally successful."

High-School Students and Regular Workmen Engaged in Pattern Making

The idea of the alternate weeks of school and shop originated in Germany, for two hundred years or more the home of the best educational thinking. The cities of the Fatherland have taken care of their children with almost parental solicitude. Nearly every trade and industry has its part-time coöperative school. Even the butchers have a school where, for several hours each week, they learn the theory and practice of their semisurgical trade. They study the anatomy of cattle; the improved methods of dressing meats; the utilization of waste; the practical chemistry of preservation; the theory of refrigeration; the sources of supply; the effects of feeding, housing and sanitary care; transportation; tariff; imported dressed meats; tests for infection, and the local and imperial laws governing the sale of food.

The marked advance of Germany along industrial lines during the past few years is by common consent ascribed in large measure to the number and excellence of her industrial schools. As a result, those schools have been studied frequently by Americans. One of the best of the briefer descriptions appears in the Report of the Wisconsin Commission Upon the Plans for the Extension of Industrial and Agricultural Training, which formed the basis of the notable law upon that subject—referred to later in this article—enacted by the recent session of the Wisconsin Legislature. The following is a digest of a portion of the report:

The fact that the Germans are going into the commercial markets and underselling us is shown by cold, dry statistics. German sales in the United States have increased nearly one hundred per cent since 1900; and to the English colonies, South America, China and the entire world German products are going in a great and overwhelming stream.

In considering the specific causes of Germany's commercial success in detail, the first point that astonishes us is the heavy investment made in industrial education. Nearly every small village has at least one industrial school, and often in small cities several are found. In Hanau, a place not very much larger than Madison, Wisconsin, there are five industrial or commercial schools, including an industrial art school, and also what is practically a mechanical engineering school. Some idea of the investment may be obtained from the fact that the little province of Würtemberg, which has a population less than Wisconsin by at least one-fourth of a million persons, and which is, on the whole, a poor, hilly country, with slender transportation facilities, has, besides its splendid system of elementary and secondary schools, about two hundred and fifty industrial schools in its towns and villages—one knitting school, three weaving schools, two industrial workshops for actual practice in weaving, two technical schools for textile and mechanical work, a large state university, technical university, a royal building-trades school, a great commercial college, several commercial improvement schools, a great agricultural school, many farming schools—similar to county agricultural schools here, an art trade school for industrial art, a pure art school, and many miscellaneous schools of all kinds for workmen of various grades—evening schools, continuation schools, and so on, including schools in domestic economy for women. The tremendous investment made by this little province is far beyond anything of which we, in our prosperity, have thought.

Your committee believes that it is the German industrial coöperative school which especially deserves study. The German coöperative school is made possible by the fact that practically every one is compelled to go to school until he is fourteen years of age. From fourteen to eighteen he is compelled to go to school a certain portion of his time. This would average perhaps a day in a week. He may go to school in some places from four to six in the afternoon; in other places and other trades, two mornings a week; and in still other places—and this is the popular way—he may go to school for one day in a week; but he must go to school.

Dr. Herman Schneider, dean of the College of Engineering of the University of Cincinnati, was the first successfully to introduce the German schoolshop idea to America. The College of Engineering, a part of the public-school system of Cincinnati, offers a six-year half-time course, twelve months a year, for the training of civil, mechanical, electrical, chemical and municipal engineers.

In the College of Engineering I met again the boy in the blue blickey, now grown to be a man. Every two weeks he took the regular college course; in the alternate periods

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THE HOME RUN

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I'm Comin' Over Some Night and Give You a Swell Soap Window"

THE Four-Leaf Clover Club met on Saturday night—a night particularly favored by those who set their alarm clocks for six-thirty six days out of the week, and whose monthly checks are written in four figures, with a decimal point after the second.

It is true enough that Mrs. S. Stuyvesant Trowbridge, in whose world the only cabbages are Brussels sprouts, and whose sunken gardens and blue pear-shaped diamonds have helped inaugurate a thriving American institution known as the Sunday Supplement, recently gave her famous love and beauty party on Saturday; and that same night has of late become so popular at the Opera that numerous boxes are filled before the close of the second act.

There is a piquancy about The Cotter's Saturday Night, however, that makes Mrs. Trowbridge's week-end seem as utterly without thrills as a grab-bag where the packages are all prizes.

It is doubtful whether Mrs. S. Stuyvesant Trowbridge, when she inspected the mirror-lined swimming pool the Saturday night of her famous love and beauty function, and directed the spreading of the carpet of Jacqueminot roses over the triple terraces, experienced the genuine thrill up and down her spine or the pleasant palpitation of heart that disturbed Miss Freda Stutz when she gave the final touch and daub to her highly magnetized red-plush parlor, lowered the shades to shut out Eighth Avenue three stories beneath, and lighted the four arms of the center chandelier.

A bisque angel with dimpled legs and arms and upright wings depended in a first swimming-lesson position from that chandelier; it swung lightly on a bit of red ribbon as Miss Freda passed beneath it—she paused to steady it with careful hand. Then she dragged the piano stool—an oak one, with feet in the form of brass claws clutching at crystal balls—to an inviting angle from the piano, set the flexible neck of a brown-stuff dog on the mantelpiece awag, and swept past the red portières through a bedroom into the kitchen beyond.

A drift of smoke hung like the after-haze of an exploded flashlight powder over the upper portion of the room and wafted slowly toward the window, open two inches from the top.

Mrs. Stutz bent low over the oven of the stove and ran a wisp of broom straw into the fluffy heart of a new-raised cake—it came out sleek.

Mrs. Stutz' smile and face and figure were opulent; she ran the edge of a knife carefully between the cake and the sides of the tin, reversed the pan swiftly and removed it from the upside-down cake with the same breathless expectancy that a bride removes the lid of her ringbox.

"Say!" she cried. "I wish you'd look at that for a two-egg cake!"

"Swell!" cried her daughter, touching the top lightly with her forefinger. "Charley and Paw won't do a thing to it!"

Mrs. Stutz struggled to her feet and raised the lid from a spluttering skillet on the stovetop; the sparks snapped in her face and she cocked her head out of their range.

"Ain't Jimmie home yet?" Mrs. Stutz inquired.

"No. Say, Maw, I guess I'll put a damp napkin over the sandwiches—I ain't goin' to serve 'em until half past ten, and it'll keep 'em fresh."

Mrs. Stutz turned the chops in the skillet and the spluttering began afresh. "Take one of them old napkins in the table drawer there."

"Say, Maw, do you know what?"

"No—what?"

"I was goin' to bring home some swell Boston cheese from the store today—Charley had it on display—but I forgot it. There ain't a chance that Paw'd have any down in the shop—is there?"

"You ought to know better than to ask a thing like that! We ain't runnin' none of your swell downtown groceries that looks more like a drug store than a respectable place to buy butter 'n' eggs—we're still runnin' the same little Eighth Avenue grocery you was raised over, with sawdust on the floor instead of marble tilin', and a pickle barrel near the cashier's window instead of an icebox made out of lookin'-glasses."

"When Mayme had the Club she served them Boston cheese sandwiches, and they were great!"

Mrs. Stutz placed the back of one hand on her hip, dilly-dallied her fork up and down and regarded her daughter through the sapid mist.

"When I was a girl the boys in the store where I worked was glad if they could get houseroom, let alone a banquet—I didn't have to feed them to get them to come; and if I do say it, I had plenty of beaus too——"

"Aw, Maw, don't begin that; you ought to see what the other girls serve. Didn't Angie have green ice cream and green-icing cakes, and——"

"Ain't you havin' two kinds of sandwiches and gingersnaps and rootbeer—what more could you want?"

"I ain't kickin', am I?"

"That's what I always say about Charley; there ain't a plainer and more unassuming boy. Mrs. Blutenbach was telling me as how she's got the first cross word to hear out of him. I'll bet you can go there any time and not hear him carin' if old man Blutenbach takes off his shoes when he comes home from a hard day's work, or carin' if there's a red tablecloth on when there's company for supper."

"Aw, Maw, what's the use talkin' about Charley? Paw ain't makin' no effort to sell out and I ain't goin' to marry no sausage clerk. Charley and Paw could get that Amsterdam Avenue store as easy as nothin' if they was smart. I says to Paw, I says, 'Sell at eighteen hundred if you have to,' but he stands fer two thousand, like two hundred dollars was a million!"

"Paw's right; I say two thousand too! Paw and Charley are doin' all they can—ain't they advertised the store for two Sundays? I'm willin' that Paw and Charley should go in together. I'm sick of this old stand; and I always did say, for a young man to have saved up nine hundred dollars like Charley has——"

"I ain't goin' to let Charley put his money in this hole. If Paw wants to go in with Charley let him sell before the fifteenth and get the Amsterdam Avenue store; a place like the Amsterdam, with a separate entrance to the flat and no green goods and uptown prices, is what I say Paw and Charley should get together on—but all they do is talk!"

"Didn't him and Charley have them two men that offered the eighteen hundred lookin' at the books? But it's just like Charley said—there ain't no use losin' two hundred dollars till we know the reason why—— Jimmie, is that you? Jim-mie!"

Mrs. Stutz' voice rose like an up-scale.

"Yes'm!"

"Don't you go in the parlor with your muddy shoes—Freda's havin' her party tonight."

Jimmie slouched down the narrow dark hall and entered the kitchen, slamming the door behind him. He printed a large and slightly soiled kiss on the rear of his mother's neck.

"What's doin' tonight—some of them pewees from the store comin' up?"

Miss Stutz was immediately on the defensive; she paused with a plate of sandwiches covered with a snowy napkin held aloft on one hand, and turned her dark, bright eyes upon her brother.

"You just start with me, Jimmie Stutz!"

"Take it from me, little beauty, if your friends from the fancy soaps and the granulated sugar ain't out of here by eleven, it's me for me downy davenport just the same—I'm a busy man and me noives need rest."

"This is my party, Jimmie Stutz; and if you or Paw begin anything I'm goin'—I'm goin' to—— Maw, make Jimmie quit cuttin' up! If he comes in while I got the crowd here and starts makin' eyes at the davenport like he did the night I had George Schmale up here, I'll tell Paw about his losin' his job at the telegraph office and you havin' to go down and beg it back—I will!"

Mrs. Stutz impaled a chop upon a fork and turned awful eyes upon her son.

"I just dare you!" she threatened. "I just dare you to go actin' smart round your sister's party! If I hear a word from you, young man—if I don't tell your Paw you lost your job for sassin' a lady you was deliverin' a telegram to! And your poor mother had to go down and beg you in again—if I don't tell your Paw!"

"Aw, I never said nothin', did I? Ain't a fellow got a right to get sleepy when he comes home from woik at night?"

"He don't get sleepy when it's picture shows and runnin' around in the streets, Maw."

"No More Such Nonsense in My House! You Get Him Out Tonight—You Hear?"

"If you wanta sleep you can bring Paw's patent rockin'-chair out here in the kitchen and catch a nap till they go. Ain't you got no respect for your sister and her lady and genelmen friends'"

"Say," cried Jimmie, subdued but scornful, "you call them ladies and gents! I seen you, Missy, passin' up Charley and walking up Broadway with that yellow-haired window dresser! I seen you showin' him the store, and braggin' and makin' eyes at him like a widow at her old beau's wife's funeral."

There was a pause—a too red flush dyed Miss Stutz' cheeks; she turned burning eyes upon her brother.

"Jimmie! If ——"

"You owe me a quarter, too, Missy. You thought I'd forget—didn't you?"

"Jimmie, go down in the store and tell your Paw supper is ready; and tell him to bring up a bar of lye soap and some lard if the new tub's come in yet."

There were two wrinkles between Mrs. Stutz' eyes and her lips quirked downward at the corners.

The quirk was not lost upon her son. He indulged in a parting shot.

"You know what he looks like to me—that yellow-headed window dresser—you know what he looks like to me? He looks like the hole in a bad penny—and if he comes round here much I'll give him a run for his money."

"Maw, make ——"

The junior Stutz fled down the long hall, however, slapping his hands along the walls.

"Jimmie," called Mrs. Stutz in a voice of warning, "keep your hands off that wall paper!"

A door slammed, cutting in two Jimmie's retreating whistle.

Mrs. Stutz' eyes slanted upward in a squint and her forehead fell into fine wrinkles—a Pallas Athené brow would have suffered by that squint; it gave Mrs. Stutz' comely, warm-blooded face a fleeting semblance to the inscrutable mask of a mandarin.

"So!" she said. "So!"

"So what?" repeated Miss Stutz semidefiantly.

"If I was a genteel girl and was keepin' steady like you, and keepin' steady with a fine young man like Charley, there wouldn't be another man livin' who could have my likin'! When me and your Paw was ——"

"Don't begin that, Maw. Mr. Koolaage is a new man down at the store and a fine young fellow; he ain't like Charley—he wants to get in a business of his own. He ain't goin' to be nothin' but a trimmer all his life; he's got more money saved up than Charley, and he's goin' into a business of his own—*he* ain't slow!"

"A good steady young man like Charley ain't goin' to let Paw sell at a loss. Charley ain't like you; he's got his eyes open and thinks of something besides hisself—he wants Paw to sell fer the best. When a boy's on the marry he can't be too careful."

"Can't you quit fussin', Maw?"

"I ain't fussin'—I'm just tellin' you."

"Say, Maw, can't you make Paw keep his coat on tonight? It's so mortifying the way he does; and he never gets jolly and cuttin' up with the crowd, neither, like Angie's father. Can't you tell him without lettin' him know you are tellin' him?"

"If your old Paw and his ways ain't good enough fer your crowd, coat or no coat, you'd better give your parties down there at that swell Broadway store that's putting these ideas into your head! I never wanted Charley to get you that job down there, nohow; you was better off downstairs in the store. If your Paw's shirtsleeves ain't good enough for them snippy girls and boys, they don't need to burn our gas and use up our houseroom."

"You know what I mean, Maw. Mr. Koolaage's a new member, and he ain't like Charley and the rest of the boys; he's had a business of his own—the Red-Front Delicatessen up on Ninth Avenue—and he's just at this till he gets another opening. There's something real stylish about him."

"Huh?" said Mrs. Stutz.

"Just the same, Gertie let Angie see the books, and he's gettin' twenty-two a week. I guess that's not bad 'longside of Charley's fifteen!"

"No," agreed Mrs. Stutz, placing a bowl of steaming brown-jacketed potatoes on a small laid-for-four table at one end of the kitchen—"twenty-two dollars a week ain't bad money."

Miss Stutz was quick to catch the shift from minor to treble.

"No, it ain't, Maw," she pursued; "an' nobody can say there's anything slow about Mr. Koolaage. He says he wouldn't work steady for a salary for nobody; and honest, Maw—not that I care—but he ain't looked at another girl in the place but me. I wish you'd see Stella, in the soaps, actin' up to him; but he ain't stuck on nobody down at the store."

"Cut some bread and put your father's big coffee cup on the table."

"Yesterday he was arrangin' a fruit display in the Broadway window and I just watched him for fun—all the chorus girls passin' and all; and, if I do say it, the only time he looked up at all was to look over at the cashier's cage—real admirin' like too."

"That don't get you nowheres; a real refined, genteel girl is too modest and too busy mindin' her work to see such things."

"Well, just the same, you can tell he stands pretty well or the crowd wouldn't want him in the Four-Leafs. Take Stella, in the soaps—she's been wantin' to get in too; but we won't take none except the best."

"Here, put the soup on the table and give Paw the big plate."

"He ain't commonlike a bit, Maw. Now take Charley—there ain't nothin' wrong about Charley, but it does get on my nerves to see him and Paw runnin' a race in the sword-swallowin' act."

"That's because you're gettin' shiftless, good-for-nothin' ideas in your head. Your Paw and Charley may do the sword-swallowin' act, all righty, but it's only themselves they turn their knives against. Lots of times these swells that only use their knives for cuttin', and drink coffee with their little fingers stickin' away from the cup, will turn the edge of their knives against you instead of themselves—I'm a plain woman, I am, and I got plain ideas."

"Aw, Maw, that preachin' talk don't get anywheres."

"Don't give me none of your sass and back talk, Freda; you ain't got any reason to be ashamed of your old parents."

"I ain't ashamed, Maw; but is there anything wrong in wantin' Jimmie to keep quiet about things and not get show-offish? It ain't nobody's business that we got our new table off of tradin' stamps. Paw ought to have more manners than to slide out of his coat and shoes when there's company."

"I dare either of 'em to let me catch 'em at those tricks!" said Mrs. Stutz with a sudden veer of sentiment.

"And, Maw, when I introduce you to Mr. Koolaage I'll say:

"'Mr. Koolaage, I wanta introduce you to my mother!' Don't just mumble, but say it out like: 'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Koolaage. Won't you sit down?'"

"I knew manners before you was born; there never was a girl with prettier ways than I had in my days. You can't learn me nothin'—and I can say the same for your Paw; a more refined and genteel man never went courtin'!"

"There's Paw comin' in now. Lemme help you with that, Maw."

"Paw!—Jimmie, don't come through the parlor; Freda's havin' her party tonight—soup's on the table."

Mr. Stutz entered, peeling off his coat; his shirtsleeves were caught in above the elbow with red elastic bands and the black-ribbed silk back of his waistcoat was split evenly up the center.

"Here's that lye soap and a head of cabbage that was wiltin' in the box it'll be a happy day when we give up the green goods."

"I'll make slaw tomorrow," said Mrs. Stutz.

Miss Freda was a tender offshoot of the father—his crinkles were her dimples; his hair, short and stubbly like a thistle when you look down at it, grew with a little V-shaped indenture off his forehead—Miss Freda's, smooth and full of lights, sprang back with that same V-shaped indenture; her face was rounded out and soft as a plum—her father's was of that same plum family, but dried like a prune. He washed his hands at the sink, removed his glasses, fitted them into a leather case with a snap top and slid them into an upper vest pocket.

"Where's my old specs, Maw?"

"Under the clock. Jimmie, give Paw his specs."

Mr. Stutz adjusted his silver-rimmed spectacles and, rubbing three dry fingers of one hand together, regarded his daughter dubiously over their tops.

"Party!—such nonsense like a party I got no time for! I play pinocle with Charley."

Mr. Stutz drew up at his end of the table and tucked two ends of his napkin in his collar beneath his ears, so that it fell straight down, like a bib.

"Aw, Maw, I knew Paw would spoil my party—how'll it look for him and Charley to come sneakin' off to the kitchen to play cards? Other girls' fathers come in, and ——"

"Such nonsense I ain't got no time for—in my own house I'm goin' to do what I want."

"I got your black suit and clean shirt laid out for you, Paw."

"My what?"

"I got the Club tonight and you gotta dress up—all the other girls' fathers do. Angie's father never misses puttin' on his black suit and comin' in."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Stutz, breathing in his soup. "For funerals and lodges and Sundays I wear my black suit, but for such a crowd of young ones that ain't got their second teeth yet I wear no stiff shirt."

Miss Freda turned agonized eyes upon her mother—there were tears in her voice.

"Maw, you're goin' to wear your silk and your cameo pin—ain't you? Maw's goin' to dress up, Paw; you ——"

"Yes, and your Paw's goin' to wear his black suit. Don't you start nothin' with me, Gus Stutz! I got it in for you, anyway—any man that'll lie about the lodge the way you did last week! If you ain't got no regard for your daughter and her company I'll see that you get some. Tonight's one night you keep your shoes and coat on!"

Jimmy cut vigorously at his meat; he held his black-handled fork upright, with his fingers clutched about it as if he were aiming a dagger at his heart; his elbows worked at sharp angles from his sides like the flapping of duck wings.

"Go to it, Paw! Don't let 'em put the blacks on you!"

"Jimmie"—there was a to-be-reckoned-with note in Mrs. Stutz' voice—"another word out of you and if I don't tell your Paw—if I don't tell your Paw!"

"I didn't say nothin'—did I?"

"Keep your galoshes on, Bertha! Your old man ain't much on the black-suit society, but he's your best friend, all right—ain't it, Bertha? Ain't he your best friend?"

"It's always been that way, Freda—your Paw ain't never done the right thing by me. I never had a chance to take it like a lady because he ain't got no manners and never did have. When he was keepin' company with me it was the same way—he never did have manners."

"Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes!"

Mr. Stutz stabbed, one at a time, a generous forkful of large peas. "Maw's after me tonight—ain't she, Jimmie?"

"It's the same way with manners at the table—there ain't nothin' shows up a man meaner than eatin' with his knife or blowing his coffee cold! I always say I can tell a genelman by the way he uses his knife and folds his napkin in his ring."

"Easy there, old lady! Keep your galoshes on!"

"Any man that'll tell his wife he is goin' to lodge, and then —"

"Say, old lady, I came as near as shavings to sellin' the store today."

Miss Stutz leaned forward in her chair.

"Honest, Paw?"

"Yes. Charley sent a fellow up to look things over; if I'd 'a' knocked off the two hundred I'd 'a' got him sure."

"Whatta you want to sell for, anyway, Paw—just 'cause Freda's got a hunch that she and Charley gotta have the whole family taggin' on?" said Jimmie.

"You keep out of this, Jimmie—you don't know anything; you don't care how the neighborhood is running down or how hard the green goods are on Paw. I guess you wouldn't like a good corner up on Amsterdam, with a separate entrance and a uptown apartment-house trade, yourself?" said Freda.

"Freda's right," said Mr. Stutz.

"Jimmie, go in and put on your brown suit and get your father's shaving mug—it's in Freda's room on the table."

"Watch out for my party dress, Jimmie—it's spread out on the bed."

"Say, I wouldn't muss your dress if I was runnin' the manglin' machine in a laundry."

"Maw, make him watch out for my dress. I pressed it last night."

"Jimmie!" said Mrs. Stutz.

The family scraped back from their little circle, the table was cleared, spread with a fringe-edged blue-and-red worsted cover and pushed back into its corner. A pregnant quiet fell over the little flat, relieved a bit by Jimmie's whistling in the bedroom as he tugged with his collar.

Mr. Stutz, in a carpet-upholstered rocker beside the stove, perused his newspaper over the tops of his glasses. When Mr. Stutz read his lips moved silently, and he was fond of following the printed line with his sputulate finger.

A line of drying clothes, stretched across the narrow ledge of the rear porch, snapped and slapped in a sharp early April wind, and a limp white sleeve batted against the windowpane.

"If it wasn't for this party," observed Mrs. Stutz, "I'd 'a' got to the ironin' today."

Jimmie, shiny-haired and tall-collared, emerged from the business of ablutions. His cheeks were the rubbed-red of the show apples on a vender's cart, and the hair that grew on his head like stubble was plentifully watered.

"Fix my tie, Maw."

Mrs. Stutz dried her moist, pink hands and jerked her son's chin sharply upward.

"Hold still!" she said.

"Ouch!" complained Jimmie suddenly; "you make my collar pinch in the middle!"

"He Looks Like the Hole in a Bad Penny"

Mrs. Stutz patted the bow into place and turned toward her husband; there was an undercurrent of challenge in her voice.

"Gus, I got your buttons in your shirt. Come on!"

Mr. Stutz rattled his newspaper, opened his mouth to speak, pushed his glasses up on his nose and again opened his mouth to speak.

"Bertha," he began, "I—I ——"

Then on second thought he ambled out of his chair, refolded his glasses and disappeared in the direction of the bedroom.

"Your mug's on the table," called Mrs. Stutz.

"Gimme one of them collars with a soft edge," said Mr. Stutz with a rasp in his voice.

At eight o'clock Miss Stutz' guests began to arrive; she met them at the door, animated with smiles and dimples, and full of the gracious responsibility of the hostess.

"Come right in! Ain't them steps the limit of a climb! Hello yourself, Heine! Angie, go right in the other room and lay your things on the bed; Maw'll help you. Here, you boys! Aw, Otto, quit your kiddin'! Here, boys, just put your hats and overcoats out here on this chair—are you acquainted with my father? Heine, this is Paw."

Mr. Stutz came forward without enthusiasm.

"Sit down," he said.

Jimmie hedged about, jangling keys and coins in his pockets.

"Who won today, Otto?"

"White Sox!" replied Mr. Tobin, straddling the piano stool and plucking out a tune with one finger.

Mr. Tobin was short and his feet dangled; he wound them about the legs of the stool and fumbled vainly for a harmonious descent from middle C sharp.

More guests; the blather of voices and laughter rose. Young ladies with their heads wrapped in gay-colored scarves disappeared between the red portières, placed their wraps across the bed and preened before the bureau.

Mrs. Stutz hovered in amiable expectancy.

"There's powder in that glass dish, girls, and pins on the cushion. Make yourselfs right at home. My, don't you girls look sweet, though! Right there's the comb, Lulu. Angie, my Freda's always tellin' me what a trim little figure you got! It's just like Charley was sayin' the other night after him and Freda came home from the picture-show party—it's hard to find a prettier set of girls than work at Mark & Silver's."

"Oh, Mrs. Stutz!" Miss Angie Weincoop posed before the mirror and perked at her blouse. "I ain't got such a swell figure now—you ought to seen me last year when I was in the canned goods—up and down the ladder kept me as thin as a straw. I didn't have a sign of hips."

"I always say to Freda I like to see the girls with a little flesh on their bones. Why, when I was a girl I was real plump and healthy lookin'; and, if I do say it, Mr. Stutz knew what good looks were."

Miss Weincoop powdered carefully at the sides of her nose and ran a careful forefinger along each eyebrow.

"All the new styles are hipless," she said.

"Let me fix that for you, Lulu. My, ain't that a sweet waist, though! My boy Jimmie had a dress trimmed in that kind of lace when he was a baby. I got it saved along with a little pair of red shoes and Freda's rattle. Now just make yourselfs at home, girls. Yes, Freda, I'm comin'!"

In the front room the young men were grouped about in various postures and degrees of ease. Mr. Charley Blutenbach, with the freedom that his close family intimacy warranted, was amusing the group by setting the head of the brown-stuff dog wagging and by barking in ventriloquial fashion under his breath.

"That's the way Old Man Mark barks when the sales go down!" he cried.

Miss Freda admonished him gently.

"Aw, Charley, quit your foolin'! Ain't he the silly one! Mr. Koolaage, you ain't met Maw, have you? I want to make you acquainted. Mr. Koolaage's the new window dresser and a new member of the Four-Leafs I been tellin' you about, Maw."

Mr. Koolaage rose from the chair; he was pink-cheeked and blond—the sort of Viking who inhabits Third Avenue between the forties.

His hay-colored mustache was clipped so short it resembled in texture a close-nap doormat, and his eyes were bluer than haytime skies.

"I've heard Miss Freda talk about her mamma a great deal."

"You don't say so!"

"Won't you sit down here on the sofa, Mrs. Stutz?"

"Much obliged!" Mrs. Stutz sat down stiffly; her silk dress rose about her like a balloon in process of inflation.

Mr. Koolaage seated himself beside her and tugged at his trouser knees until he revealed the delicate cream of his hose above the tan shoes; the V of his waistcoat, displaying a striped shirt and a knit cravat, was piped with a tiny edge of white silk braid, after the fashion of floorwalkers and gentlemen who sit in club-windows overlooking the Avenue. "Great weather, ain't it?" said Mr. Koolaage, hitching at his trouser knees again until the up-and-down ribbing of the cream-colored hose showed.

"I Ain't Got Such a Swell Figure Now—You Ought to Seen Me Last Year When I Was in the Canned Goods"

"It is that," agreed Mrs. Stutz.

The young people buzzed about them. Charley and Mr. Stutz, in close-headed discussion, sought out two chairs just beyond the red portières; young ladies were scattered about the bright-lighted parlor in witching attitudes. Miss Freda, the white lace yoke of her dark red dress fluffy about her soft neck, twined her arms about the trim waist of Miss Angie Weincoop, and the two of them laughed and twittered with Mr. Otto Tobin.

"Miss Freda is certainly one nice girl," said Mr. Koolaage by way of conversation—his eyes wandered in the direction of the small figure perched on the red-plush arm of a chair.

"Freda is a good girl, if I do say so myself," agreed Mrs. Stutz, smoothing the silk lap. "She ain't never give us a minute's worry. I can say the same for my boy Jimmie too. I've seen worse children than mine."

"She sure is some little cashier!"

"You know it is just born in that girl to work. I don't want to brag on my children; but there ain't no reason for Freda to work—a grand, steady boy like Charley waitin' for her and all!" Mrs. Stutz shot a glance at Mr. Koolaage out of the tail of her eye. "A grand, steady boy like Charley waitin' for her!" she repeated. "But, even before her and Charley got to keepin' steady, it's just like I always used to think—we got a little grocery downstairs that's payin' good; and I always say to Freda, I'd say: 'You don't have to work—you can stay at home and help with the house, and if you want to you can go in the store mornings while Paw's at market; but you don't have to work downtown.'"

"I got a friend like that—she likes to work and work."

"Yes, and Freda up and says: 'Maw, it ain't like I gotta work; but the pinmoney comes in real handy.' And so she worried at Charley till he got her this place down at the store—it's a real fine place for her to be in, and such nice girls and boys; but I always say I get real mixed up wonderin' if I'm in a drug store or a grocery."

"It's a great institution," said Mr. Koolaage. "I was with 'em five years ago before I went into the delicatessen business. I'm just back doin' window dressin' temporary, since I sold out—just for the time bein', you know."

"Well, well; but I guess there's big money in window dressin' at that—ain't there?"

Mr. Koolaage waved a deprecatory hand.

"There ain't never big money in a salary, Mrs. Stutz. I'm the kind that believes in havin' his own stand—if it's only a news-stand!"

"That's just what Paw always used to say—he was workin' in a shippin' room before we got enough saved for our start; but, like you say, we didn't mind it after we got into our little business, even if it was a pull uphill."

"Sure, you didn't; that's how I always feel—window trimmin' is all right for the other fellow, but not for me. I just sold out the Red Front 'cause a good chance came

along—but Mark & Silver's a pretty nice place to work; there's where you catch the swell trade."

"I don't get down that way much; but I love to pass Mark & Silver's window, with the cologne and hairbrushes, and prunes as big as your hand, in one window, and fancy-wrapped soap and sponges in the other."

"This Club is a fine little idea—ain't it?" said Mr. Koolaage.

"It is that," agreed Mrs. Stutz. "Charley and Freda got it up themselves. I always say it keeps the boys and girls from dances and things like that. I tell my boy Jimmie there ain't nothin' so degeneratin' in my mind as girls and boys goin' round to these pay dances. Freda always says she'd rather have the crowd and refreshments at home, even if there ain't no room for dancin'."

"This is a nice little flat you got up here, Mrs. Stutz. I always did think Eighth Avenue was good for retail, and this certainly is a real nice flat; you're like a friend of mine—you like bright-colored wall paper."

"I've seen better and I've seen worse. Freda don't like it because it's all stores round here and ain't got electric light and them fancy things—but I've raised two children right here, and it's a good, steady little stand; and I always say what's good enough for me has got to be good enough for them. But Freda's got the idea that she wants to go farther uptown, and I ain't sayin' what might happen—that girl can just wrap her Paw round her little finger!"

"It ain't always the nickel-plated, fancy stores that make the most money, Mrs. Stutz."

"That's what I always say right here we're gettin' more and more book trade; and nothin' counts in the grocery business in my mind like book trade. Let a woman come in with her book instead of her pocketbook, and she won't argue for six bars for a quarter and she'll buy butter where she had only thought of lard."

"I'm comin' over some night and give you a swell soap window that's a favorite of mine if you'll want it—just plain stock soaps and red tissue will do it. I'll be real pleased to fix it for you."

"Ain't you kind-hearted, Mr. Koolaage! But we couldn't ask your time; we ain't much on the window except for canned goods, and then Freda does it odd evenings—she's real tasty."

"A good window never hurts any business," said Mr. Koolaage epigrammatically.

Miss Freda, airy as a fairy, drifted toward the divan.

"What you two tellin' secrets about? Ain't it awful the way Paw and Charley go sneakin' off! Can't you make 'em come in and be sociable, Maw? I'll sit here with Mr. Koolaage. And there's another pair of sneaking ones! Oh, Angie, ain't you and Heine ashamed! I see you sittin' out there in the hall. Come in and give us all a chance."

Loud laughter, and the guilty pair in the hall peeked in red faces and disappeared into the gloom.

"Say, Angie," called Otto Tobin, "why don't you come in and give us a song?"

This suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm, and the reluctant Angie was dragged into the room and crowded down upon the piano stool.

"Say," she protested, "I can't play a thing without my music—and I got an awful sore throat."

Heine hovered over her.

"Play Ain't it Fun to be in Love!" he urged.

"Heine, behave!" she admonished, coloring and striking a random chord.

"Go wan an' play it!" he urged.

"I ain't played that for months," she flipped at him.

"Well, go on an' play something!" urged Jimmie.

After preliminaries, swinging the stool now higher, now lower, spreading of skirts and trilling little scales up toward the top of the piano, Miss Angie began.

The company sat about the room pleasantly attentive; Jimmie's eyes were shining and his lips pursed in a whistle as she played Oh You Great Big Beautiful Doll.

"Gee!" he said. "You ought to hear one of the operators down at our office whistle that! She sure is some little whistler!"

Mr. Koolaage placed a hand on each knee and sat staring as if inspired at the wings of the bisque angel; the low drone of Mr. Stutz and Charley penetrated through the portières.

Miss Freda gesticulated frantically to her brother.

"Tell Paw and Charley to hush!"

Jimmie thrust his head through the portières.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" he hissed.

The drone continued.

Miss Angie sang with fervor. Heine draped himself over the lower end of the piano and followed the rapid, twinkling fingers with sentimental eyes—the song was greeted with applause.

"Now play Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes!" cried Jimmie. "Gee! I love that! Go on an' play it, Angie."

The little company crowded about the piano and joined in the chorus with whistles and tra-la-las—only Mr. Koolaage and Freda remained aloof on the divan.

"I love music—don't you?" said Miss Freda.

"I sure do!" said Mr. Koolaage, not taking his eyes from her face.

"Charley can play the flute like anything," remarked Miss Stutz. "I hope he brought it along. He used to play a lot at our sodality meetings."

"I was tellin' your Maw I'm comin' over some night and dress you a soap window, and I'll bring my jew's-harp along. Lizzie says it sounds like real music."

"That'll be swell!" agreed Miss Stutz.

(Continued on Page 34)

The Woman With Empty Hands

THE EVOLUTION OF A SUFFRAGETTE

"HOW did you—you of all women—become a Suffragette?"

The words in a tone of sad indignation were flung in my face at a street corner by a friend I had not seen for years, and his reproaching eyes and the entire pose of his lank body said what his tongue was too polite to utter—that he was cruelly disappointed in me, that I had fallen in his esteem and carried down with me many of his ideals.

He was a Southern gentleman of the old school, chivalrous and elderly, and I, once a respected and admired young friend, now stood with my character displayed in shocking colors at a wind-swept curb on lower Broadway, doing my humble duty for the Great Cause, crying out to passers-by: "'The Woman Voter'!- here! Buy a 'Voter'? Votes for Women!" and offering the sheet with an ingratiating smile. Not recognizing him at the moment I had addressed him unawares—of all men I should have chosen to avoid, for I knew in advance what I'd be likely to get from him!

Suffragettes in Wall Street

"You, —— ——," calling me by my maiden name, "to be doing this on the street! Your father's and mother's daughter ——"

Words failed him at the thought of my parents, and he had time to take in a little more of me while I stopped to sell a paper and pocket the nickel. At which he became aghast and told me so.

And yet the way he measured the gulf he thought I'd fallen into from a previous lofty estate measured for me the heights to which I thought I'd risen from a lowly one! So little do even the most chivalrous of men know the inner workings of woman's psychology. Only later, after I had briefly explained to his exasperated ears and he had left me to my fate—since I would have none of his advice to return to "woman's proper sphere shedding abroad the beneficent influence of home"—I thought over the pictures he must have been carrying of me in his mind all those years: To him I stood as the daughter of an esteemed old Virginia family; the youthful center of attention and social gaiety; the bride, staid and serious under her new responsibilities; the mother, holding a child to him for his inspection, listening with bright eyes as he exclaimed: "Another Southern gentleman to carry on our traditions!" and acquiescing.

And then to find me selling papers on the street and drumming up votes for women besides! No wonder it shocked the dear old gentleman's finer sensibilities and outraged all his preconceived ideals of womanhood! Poor man! He died a few months later and I never saw him again, so he never got the gleam of an understanding of the true inwardness of my conversion and what brought me to it; he saw only the outside—bad enough, in all conscience, according to his way of thinking—but he never knew that the change in me was so great that when my mind harked back to the days when he knew me, those early years felt like another incarnation in another world.

That world! It was all so conventional; so serene; so sheltered and secure; so good, as the world reckons good, and so smug! Truly, without exaggeration, I think I must have been the smuggest young thing in Richmond, and everybody took it as a matter of course! And oh, how beautifully satisfied I was with the easy way of thousands of my class—making a man and child happy; and on suitable—and strictly conventional—occasions, making happy a choice, small circle of friends—"shedding abroad the influence of home"—and giving nothing more than passing thoughts to anything outside my little fenced-in life. Just that for eight blessed years, not a sickness, not a worry, not even one small cloud of domestic misunderstanding to dim the glamour; eight years steeped in

affection and appreciation from the two most dear to me. And then within twenty-four hours of each other both husband and child were stricken with scarlet fever in its worst form.

The man died; the child lived only by a miracle. But little more than his bare life remained in my keeping, for he was left with kidney trouble that developed into diabetes. It is a disease almost invariably fatal to a child, and the doctor warned me that except for a second miracle the end was not far off.

I must work that miracle. Terrible as it was to lose my husband, I had no time for grief or for thought of myself and sorrow. The boy claimed all of me. Every mouthful of food he ate had to be especially prepared. It was prepared by his mother's hands and hers alone. None other seemed good enough or devoted enough to touch it. Everything that was done for him, except his washing, was done by me—it simply never once occurred to me to relieve my burdens by calling a trained nurse. I got every book on nursing published and with the doctor's help became an expert. Such was the stuff in me when put to the test.

For more than two years I kept my boy with me. I was nurse, cook, comforter, entertainer, playmate, mother, rolled into one, and that one always ready at his side day or night. He could not bear me out of his sight—that was my supreme reward. The last year of it I never knew what it was to have two consecutive hours of rest, and I rejoiced in my service of love and wished I might find means to give him more. My own life contained but a single object, my boy's life; and to it I devoted every waking hour and my dreams.

She may expect it hourly for years, but a mother is never prepared for the death of her only son, for no warning prepares for the loosing of the elemental ties; and during those years I had formed no conception of what it would mean when my child was no longer with me.

Empty Hands

THE end came suddenly at dawn. Nature found me numb with long watching and mercifully left me so. While the small wasted body lay in its narrow satin bed there was still something for my hands to do—flowers to arrange, little nothings here and there. I shed no tears; not even as the falling earth drummed the last rollcall on the casket that numbered him irrevocably with the shadows of memory. "Dust to dust"—the words struck no answering spark in my intelligence, he was mine through so inalienable a right to him.

All was over and still I was numb. I slept a drugged sleep that night, rose early as I had for so long and hurried with my clothes, brushing my hair with rapid strokes before the glass, hardly noticing myself, only making all the haste I could.

A voice spoke: "Why are you hurrying so?"

With poised, uplifted arm stopped in mid-air, my mind repeated to myself: "Why are you hurrying so? What have you to hurry for? No one needs you now."

The brush clattered to the floor. I stood there, petrified. I looked at my hands—my empty hands—and the words burst from me aloud, "No one needs me now!"

The horror of that revelation! It enveloped me like a clammy wind from a land of uttermost desolation. I felt the dew spring out on my forehead. I stared at my face in the glass and asked: "Is that you?—the wife—the mother—the woman that nobody in the wide world needs any more? Nobody needs my willing hands to serve; nobody needs my love to warm and cheer."

Until that hour hell had been only a word to me, sin but little more. I had listened with somewhat incredulous ears to those of the more emotional religious faiths who experienced what they called "the conviction of sin" and "conversion," and had wondered what they meant.

I understood now, for at that moment I experienced a "conviction," not of sin that could be atoned for and laid aside by the grace of God, but of something deeper even than sin, appalling in its dreariness, irrevocable to the end of me—the conviction of utter uselessness. My work was done, and I still in the prime of life! All my ability as nurse and mother, all my stories, my songs and verses, all the amusements, all the toys I had learned to make, the paper cutting to while away the sick boy's hours—all my gifts of cheer and comfort were no better than so much waste. No little hands would reach out—"Oh, mamma! Give me!" when horses, soldiers, Indians or funny animals grew under my deft scissors. No little eyes would sparkle with the light of fairyland because of me. All was over.

I heard myself whisper: "Now I know there is a hell and it is this desolation. Life has cast me out. Nobody needs me. And yet I am denied death that I may follow my husband and son—but even they do not need me now!"

I felt as if I were sinking—or, rather, I had a feeling as if some deep, supporting tide of inner warmth, will, energy, slowly forsook me, melted out of my flesh and very bones and oozed away. It was like a subterranean spring whose existence I for the first time became conscious of through its sudden absence. A sense of awful cessation took possession of me—the whole interior machinery of my being appeared stopped. The voice was right—why should I hurry? Why should I even dress now or ever again? Why go through all the meaningless antics of a meaningless day? Why even live? Why—O Lord!—let me not depart in peace, the woman with the empty hands?

PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, N. Y.

Suffragist Parade Passing Madison Square

How long I remained standing in this strange mental condition—this sense of illumination on life's austere, unmitigated meanings—I do not know. Katie, the maid, knocked. I heard without being able to tell myself what the sound was. Then she called my name in frightened tones and asked if I were awake.

Awake! I opened the door and stared at her. She said breakfast was "waiting this long time." Would I like a tray brought up perhaps? I felt her anxious, sympathetic eyes studying me from head to foot. She had been with me a long time and loved me as much as a maid can love a mistress. I answered I'd be down presently and she went away, looking troubled and perplexed. She pitied me, but she could not understand; yet in all that great city she was the only person who had a heartfelt interest in me, and she was nothing of mine! In a month she would be married and go away with her man.

The thought came to me: "This is a large world with millions of people. How grotesque to think there is no one in it who needs just me. There must be some one somewhere." The idea spurred me on. Again I hurried with my dressing. I would find that some one who needed me.

After I had eaten I went out and walked. I looked for young children of my boy's age, but there seemed to be none roaming in the streets that I could speak to. I suppose they were in school. Mothers with little children I passed quickly—they did not need me.

I went into a department store. Polite clerks asked: "Anything I can show you, madam?" One, I remember, said: "Here's the very latest thing in fancy colored hose—special sale today."

My face must have frightened her, for she murmured a hasty apology and sidled off. They wanted my money, not me. I was nothing to them; they had their own lives and friends, mothers and sweethearts. Millions of busy people, but there was no place for me in their intimacies.

I returned to the street. A Salvation Army lassie passed me. She might help me, or tell me where to find some one who needed me. I turned and looked after her, but before I could make up my mind to speak she was out of sight.

I passed a Catholic church and saw a woman entering. She was shabby and poor and old. Didn't she need a friend? Or was she finding all she needed behind that swinging door? Perhaps who knew?—I might find something there. I walked round the block twice; then I slowly followed the woman into the hushed silence.

She was kneeling, telling her beads before a picture of the Mater Dolorosa. I knelt beside her and my heart cried out: "Oh, mother of sorrows, you, too, knew the meaning of the empty hands!" And this woman beside me in rusty widow's weeds, were her hands empty? I could not bear it and went out without speaking.

Looking back over that and the days immediately following, I seem to have lived in a sort of dream of emotional revelation on all life's subtler values—a mental state in which my will was almost paralyzed. I longed to talk with some one and pour out the thoughts seething in me—it seemed as if that were all I required to bring me back to my normal consciousness. Yet I could never bring myself to the decision to speak, and even to the few friends who called to offer condolences I denied myself. The shock of the conviction that my work was done, coming on me in that frightfully sudden way, had broken down my nerves. With the supreme reason for my doing everything swept away at a blow, there now seemed no reason for doing anything; and the more I looked about me, the less I seemed to find in life for me.

Women in Black

I DID not then appreciate that I was suffering from the universal malady of all souls risen above the plane of animal enjoyments when brought face to face with the stern verities of loss and grief. Oh, if I had one soul in the world belonging to me, what joy! But when Katie left me to go her way I should be as much alone as if I were the last woman on earth.

Now for the first time I began to realize the loss of my husband. At the time he died it seemed as if I had only packed my grief up temporarily, as one lays aside clothing too heavy for the season, but keeps it ready to hand against the fitting opportunity. The bleak season had arrived. I felt I owed it to him as a wifely duty now to clothe myself in a widow's proper mourning—for I had spared my boy the sight of black—and show the outward signs of grief. With this change came the tremendous realization—the world is so full of widows!

Never before had I dreamed how many there were, how many of us! Everywhere, everywhere all over the wide earth in all walks of life—widows! Thousands and tens of thousands of us widows.

I now walked the streets constantly; nothing else distracted or interested me; and I was always watching for widows. Women in mourning fascinated me. I sometimes followed them for blocks—to their very doors, perhaps—longing to speak to them; to ask if their loss had been as great as mine; if it had meant all, all, all of life, the curtain dropped and the lights out; if anything had helped them bear it when it came; if they had since found anything worth while. But I never spoke.

The world was so full of widows! This thought—this revelation, as it seemed to me—was what actually laid the

Miss Inez Milholland

foundation for my becoming a suffragist, because it initiated a vital change in my whole mental attitude and horizon. My outlook on the world widened. A new appreciation arose in me, a new sense of sisterhood quite distinct from my previous feelings regarding women. For the very first time in my life I became conscious of an idea field in common with other women: I came to the realization of a class of women—widows—through being one of the sorrowers myself.

To men, I fear, this will seem very farfetched; but men so seldom realize that woman is by nature an individualist. She meets her world always in terms of "you and me." The gang instinct of boys has but a feeble echo in her school days; and later the home encases her in its multitudinous and always individual duties. Perhaps if she had her children half a dozen at a time she would get some idea of a squad at work or play, a united body with common elements and concerted activities and aims; but every member of her household is of different age and must be met with different treatment, often with different food, mealtimes, bedtimes, clothing and regulations at large. Her relations are thus all private and intimate if she lives the average life of woman in the average home. Only the college women among my own set seem to develop a consciousness of class as distinct from persons, of a body of people united by common ties and acting as one.

The Universal Sisterhood

I CANNOT too strongly say it, that my feelings during this second period were so different from my former self I noted them with positive surprise. The weirdest ideas now took possession of me. If I saw a widow who looked as if she had been one a long time, I felt I wanted her to comfort me; or if one seemed to be fresh to it, I yearned to put my arms round her and comfort her. Then again I thought: Suppose I were to give a huge reception to widows only and we all told our experiences; or: Suppose we formed a club, with a Ways and Means Committee to take charge of the new ones and show them how to get back to life when three-quarters of them is buried. And then the widows who have been left poor to struggle with life, not knowing how to meet it alone. My heart went out especially to them, for I had been left comparatively rich. I had money for the visible decencies of mourning, leisure for the decencies of grief. It would be part of my new sisterhood's work to provide mourning and the wherewithal for a little space of leisure to those who must toil incessantly for bread, with not an hour for the deeper things of life.

Remember, the idea of woman suffrage never once entered my head; yet in this feeling of sisterhood I was slowly preparing for it. For, strange as it may seem, those morbid tear-stained days were, nevertheless, days of tremendous inner growth, of quickening of the spirit by a single word, as new in my existence as if dropped out of heaven—the word sisterhood.

The other day I came across a passage in William James' Memories and Studies that expresses what I mean:

"Some thoughts act almost like mechanical centers of crystallizations; facts cluster of themselves about them. Such a thought was that of the gradual growth of all things by natural processes out of natural antecedents. Until the middle of the nineteenth century no one had grasped it wholesale."

I had grasped the idea of women wholesale; not yet all women; that was coming by the process of "crystallization"; but a large class of women. Nor had I submerged the sense of social distinctions, so much keener in women than in men, in the greater sense of the common good of all women—a sense so large and thrilling it was presently to sweep me off my feet and carry me, through undreamed-of emotions, into undreamed-of appreciations.

III

HOW small a circumstance often determines a life's trend when the auspicious hour arrives! My new trend was given me by four men, running. They elbowed me; one flung me roughly out of his way. A hand caught me as I was falling. A pleasing voice asked: "Are you hurt?"

I thanked the voice and looked into a pair of very beautiful gray eyes under a fluff of auburn hair.

Next: "Buy a Voter?" asked the pleasing voice, and the rescuing hand held a paper toward me. "I'm sure you're interested in votes for women. This is our organ."

I recoiled. Votes for women! I interested in the shrieking sisterhood? Heaven forbid! But since the little lady had saved me a possible broken bone or two by her prompt action at a critical moment I was bound to be civil; so I shook my head and replied politely:

"I'm afraid I'm not interested. I'm a Virginian, and you know we Southern women are brought up to believe a woman's place is in her home. We think if she takes proper care of that and her husband and children, she has her hands full enough with the duties God has called her to."

"Yes, of course she has," admitted the voice just as politely, and I was given a charming smile. "We believe that too—if a woman has a home. If she has husband and children and work enough to occupy her hands from morning till night she isn't called to active work in the suffrage movement.

"But thousands of women haven't homes—not as you understand the word. Their homes are dark tenements, attics, cellars; they have drunken husbands, ragged children, and not even sufficient food to feed them. We feel called to help those just because we have got comfortable homes.

"And then there are the tens of thousands of matrimonially superfluous women. Who is to look after their interests if they don't do it for themselves? Do you know that in Massachusetts alone there are thirty thousand more women than men—women who can't have husbands there simply because there aren't enough husbands to go round?"

Mrs. Josephine Baiderhase, Grand Marshal

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch

Under False Pretenses

"BUT if your husband and children take all your time, you see you can help in other ways. We need every woman we can get to join the ranks of those demanding the suffrage."

My husband and children! I left her hastily. I almost ran away from her. The irony of my words! The banality of my argument! Parrotlike I had repeated the manmade platitude of a bygone generation on the "home and making some good man happy"—I, who hadn't so much as a parrot to make happy with a crust!

I found myself presently at the Battery, looking into the water, listening to the plash-plash of little wavelets telling me the futility of my life and its specious arguments. I was ashamed then of the way I had deceived those honest gray eyes; had let the little lady think I was something other and better than I was—and I a woman utterly empty-handed in the world at large.

And why had I scurried away? Was I afraid to be taken for a woman with an interest in other women's interests? Was it so much better to be taken, as I had allowed myself to be taken by the gray-eyed lady, for a woman whose only interest was men? But what had she said about

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What the Playwright is Up Against

By CHARLES KLEIN

THE big sums of money that playwrights make have been exploited in fact and fiction until now everybody is writing plays. Twenty years ago very few persons thought of this work as a profession, any more than they did of electrical engineering; but the theatrical field, in its way, has developed quite as much as the electrical field. It is a curious thing, however, that, though everybody knows one must go through a regular course of training to become an engineer, only a handful of men seem to think it necessary to discipline themselves for work as dramatists. Apart from the money lure, the art or profession—or trade if you will—of the playwright has a quality of picturesqueness that fascinates. It is a very human weakness to want to hear one's lines spoken across the footlights; but the humorous part of it is the difficulty of telling just which of those lines are yours and which are the director's or the actor's; for, believe me, very often many persons are concerned in the construction of a play whose names do not appear on the program.

The first thing the playwright is up against today is tremendous opposition, for the supply of plays has grown out of all proportion to the increasing demand for them; in fact the incursion into this field reminds one of the rush to a newly discovered gold country. And the adventurers who invade it are, as a rule, no better equipped than those who infest the mining camps. Here the analogy ceases. Sheer luck often directs the most worthless gambler to a "big find" in the goldfield; but it's a hundred-to-one shot that nothing but systematic work will develop a "find" in the field of the drama.

A stumbling-block at the very start is the fact that there are so few themes that lend themselves to dramatic exploitation which have not already been worn almost to the vanishing point. Of course these themes can be developed through many combinations of circumstances; but circumstances must be logical to be convincing, which further restricts the field of operation. Only geniuses make paths for themselves. The plodding playwright must work along accepted lines. The mistake the young dramatist makes is in following lines of least resistance. Consequently he gets no friction, no explosion, no novel dramatic effect.

One cannot write a play today with a footrule and a pair of calipers. He cannot make a series of crosslines and say: "At this point something must occur—because the lines meet." His circumstances must square with the naturalness of every-day life. Nor can he sit down and say: "I must have a burglary or a hold-up or a safe-cracking scene so many minutes apart." These are very good; but in the melodrama of today they must inevitably force themselves into the play rather than be forced into it.

The Worn-Out Triangle

IT USED to be that a love story was necessary—one relating to the affairs of two young unmarried persons; but a theme that begins with courtship and ends with marriage is no theme at all. Such plays no longer interest the public. The real play begins with marriage, for the reason that all real problems in life begin at that time. This has always been so, but our mental attitude has changed. New social conditions have arisen. The question today is whether people willing to marry can remain happy afterward. The obstacles to married life today are not those involving jealousy or infidelity, for infidelity is not fashionable in this country as a habit and only obtains in extreme cases; but there is a constant conflict between the sexes as to which shall be master. This lends a new dramatic phase to the theme. This particular theme is especially interesting to our girls, who, as a rule, are spoiled. They demand the same control over their husbands that they had over their parents.

Again, the theme of married life carries with it the infelicity that may arise from the economic problem—the wife's ambition finding expression in divorcing her husband and marrying a richer man.

Of course love between the sexes always has been, is, and ever will be, the great theme of the drama; but it takes genius to devise new methods for its exploitation. Realizing the dangerous thinness to which many of the nobler themes have been reduced by wear, the clever dramatist explores new territories. Maeterlinck, in The Blue Bird, carries us back beyond the period of birth, when our spirits were awaiting advent into the habitation of the flesh. Bernard Shaw goes into questions purely sociological, as in Mrs. Warren's Profession. Other playwrights are adopting the weird. Augustus Thomas went into hypnotism and telepathy in The Witching Hour, and Belasco seriously used the ghost story in Peter Grimm, and later introduced the dual personality idea in his production of Mr. Locke's play, The Case of Becky. These themes are exceedingly dangerous except in the hands of dramatists of rare skill. Played as it was, with perfect naturalness, Peter Grimm was taken seriously. The slightest deviation from the treatment that Mr. Warfield gave it would have thrown it into fantastic farce.

Uncle Dan Frohman Listening to the Reading of a Play

The theme of graft, and so on, will always be useful during a commercial age. I started the era of the graft play with The District Attorney, which was produced in 1890. At that time the newspapers had not made the public acquainted with this pernicious form of money-getting. Therefore the play, though artistically successful, was not popular. It was prophetic at a little too long range.

The playwright should be prophetic, but he must not be too far ahead. Let him keep just beyond the edge of flowing events. Let him remember that the manager is, to a great extent, imitative. If the form of a play is too new it may conflict with previous experience of the producer. Its very novelty may operate against it. When too prophetic the dramatist must wait for the age to catch up with him. He will not be understood. Jim the Penman, a detective play, was written twenty years before it was put on. The producers had not known of any play of a similar nature that had achieved success, and had not enough imagination to conceive of the possible success of such a thing without some data on the subject.

Today the theme of crime seems popular. The thief play appears to have had a great run, but its determining feature is the intensity of suspensive interest.

The historical play is dead—or, being too prosaic, it never really lived.

Today the theme must be tried out from the standpoint of character. Situations in themselves have no value. There was a time when these would make a play. The audience would wait through three uneventful acts for one climax. Now it requires constant change of mental attitude or changes of situation; and, with it all, the psychology must be true. In Bunty Pulls the Strings the situation was brought about by the change of the father's mental attitude toward the daughter. That situation only is valuable which brings two conflicting wills into juxtaposition. In The Lion and the Mouse, in order to show the dominant power of unlimited wealth in action, I brought out the fact that the financier had committed a wrong that would not have been possible but for the power of his immense wealth. And the best way to do this, I found, was to throw him into sharp contrast with the daughter of his victim, thus presenting the case to him in as pathetic a light as possible.

Though themes are old, it must be remembered that if the playwright goes far enough afield from the beaten path he will always find a brand-new vehicle. No doubt themes lose their value in proportion to the number of plays written on them. This is because the young dramatists always put the same wrapper on their products. The theme of mother-love is invariably shown by the sick-child method, or the wayward son, or the harboring of the outcast daughter against the wishes of the father, and so on, *ad nauseam*. This old theme must be treated from a new angle. Using old themes the playwright must invent new treatment; but it must be effective. For instance, the triangle as a vehicle for carrying the theme of marital infelicity has been worn very thin. The slapstick farce is a bore unless treated from some new angle; and the same is true of burlesque and extravaganza.

Play-Reading

THE public is tired of burlesque attempts to satirize the manners of the rich in comedy; but this sort of thing can be "put over" if the story squares with every-day life and the characters are not "buffooned." Otherwise the audience will say: "Either the author does not know his people or he thinks we do not know them!" I have in mind a very conspicuous playwright who put on his own play at an expense of about $20,000. The play had some excuse in the quality of the workmanship; but in one act, where society was shown in one of the great restaurants, the author made his characters so preposterous and their manners so outrageous that the scene fell down and carried the whole play with it.

So the playwright must select his theme with great care; and the treatment demands even greater care, for it is when his play is written that his troubles really begin. There is always the difficulty of getting a hearing by a manager. The amateur must simply get into line and wait. It may take him a long time, but if he has patience he finally gets a reading. There is much talk about the slipshod business methods of managers, but this is true only of the irresponsible ones. Plays are sometimes left in the offices of such men until they accumulate in inconvenient piles. Then, without having been read at all, they are shipped back to the writers, "Collect!" Sometimes they are accompanied by the note: "We have decided that this play does not fit in with the present policy of this office." The office boy may decide on your play; or the typist may not like the color of your hero's hair—and she, being the "eliminating process," sends your play back!

Bear in mind; it costs money to have plays read by persons at all qualified to pass upon them. Even the reputable manager has some excuse for not laying out money on a vast amount of chaff that may yield in the sifting but a small grain of wheat. I venture to say that, out of a hundred plays submitted to any manager, only ten could be put on with any possible effect; that not more than three could be presented with credit to the producer; and that only one would barely be successful. When I was play-reader for Charles Frohman I carefully examined upward of a thousand plays. From this number I passed along only twelve or fifteen for Mr. Frohman to read. Three of these were presented—and not one scored a success.

To catch the manager's eye and possibly get a quicker reading, it is a good scheme for the writer to give his play as "technical" an appearance as possible. If he cannot do this in any other way let him take it to a typewriter who makes a specialty of doing plays. There is so much dreary stuff the very appearance of which stamps it as hopeless from the beginning! It is the most stupid kind of blunder not to have more than one copy of your play! Common sense, if not experience, should suggest at least four copies in addition to those sent to Washington for copyright. The author can then keep four working. This is perfectly ethical, since every manager knows that it is done; and, besides, there is rare danger of the play being accepted by two managers at the same time.

The amateur should study works on playwriting. Technic is of immense importance. Even genius cannot dispense with it. This is a very old game. Men quite as bright as the average amateur playwright have been studying it for centuries, and they have the principles pretty well formulated. Do not be afraid that this will impair your spontaneity. It not only does not do this but it helps you to discriminate between ideas and mere notions.

At times the writer finds himself unable to develop his idea to a successful ending. At such a time it may be advisable to call in expert help; but collaboration merely for the sake of collaboration is not good. There is apt to be a lack of unity of impression. As a rule one thinks it out and the other indorses the idea—perhaps augments and improves it; but the idea is apt to become clouded where too many minds are at work upon it. Where collaboration is necessary, however, do not let the fallacy that your idea is the only good one in the world keep you from letting some one else share the glory and profit of it.

Forced collaboration has its vicious side. The new playwright is often asked by the less responsible manager to have some one help him in the reconstruction of his play. This means sharing the royalties and may be nothing but a very common grafting trick. If he assents some subsidized literary hack may do some cutting that any stage director in a first-class house would do as a part of his duty, and the manager gets the benefit of the reduced royalty.

Pitfalls often lurk in the contracts that unscrupulous producers may ask the writers to sign. In these days of fierce competition a manager may buy an option on a play, not for the purpose of producing it but to keep some other manager from doing so. I am thinking now of a play that was held up for two years on an original payment of two hundred and fifty dollars—the author, being a greenhorn, having failed to put a date limit to the option. Remember, if a play is good enough for a manager to accept it's worth spending twenty-five dollars to have a contract drawn up by a lawyer who makes a specialty of such work.

Curiously enough, I am in favor of the dramatic agent. Knowing the demand, he is better able to get a market for a play; and, being familiar with the methods of the producer and the rights of the author, he can at once secure better terms for the latter and protect him. Of course there are agents and agents, and one should be very discriminating as to whom he takes his play. Under no circumstances should he tie himself up to any agent for a number of years. A friend of mine, a music composer, bound himself to a firm of agents for a long term on the promise of a number of contracts. Not only has the firm not given him a single contract but it has prevented his signing with other firms who would have produced his work.

Do Managers Steal Ideas?

ONE great bugaboo that haunts the author is plagiarism. And in most cases this is a bugaboo and nothing more. But, even if the producer were inclined to steal ideas, how is the author to prevent it? They've got to be shown what you've got—they will not buy a pig in a poke. But, take it from me, there is very little "idea-stealing" done. No doubt ideas are stolen occasionally by cheap and disreputable managers,

but those worth stealing seldom go to such persons.

The suspicion of plagiarism often arises from a lack of breadth on the part of the writer. To illustrate: A writer suddenly wakens to the fact that the Turko-Bulgarian War furnishes good material for drama. So do about eight hundred others at the same time. They all use the same material and many write from the same angle. The manager selects one and all the rest cry: "Plagiarism!"

It is difficult to establish plagiarism. One must have something more identical than the general grounds of a great disaster or an absorbing economic question to base his

Charles Klein, Author of The Music Master

claim on. There must be a succession of events. And even this, when logical, is apt to have been invented by more than one mind. Not even identical language is proof beyond peradventure of theft. Two editors, one in the North and the other in the South, wrote—each—an editorial a hundred words long and identical to the last comma! The editorials appeared simultaneously; the editors had never seen each other. Hence there was no suggestion of literary theft. Nor is the occurrence inexplicable. Each editor had the same mental training as the other; each was a Republican and wrote on a great national issue from a certain angle, and with the method of construction and style peculiar to his profession. But language that indicates a singular mental quality cannot be stolen with impunity. Some years ago a young man posed as a poet. He was taken up and lionized; but his Nemesis proved to be a clergyman. The young man during one of his recitations gave the following lines:

I live alone in a world of moan,
And my soul is a stagnant tide.

These words caused the clergyman to prick up his ears. He went home and began to ponder the subject. Presently he picked up Poe and turning to a certain page read:

I live alone in a world of moan.

Several lines intervened, and then:

And my soul is a stagnant tide.

No two men would have been likely to write those identical lines in a thousand years!

It is Not Usually Pleasant for the Author to be Present at Those Vivisections Called Rehearsals

The danger of having a play miscast is a thing that always threatens the new author. The playwrights who have attained a position of authority have an influential voice in choosing actors for their characters; but even they are not exempt. The flood of attractions that now obtain has so drained the field of capable actors that it is difficult to get a fitting cast for any play. There is a great tendency nowadays to run to type rather than to talent in casting plays, which somewhat broadens the field of selection and makes it easier for the author. Some plays—powerful melodrama, burlesque or farce—may have actor-proof parts; but high comedy, above all, cannot stand miscasting. In such a play it is of the utmost importance that the actor should not only look the part but have an inner fitness for it. It would be absurd, for example, to cast William Crane for the villain, or Maude Adams for the adventuress, or Ethel Barrymore for the shrew. When a play receives praise for its story and theme, and censure for its treatment, it is quite possible that it has been miscast, since the treatment by the actor is often confused with treatment by the author. Hence the latter suffers for the sin of miscasting, with which he had nothing to do.

The Vivisection of a Play

THE importance of casting—to the author—is concretely shown in a play that was written some years ago by a very successful dramatist. It was miscast and put out under one name, and after a disastrous three weeks on the road was run into the storehouse. The author had faith in it, however, and, being an influential man, he got a star to take the piece out under another name; but she also proved to be not fitted for the part, and back came the piece to the storehouse again. This season, under still another name and properly cast, the play is one of the big successes!

Many an author begins to worry about having his play tampered with, years before he has one accepted. Some wag has said that about the only person who has nothing to do with the writing of a play is the author. Of course the writer must be prepared to listen to comment and suggestion from others associated in the production of his play. Sometimes these have value—more often they have not; but changes hastily made by half a dozen men are not always attended with good results. The author frequently runs up against self-appointed censors or interlopers who manage to get in at rehearsal. He may have a better play than Shakspere, Sardou, Dumas, Pinero, Ibsen and Shaw, rolled into one, ever could write—and the most that any one of these self-appointed or disappointed censors will concede is that he has a big idea but that it isn't well worked out. By the conventional phraseology they will call it "Very interesting, but crude—a good story, but not quite a play, my boy!"

It is not usually pleasant for the author to be present at those vivisections called rehearsals, but he learns a whole lot there. It is marvelous how a play will stand incessant surgical operations—cutting, eliminating, and stitching of loose ends together! It is true that many plays are ruined by this process—but many more are saved. So much has been said about the changes made in plays at rehearsal that it has come to be regarded as a joke; but there is little exaggeration in it. I knew a lady who wrote a play and did not attend the rehearsals at all. When she went the first night to hear it she thought she had made a mistake and was in the wrong theater! But presently she heard a familiar line, which reassured her somewhat. After that she waved her hand in salute every time she heard one of her own speeches!

It stands to reason that men who are constantly producing plays will become imbued with ideas that already exist, and may cut out original ideas and replace them with conventional ones because they are better acquainted with their

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

x

By William Carleton

Author of One Way Out

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Dunno," He Muttered. "It's th' Only Piece of Luck I Ever Had"

FROM the moment my seeds began to show in tiny sprouts above the ground until the full-grown produce was safely garnered I lived with a hoe in my hands. Much to Hadley's disgust I also kept a hoe in his hands most of the time. I didn't allow a weed either in my truck garden or my potato patch ever to get more than two inches high. Instead of hoeing once I hoed half a dozen times. The advantage of this is not so much in keeping down the weeds as it is in stirring up the soil, so that the earth keeps fresh and alive and porous.

Hadley was disgusted.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed as we started for the potato patch for the fourth cultivation. "Ye'll hoe your stuff to death."

"You wait and see the results," I said.

"Ye b'lieve every darn thing them school-teachers tell ye?"

"Pretty nearly," I said.

"It's all right to preach," he said; "but I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut thet they'd quit preachin' hoein' if ye gave them this five-acre patch to hoe theirselves."

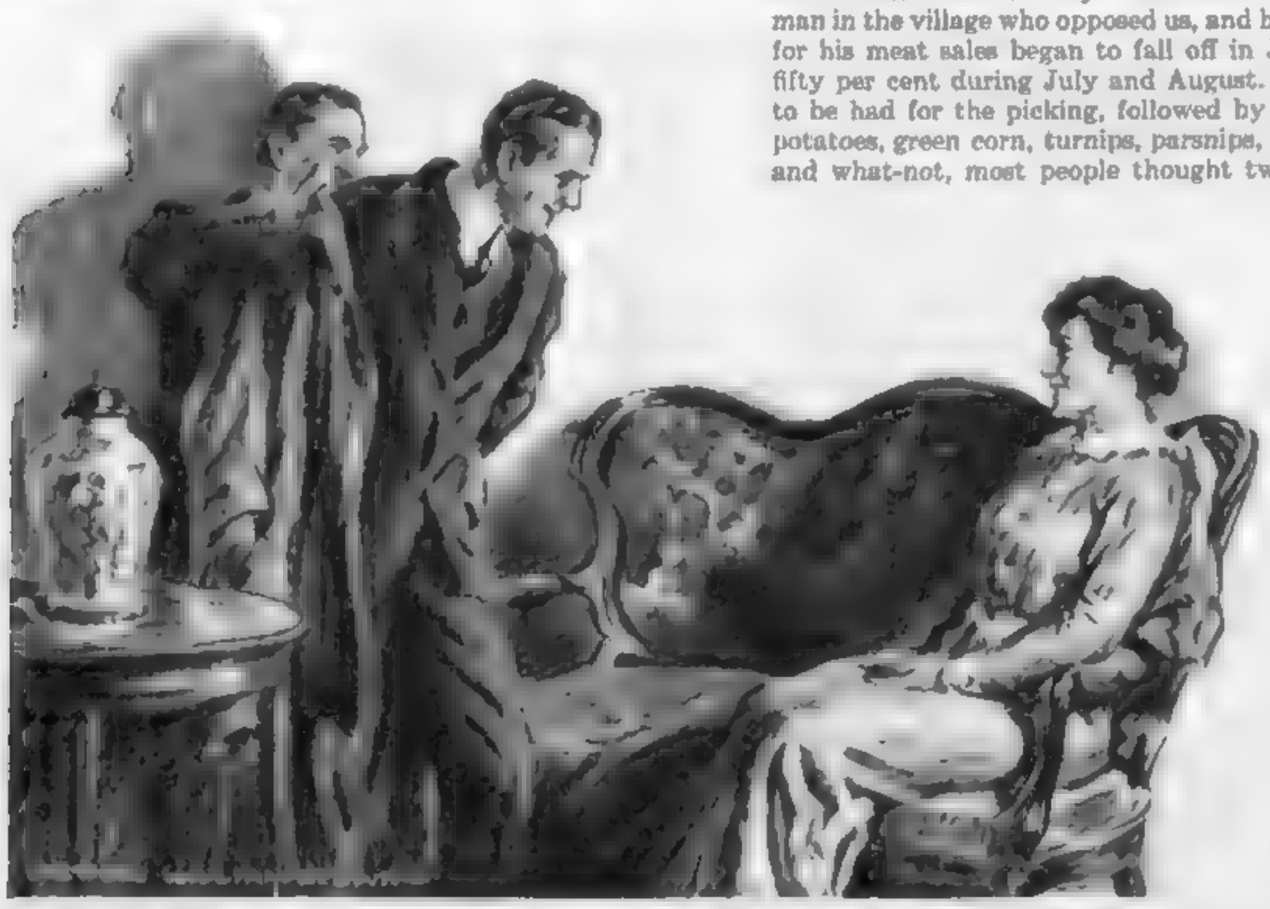
However I was satisfied with results at the end of the first month. No one could ask for hardier-looking plants than I had. Hadley was not convinced, though, even with this visible proof.

"They've grown spite of ye," he said. "Anyhow the tarnation bugs will eat 'em up afore you're through; always do!"

Doubtless they would if I had given my permission, but when I wasn't hoeing I was spraying with Paris green. More than this, I went round with a tin can and knocked off into this all those bugs that had succeeded in reaching maturity.

A couple of sprayings a season was the most any one round here ever made. So long as the potato bugs were kept down enough not to kill the plants outright most people hereabout were satisfied. I believe that not an even hundred of the pests succeeded in getting a square meal off my potatoes.

Now in all this I insist, and it's evident on the face of it, that such attention didn't imply on my part any scientific knowledge of farming. I did what I was told to do and did it thoroughly. I did what it seems to me I should have known enough to do even if I hadn't been told. You can't eat your cake and have it too; you can't let bugs eat your potatoes and have your potatoes too. It was queer sort of reasoning that up to this time had convinced my neighbors that this was possible. They had almost fatalistic theories about farming. They seemed to think the most any man could do was to plant his seed and then trust to Providence for what might result. This pious faith in the bounty of the Almighty was fundamentally, of course, merely an unconscious excuse for their own laziness, but it seems to me it really must have been at the root of their shiftlessness—an inheritance perhaps. Hadley was a fine example of it. I gave up early in the season trying to inspire him even with the help of the prizes. He did plant a few hills of corn, but he refused to hoe them more than once.



"Are We Dead Yet?" Demanded Holt After Being Up Since Four A. M.

Now what I did myself a large number of my neighbors were also doing, in a more or less earnest way. The young men, I found, were doing more than the old men. The latter had taken advice in the matter of fertilizers and seeds, but it came hard to them to give the later attention to their crops that I did. However it was possible to see a general notable improvement even in this direction. The semi-monthly meetings did much to spur the men on, and the noticeable results that followed their efforts also did something more. Some of them remained skeptical, but both Holt and myself insisted that they must keep at it until the end of the season. We never missed a chance to dangle before their eyes the prize money. Holt did one clever thing that had a very good effect. He secured one hundred crisp new dollar bills and kept them displayed in the window of Moulton's grocery store, with a sign over them which read:

ONLY ONE OF THE TEN PRIZES

The display of so much money caught the eye of every one who passed. More than that, about every one in town who was competing went down and had a look at it every once in a while. It acted like a tonic to many a man who was getting disheartened by the amount of labor involved in the new system.

Holt and I made a rough estimate of the amount of land now under cultivation that last year was idle, and figured that it amounted to about one hundred and eighty acres. In addition to this there was, of course, the land that was always farmed to a greater or less extent, amounting to some two hundred acres more. Out of this last lot there wasn't an acre that didn't show improvement over the year before.

The new hundred and eighty acres counted for a lot more in value than shows in the mere statement, because it included gardens for nearly every one in the village, which meant an actual saving in cash for every householder from the moment the produce began to mature. Moulton noted the effect of this when, as usual, he started to bring in early vegetables from the city market. He had all he could do to get rid of the first lot and after that gave it up. No one wanted city vegetables, with the prospect ahead of vegetables of their own. Martin, the local butcher, also noticed the effect in a way he didn't like. He was the only man in the village who opposed us, and he can't be blamed, for his meat sales began to fall off in June and dropped fifty per cent during July and August. With green peas to be had for the picking, followed by string-beans, new potatoes, green corn, turnips, parsnips, beets, shell beans, and what-not, most people thought twice before paying him forty cents a pound for rumpsteak. Personally I'd like to have seen him put out of business, for he was a robber if ever there was one. He had set me to wondering a long while why it wasn't possible for us to raise our own meat. With plenty of corn and hay upon which to feed our cattle, with grazing ground for sheep, with practically every one able to keep his own pig on ordinary waste, I couldn't see any reason why in the end we shouldn't make use of this opportunity. Our forefathers raised whatever meat they needed and I believed we could do it today. This was one of the things I resolved to bring up at one of the autumn meetings.

When crops began to mature, however, we were confronted with another and more urgent problem. Just as soon as the green peas began to come along we realized we were face to face with the problem of distribution. We had killed the local market, which was decidedly a good thing. In one sense we hadn't killed it, for now every man was supplying himself; but we had killed it for our surplus. It didn't take me long to see that this would be wasted for all that a majority of the individuals themselves might do. They were helpless, partly because they had no selling knowledge and partly because it was almost impossible for them to get produce to the market and sell at a profit in small lots. Holt and I made a round of the commission merchants in town, and the very best we could do with any of them was at a price forty per cent below retail. We figured that transportation would eat up another ten per cent, which left a man who raised the crop some fifty per cent. This was dead wrong on the face of it, but we didn't have any time to argue the point and it wouldn't have done us any good if we had. As we were now situated, fifty per cent was better than nothing. However, this opened my eyes to some of the reasons why in the suburbs we couldn't make both ends meet.

I called a special meeting of the club, told the members what I had learned and outlined the plan Holt and I had devised to save what we could. The situation had come unexpectedly and was due, of course, to our ignorance. As it happened this crisis was the best thing that could have come about. It forced us, on the spur of the moment and at the psychological moment, into a plan that promised to develop big things in the end—the coöperative selling plan. I proposed that every member of the club should gather early each morning such things as were fit for the market, over what he couldn't use himself, and bring them to my barn. There the produce would be measured and sorted, and each man given a credit slip. A committee of three was to be appointed by the club to oversee, without pay, this work for a week. The committee would hire a team to transport the goods to the early train which left at five-fifteen. At the end of each week an accounting would be made, the cost of transportation deducted and profits distributed pro rata. I offered to look after the bookkeeping myself if the club so desired.

Now it is possible that in advance of the present urgent situation which demanded that they accept this or nothing a minority, at least, might have viewed this scheme with suspicion. They were not used to doing things in a body and the novelty of it, like all novelties, might have frightened them. As it was, the plan was received with instant enthusiasm and, when put to a vote, carried without a single dissenting voice. Anyway if a man disapproved all he had to do was not to bring in his produce. The action of the club didn't bind a man to anything except to abide by results if he chose to contribute his stuff.

We appointed three men to appear at my barn at four o'clock the next morning. They turned up on time and by

four-fifteen the produce began to arrive. Each one brought what he had, whether it was a bushel of sweet corn, a peck of beans, a dozen heads of lettuce, half a dozen cucumbers, or a barrel of apples or potatoes. In most cases the individual lots didn't amount to much, but collectively we made a good showing that first morning. It was enough to fill a two-horse team. I went to the station and supervised the loading myself, and then went on to the market with it. Barnes, the commission man, looked it over and admitted that he was well pleased on his part with the venture. At the end of the first week I received a check for four hundred and eighty-three dollars and sixty-five cents—not in itself a large amount or so much as it should have been but, when considered as money a large percentage of which would otherwise have gone to waste, a creditable showing.

Really the working out of the scheme, as it continued from week to week, was wonderfully simple. There was nothing either difficult or complicated about it. Each of the three men appointed every week gave about two hours of his time for six days, which in no way interfered with his farm duties. They all looked upon their selection as an honor, and rather enjoyed their position.

Nor was my part of it burdensome. I received an itemized accounting from Barnes, and had nothing to do but to divide these items as the dated credit slips were produced. I didn't even have to do that, for Ruth did the figuring herself. Before the end of the season we found we had handled thirty-eight hundred dollars, but this included the apple and potato crops which went through our hands; and there wasn't a single kick or complaint heard during the whole business.

Meanwhile, as the end of the season approached, the matter of the prize distribution loomed big. I wanted to make the most of that event. I wanted it to be a big spectacular finish that would cling to the minds of all during the ensuing winter. The committee held several meetings to discuss the best way of doing this, and we finally hit upon the idea of an old-time country fair. There hadn't been one in the town for twenty years, because the last ones held had degenerated into nothing but two-cent horse-races in which the prizes had all been carried off by semiprofessionals. The chief objection to the plan was the lack of fairgrounds. The old society had gone into bankruptcy and sold off what property it had; and the grounds had since then grown up to scrub pine anyway. Ruth solved the difficulty by suggesting that we go back again to the early days for our idea. Originally the fairs were held on the village green; in fact in parts of New England they are today. Her idea was to revive this custom in our town.

The idea had several advantages, not the least of which were, first, that it incurred no expense, and secondly, it met with instant approval. We appointed a committee to look after the details; a second committee to arrange a field day for the youngsters; and a third committee, with Ruth at its head, to arrange some sort of entertainment for the women.

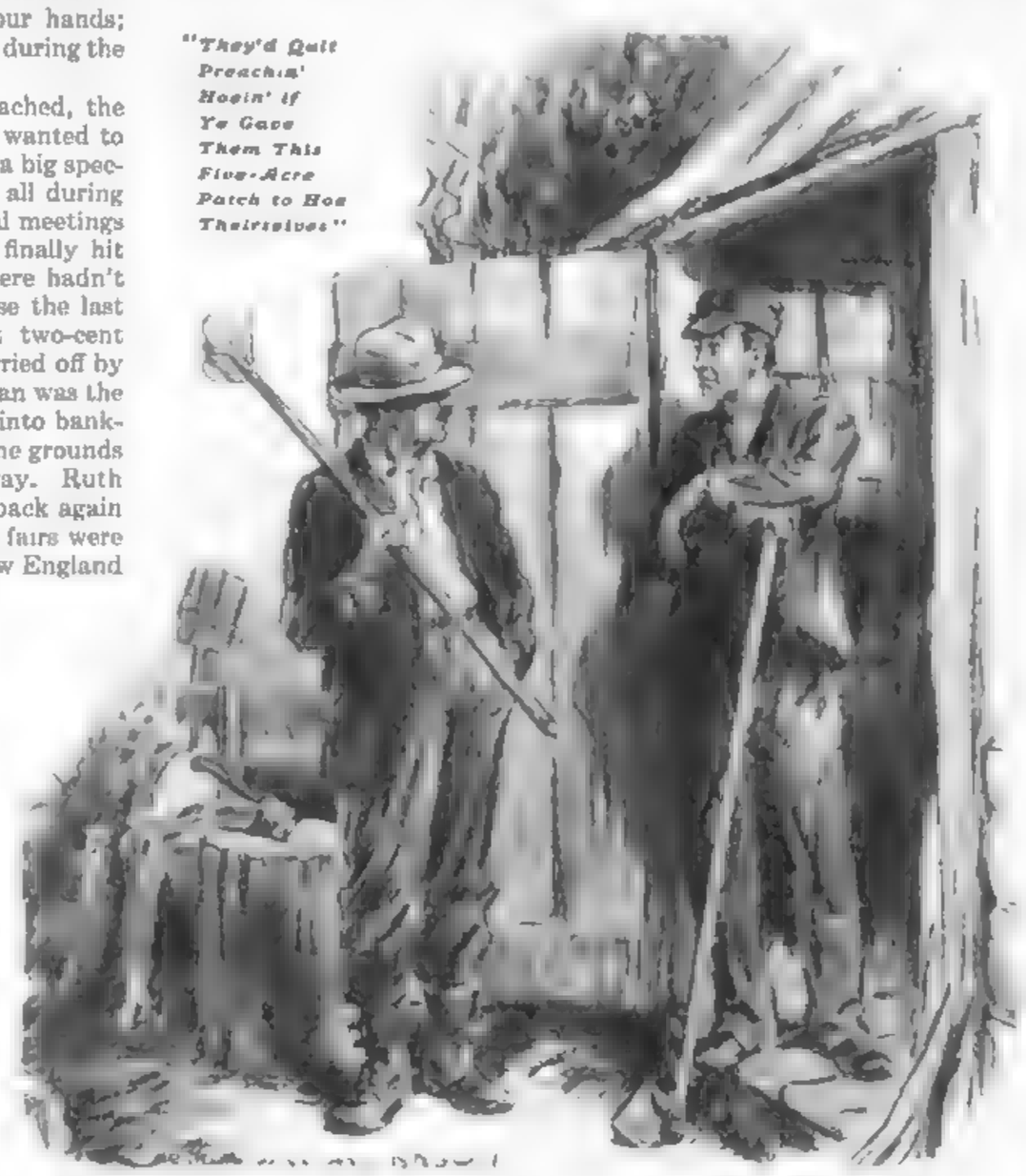
"You mustn't leave them out," Ruth insisted. "They play a more important part in this work than you imagine."

We had arranged with the agricultural school to send down men to act as judges, so that everything should be judged impartially. A man had come down just before the haying season, and had overseen the weighing on the town scales of all hay entered for the competition. Quality and quantity were the two things taken into account for the best hay crop on land already used for that purpose, while the prize for the best crop on reclaimed land required a somewhat nicer judgment. The nature of the land here had to be considered. When the judge had completed his work he made his report and placed it in an envelope which was sealed, not to be opened until the public award.

This same method was used in making the awards for the most notable improvement in orchards, for the best corn crop and the best potato crop. As for the other prizes, the members of the committee themselves acted as judges. The results here were matters of self-evident fact. In the livestock competition each man was required to show a receipted bill for all money expended and a record of some sort for all money received. The garden competition had to be judged in a more general way, as it was observed by the committee during the entire season. I had put a good deal of time into this myself and it had been a genuine pleasure. There was hardly a family in the village that didn't have a garden of some sort that year, for even those who didn't intend to compete caught the contagion and planted something. I wish there had been some way of computing the saving in cash that resulted from this alone. It certainly amounted to a good many times the seventy-five dollars that had inspired the movement. It seems almost impossible of belief that to many residents of this country village the raising of their own green stuff was a decided novelty; but such is a fact. With a man coming daily to the door, as until this season Tony and others had done, with peas, lettuce, corn, cucumbers, and what-not, they had bought of him as a matter of convenience. It had cost them only a little at a time and they hadn't realized to how much the sum total amounted.

I know that Ruth and I found a big difference in our household expenses once the garden began to bear. Not only this but we did away with meat almost entirely and never lived so well in our lives. In addition to what I used myself I loaded down Dick's machine every morning with such stuff as couldn't be put away for winter use, to be distributed among members of the gang—among families with children or those temporarily in hard luck through sickness. Moulton was certainly mistaken in my own case when he had prophesied that it would cost me more to raise than to buy my own vegetables; but he hadn't planned on any such modern methods as the whole village used that season.

As the day for the fair grew nearer the whole village became on edge with excitement. Here was a holiday that appealed to every one, whether farmer or not. It brought the whole village together as a unit. I was surprised to find how much village spirit really existed below all the apparent indifference. I found there was not a man or woman who didn't have some town pride, however slight. The trouble was that seldom was there an opportunity to express it. Holt kept up a running fire of comment in the local paper, which was glad to give us all the space we wished. It made the most readable and inexpensive copy the editors had received for a long time. We also got out posters and distributed them among the neighboring towns, bidding all come as guests of the village. Every merchant in the place decorated his store a week in advance and the Woodmen band, in anticipation of the event, practiced new pieces every night.



"They'd Quit Preachin' Hoein' if Ye Gave Them This Five-Acre Patch to Hoe Theirselves"

Ruth secured the town hall for the women and arranged there for an exhibition of New England cooking, preserving and needlework, which instantly gave the women an active interest in the undertaking. She also arranged to serve here a free lunch of coffee, sandwiches and cakes to out-of-town visitors. Her committee decorated the interior of the old building with wild flowers and flowers from the home gardens, with a background of evergreens gathered by the small boys.

We received requests for street privileges from a number of fakers, and sold these for enough to purchase some settees to go round the bandstand. We used some care, however, in giving out our permits and barred all gambles of whatever kind. About a dozen street venders came into town the day before the fair and erected their booths, which gave the village still more of a holiday aspect. That night there wasn't a livelier village in the state. It was so full of anticipation that I believe not more than half the population got a full night's sleep—for the first time in twenty years.

"Are we dead yet?" demanded Holt of Ruth as he prepared to leave us long after midnight and after being up since four A. M.

"Some of you will be if you don't go right home this minute and get some sleep," she answered.

XI

THE morning of October first dawned cool and clear, with just frost enough in the air to make every one feel as fit as a fighting cock. As early as seven o'clock carriage loads of people passed my house from the neighboring villages. Old men and young came, women and children, glad of an excuse—no matter how slight—to journey to a common meeting-place and see and be seen. They came from as far away as twenty miles, and people who had not seen one another for ten years took this opportunity to visit. Former residents, friends of present residents, and total strangers poured into town, obeying the instinct to herd together for a day. The whole village kept open house and, so far as it was possible, we tried to have everything free—to act, as a town, as hosts. I, for my part, extended a general invitation to the gang and to all my old friends from Little Italy, and spread a big table in the barn for them because there wasn't room in the house. As many as seventy-five women and children came in the afternoon, while that evening nearly the whole gang came along. They almost ate us out of house and home, but I had a big bonfire built in the yard and in that roasted corn and potatoes when everything else was gone.

The prize award was set for eleven o'clock and for an hour before this the band gave a concert. At the conclusion of this I estimated that fully nine hundred people were gathered round the bandstand. It was as intense and excited a gathering as you ever saw. Not an inkling of who had won the prizes leaked out, though in most cases the general discussion and known facts had narrowed the possibilities down to half a dozen in each class. I myself did not know the winners except in the cases where I acted as judge. When the band finished its program with America, and Holt and the committee, together with the judges from the agricultural school, who were present as guests, and myself stepped to the platform, you could have heard a pin drop. As president of the club it was my duty to make a brief speech in which I outlined, for the benefit of strangers present, the object of the club, the money that had been offered, what had been accomplished and on what basis the awards were to be made.

"It seems to me," I said at the end—"It seems to me that every man and woman and boy who is a member of this club ought to feel that he or she has won something, whether each draws a money prize or not."

This was greeted with noisy cheering which it did my heart good to hear.

"Every one of you who has planted a seed and cared for it has reaped the reward of seeing it multiply at a rate possible in no other business. Nature is the grand prize-giver. Every farmer ought to consider himself a partner with Nature—with God. Men give you for the use of a dollar for a year four cents, possibly five or six cents: Nature gives us for a dollars' worth of seed as high as a thousand and two thousand per cent. There isn't a family in this village that planted a garden last spring who hasn't been paid by Nature, in produce representing good hard cash, the wages of a skilled artisan. We have had all we wanted to eat; some of us have put away enough for the winter; over and above that we have sold, in garden stuff alone, thirty-eight hundred dollars' worth—and that doesn't represent the sum total of our products by a good deal. So I insist that we've all won richer prizes than any offered here today; and, with the knowledge we've gained this year, I look to see this total doubled next year. I look to see our farms grow better and better with good care; I look to see our orchards improve; I look to see us raise all our own beef and mutton and pork, and the grain to feed the stock. I look to see us do all our hardy ancestors did and, with opportunities such as they never dreamed of, wax so prosperous that men in the business world outside will be forced to reckon with us and give us the position that is our right—abreast of the leaders in the productive enterprises of the world. This bit of extra money here, in spite of all that Mr. Holt would have us believe, does not represent our goal. We have attained that already and this is only just so much more pin money. We've proved as individuals, we've proved as a club, we've proved as a town, that farming can be made to pay. To have proved that is to have received our pay."

I didn't want any soreness left as a result of disappointed hopes; so when I finished and heard my words received

with shouts and handclapping and smiling faces, I was very glad. I reached for the first sealed envelope and tore it open. The noise subsided until you could have heard a pin drop.

"For the best crop of hay on one acre of fresh-broken land the prize is one hundred dollars in cash. It gives me pleasure to announce that this has been awarded to Horatio L. Harrison."

I saw Harrison's face. It went white, then red. A good many other faces went white, too, and for a second there was an ominous silence. Then Holt sprang to the front of the platform.

"Fellow citizens," he shouted, "let's give three cheers for Harrison. Now—Hurrah!"

Perhaps fifty voices joined him. At the second hurrah a hundred came in, while at the third the whole crowd let themselves loose in a fashion that was good to hear.

"Tiger!" shouted Holt.

It came full-throated from nine hundred mouths. Then some one called for Harrison—he was a young man of thirty—and before he could escape he had been pushed to the platform. Holt seized an arm and drew him up, while a dozen others boosted him. He faced the crowd an instant and bowed. I handed him his money in greenbacks and he ducked out of sight.

I took up the second envelope and opened it.

"For the best crop of hay on an acre of land already used as hay land the prize is seventy-five dollars. This has been awarded to Seth Edgar Lovejoy."

Lovejoy was a man of sixty and one of those who had followed the instructions of the agricultural expert in the matter of proper fertilization with constant grumbling. I think his idea had been to prove what a tarnation fool the expert was. In spite of this, however, he had succeeded in raising a ton and three-quarters of hay on an acre that last year had yielded him less than one ton. I was more than glad, therefore, for this award, as it left him nothing more to say. At my announcement the younger men cheered lustily and demanded a speech from him—calling him by his nickname, Killjoy.

"Tell us how ye done it spite of yerself," yelled one man.

Lovejoy was forced up on the platform, Holt dragging him up as he had Harrison. He faced the crowd a second in a daze. "I dunno," he muttered. "It's th' only piece of luck I ever had."

"Not luck," broke in Holt. "Science and hard work did it. Three cheers for Lovejoy who wasn't too old to learn."

They were given, and I opened the third envelope.

"Prize of one hundred dollars for the best crop of corn on an acre of land. This has been awarded to George A. Wentworth."

Every one expected this. Wentworth was a lad of eighteen, who had devoted his whole time to this one acre of corn and had watched over every stalk of it like a widow with one child. Where ordinarily twenty bushels to the acre was considered a fair crop about here, he had reaped thirty-seven—an increase of eighty-five per cent. I had watched the boy all summer long. He was the type of young man we needed hereabout. He was earnest, industrious, and with ambition to make a good living. His father had a farm of some seventy acres that wasn't more than forty per cent efficient, and I hoped to see the boy come into possession of it. He had confided in me that if he won a prize he was going to buy a couple of acres from his father. The selection was popular and he was given a great ovation. He was the only man so far who was able to reach the platform unaided, but perhaps he had learned from the previous examples the uselessness of protest. Those who hadn't won were anxious to get as much sport as possible out of those who had. Holt seized his arm and addressed the crowd.

"Here's the type of boy who's going to be one of the big men of this town some day," he said; "and it's going to mean something to be a big man in this town, for this is going to be a big town. Three cheers for the boy who knows enough to stay East. Now—let 'em out!"

Holt was proving that a college education was good for one thing at least—it had taught him how to get noise out of a crowd. Leaning over the rail with his two fists clenched and his arms swinging, he looked as though he was forcing every man to shout in spite of himself. I know I joined in this time, and the sedate committee back of me clapped their hands heartily. As for Dick and Ruth, they stood up on their seats and shouted, looking straight into Holt's eyes as though hypnotized. I handed Wentworth his crisp new bills and saw tears in his eyes.

The fourth envelope contained the name of the winner of the best house garden. Seventy-five dollars was the prize. I had much to do with this selection. I waited until there was a dead silence and then announced:

"It gives me great pleasure to report that this prize has been awarded to Mrs. Lydia A. Cumberland."

I think this came as a surprise, for nearly every man in the village had considered himself a possible winner in this

The Display of So Much Money Caught the Eye of Every One

event. My own garden approached nearer than any one's to hers and, in the matter of the amount raised, really excelled Mrs. Cumberland's. However I was, of course, automatically barred from the competition, owing to my position as judge. Mrs. Cumberland had planted about half an acre at the rear of her house. The soil was naturally rich and she had bestowed infinite pains upon her plants. She was a widow with two children, who had supplied her own table out of the produce, put up in glass jars almost enough vegetables to last her through the winter, and made a few dollars profit in cash besides. I particularly wished to encourage this practice of putting up our own vegetables for winter use, and I had brought here with me a sample jar of each kind of vegetable. When the cheering subsided I held up a jar of peas.

"Look at them!" I said.

Then I did the same with a jar of string-beans, a jar of turnips, of squash, of pickled small beets. Each exhibition was greeted with cheering.

Meanwhile Holt had found Mrs. Cumberland and, with her arm through his, was escorting her up the steps to the platform. She was a dear, lovable lady of fifty, with shy, gentle manners that won every one's heart. As she approached, every man, including the members of the band, rose to his feet and faced her standing.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she choked.

Holt led her to a position in front of the crowd.

"The mother of our future pioneers—a pioneer herself," he said with fine feeling.

Then, without any prompting on his part, the crowd let itself loose. She took out a little white handkerchief and waved it a second. Then she pressed it to her eyes and shied back; and Holt, stepping in front of her, shielded her from further view of the audience.

It was fine—fine! I don't know what there is about such little incidents to touch the heart of a gathering of men and women so much, but I do know they are mighty good for men and women. There wasn't a person there who wasn't left mellowed and almost hallowed by those few tense seconds. In and of itself, and apart from all else we had done, this occasion was worth all our labor. It sweetened every one of us and left us with a finer human feeling.

The prize for the best market garden went to Higgenbotham, and the prize for the best flower garden went to Mildred Cunningham, the minister's daughter. You should have seen the pride with which Cunningham escorted the girl to the platform. The man, since the inception of the movement, had really done what he could to help us, both in his sermons and in his rounds of the parish; but to my mind the little girl had done more than he. I'd give more any time for a person who actually gets into a forward movement than for one who merely talks about it. She had kept half the sick people of the village supplied with posies all summer long.

The seventh envelope contained the name of the winner of the prize for the best potato crop—one hundred dollars. I hadn't any idea whom the agricultural school experts had picked out. I tore open the envelope and read automatically as follows:

"For the best potato crop to the acre—one hundred dollars. It gives me great pleasure to announce as the winner ——"

Then I stopped. I couldn't believe my own eyes. The name that followed was my own.

"Go on!" some one yelled impatiently.

"I think there must be some mistake," I said, turning to the judge. "I didn't consider myself as a competitor."

"Name! Name!" came a chorus.

"Name!" insisted Holt.

I turned to the crowd.

"The name is William Carleton," I said; "but I don't feel ——"

I didn't get any farther. The crowd began to cheer and Holt stepped forward to egg them on. When the clamor died down a little Holt seized my arm.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "Mr. William Carleton—a farmer from the city, but now a citizen of the farm. He's the greatest pioneer of us all. I've seen his potato field and watched him care for it until I almost wished I was a potato. He's done everything except make feather beds for 'em and tuck 'em in at night. Three cheers more for Pioneer Carleton and his potatoes!"

As soon as I could get my voice I said: "I'm mighty glad of the honor. I don't remember anything that has ever made me feel prouder. I shall always remember this—but the hundred dollars I want to turn back right here to the Pioneer Club."

It was a minute or two after I had torn open the eighth envelope before I could make myself heard. This was a prize of one hundred dollars for the largest return from chickens, according to capital invested. This went to Guy Holborne, who had invested eighteen dollars for six Plymouth Rocks with a rooster, five dollars in eggs to set and three dollars in miscellaneous expenses. He had sold five dollars' worth of eggs up to date, and had sixty fine pullets, worth seventy-five cents apiece, ready for the market. He had fed his chickens largely on waste collected from his neighbors.

The prize for the largest return from cows, according to capital invested, went to Ebenezer Blunt; that for pigs to Arthur Libby; and the prize for the most notable improvement in an old orchard was divided between Henderson and Talbot, two of our largest landowners. They followed my example and turned the money back to the Pioneer Club.

As the last announcement was made Holt roused the band and it played America, every one standing.

The athletic events under Dick's directions followed and kept the crowd amused until dinner-time. During the afternoon the fakers did a brisk business, and the town hall was packed until dark. A goodly number of automobiles, loaded with city folks anxious to see an old-fashioned country fair, came and went, adding to the general holiday atmosphere.

It was late that night before I really had a chance to talk over things with Ruth.

"Well," I said when we were alone, "how did it go?"

"Don't see how it could have gone any better," Ruth answered.

"That was a great move of Holt's in leading the cheering," I said.

"Fine—fine!"

"Think the decisions left any hard feelings?"

"Only the usual percentage, Billy," she answered, "and they won't last. I heard most of them talking about what they were going to do next year."

"That's the stuff," I said.

"You see they had worked out the results pretty well for themselves before the announcements. No; it's been a success—a success from beginning to end."

"And the women?"

"There isn't one who isn't going to bed tonight tired and happy."

"It isn't unusual for them to go to bed tired," I said.

Ruth nodded.

"But you can be tired in twenty different ways," she said, "and this is the kind of tired that's good for them."

XII

IT'S natural to be over-optimistic at the first flush of success in a new venture, but in this case there was no reaction. Outside of the financial success that the experiment had proved for every member of the club—which meant practically every member of the village—our most notable achievement had been in rousing the community spirit. We had all got together in a fashion that distinguished us from our neighboring towns. People from outside began to speak of us—the residents of Brewster—as Brewsterites, which to my mind was significant. If our prize system had not accomplished any more than this it

(Continued on Page 40)

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XIV

HEDRICK MADISON'S eyes were not of marble; his heart was not flint or his skin steel plate—he was flesh and tender; he was a vulnerable, breathing boy, with highly developed capacities for pain, which were now being taxed to their utmost. Once he had loved to run, to leap, to disport himself in the sun, to drink deep of the free air; he had loved life and one or two of his fellowmen. He had borne himself buoyantly, with jaunty self-confidence—even with some intolerance toward the weaknesses of others, not infrequently displaying merriment over their mischances; but his time had found him at last; the evil day had come. Indian summer was Indian for him indeed—sweet death were welcome; no charity was left in him. He leaped no more, but walked like an old man and sought the dark places. And yet it could not be said that times were dull for him; the luckless picket who finds himself in an open eighty-acre field, under the eye of a sharpshooter up a tree, would not be apt to describe the experience as dull. And Cora never missed a shot; she loved the work; her pleasure in it was almost as agonizing for the target as was the accuracy of her fire.

She was ingenious; the horrible facts at her disposal were damaging enough in all conscience, but they did not content her. She invented a love story, assuming that Hedrick was living it—he was supposed to be pining for Lolita, to be fading day by day because of enforced separation; and she contrived this to such an effect of reality, and with such a diabolical affectation of delicacy in referring to it, that the mere remark, with gentle sympathy, "I think Hedrick is looking a little better today," infallibly produced something closely resembling a spasm. She formed the habit of never mentioning her brother in his presence except as "Poor Hedrick!" a too obvious commiseration of his pretended attachment—which met with like success. Most dreadful of all, she invented romantic phrases and expressions assumed to have been spoken or written by Hedrick in reference to his unhappiness; and she repeated them so persistently, yet always with such apparent sincerity of belief that they were quotations from him and not her inventions, that the driven youth knew a fear, sometimes, that the horrid things were actually of his own perpetration.

The most withering of these was: "Torn from her I love by the ruthless hand of a parent ——" It was not completed; Cora never got any farther with it. Nor was there need—a howl of fury invariably assured her of an effect as satisfactory as could possibly have been obtained by an effort less impressionistic. Life became a series of easy victories for Cora, and somehow she made them the more deadly for Hedrick by not seeming to look at him in his affliction, or even to be aiming his way; he never could tell when the next shot was coming. At the table the ladies of his family might be deep in dress, or discussing Mr. Madison's slowly improving condition, when Cora with utter irrelevance would sigh and, looking sadly into her coffee, murmur: "Ah, *fond* mem'ries!" or "*Why* am I haunted by the dead past?" or the dreadful "Torn from her I love by the ruthless hand of a parent ——"

There was compassion in Laura's eyes and in his mother's, but Cora was irresistible, and they always ended by laughing in spite of themselves; and though they pleaded for Hedrick in private, their remonstrances proved strikingly ineffectual. Hedrick was the only person who had ever used the high hand with Cora: she found repayment too congenial. In the daytime he could not go in the front yard but Cora's window would open and a tenderly smiling Cora lean out to call affectionately: "Don't walk on the grass, darling little boy!" Or she would nod happily to him and begin to sing:

"*Oh, come beloved, love, let me press thee,*
While I caress thee
In one long kiss, Lolita ——"

One terror still hung over him. If it fell as it might at any fatal moment—then the utmost were indeed done upon him; and this apprehension bathed his soul in night. In his own circle of congenial age and sex he was by virtue of superior bitterness and daring of speech a chief—a moral castigator, a satirist of manners, a creator of stinging nicknames and many nourished, unhealed grievances which they had little hope of satisfying, against him—those who attempted it invariably departing with more to avenge than they had brought with them. Let these once know what Cora knew . . . The vision was unthinkable!

It was Cora's patent desire to release the hideous item; to spread the scandal broadcast among his fellows; to ring it from the schoolbells; to send it winging on the hot winds of Hades! The boys had always liked his yard and the empty stable to play in; and the devices he now employed to divert their activities elsewhere were worthy of a great strategist. His energy and an abnormal ingenuity accomplished incredible things; school had been in session five weeks and only one boy had come within conversational distance of Cora—him Hedrick bore away bodily, in simulation of resistless high spirits, a brilliant exhibition of stagecraft.

And then Cora's friend, Mrs. Villard, removed her son Egerton from the private school he had hitherto attended, and he made his appearance in Hedrick's class one morning at the public school. Hedrick's eye lighted with a savage gleam; timidly the first joy he had known for a thousand years crept into his grim heart. After school Egerton expiated a part of Cora's cruelty. It was a very small part and the exploit no more than infinitesimally soothing to the conqueror; but when Egerton finally got home he was no sight for a mother.

Thus Hedrick wrought his own doom. Mrs. Villard telephoned to Cora, and Cora went immediately to see her.

It happened to Hedrick that he was late leaving home the next morning. His entrance into his classroom was an undeniable sensation, and within ten minutes the teacher had lost all control of the school. It became necessary to send for the principal. Recess was a frantic nightmare for Hedrick, and his homeward progress at noon a procession of such uproarious screamers as were his equals in speed. The nethermost depths were reached when an ignoble pig-tailed person he had always trodden upon flat-footed screamed across the fence from next door as he reached fancied sanctuary in his own back yard:

"Kiss me some more, darling little boy!"

This worm, established upon the fence opposite the conservatory windows and in direct view from the table in the dining room, shrieked the accursed request at short intervals throughout the luncheon hour. The humor of childhood is sometimes almost intrusive.

And now began a life for Hedrick which may be rather painfully but truthfully likened to a prolongation of the experiences of a rat which finds himself in the middle of a crowded street in daylight—there is plenty of excitement but no pleasure. He was pursued, harried, hounded from early morning until nightfall; and even in his bed he would hear shrill shouts go down the sidewalk from the throats of juvenile fly-by-nights: "Oh, darling lit—oh, darling lit oh, *lit*-tle boy, *lit*-tle boy, kiss me some more!" And one day he overheard a remark which strengthened his growing conviction that the cataclysm had affected the whole United States—it was a teacher who spoke, explaining to another a disturbance in the hall of the school. She said behind her hand:

"He kissed an idiot!"

Laura had not even remotely foreseen the consequences of her revelation; nor, indeed, did she now properly estimate their effect upon Hedrick. She and her mother were both sorry for him and did what they could to alleviate his misfortunes; but there was an inevitable remnant of amusement in their sympathy. Youth at war affects stoicism, but not resignation; in truth resignation was not much in Hedrick's line, and it would be far from the fact to say that he was softened by his sufferings. He brooded profoundly, and his brightest thought was revenge. It was not upon Cora that his chief bitterness turned. Cora had always been the constant, open enemy—warfare between them was a regular condition of life; and unconsciously and without "thinking it out" he recognized the naturalness of her seizing upon the deadliest weapon against him that came to her hand. There was nothing unexpected in that; no, the treachery to his mind lay in the act of Laura, that non-combatant who had furnished the natural and habitual enemy with this scourge.

At all times and with or without cause he ever stood ready to do anything possible for the reduction of Cora's cockiness; but now it was for the taking down of Laura and the repayment of her uncalled-for and overwhelming assistance to the opposite camp that he lay awake nights and kept his imagination hot. Laura was a serene person, so neutral outwardly, at least—and so little concerned for herself in any matter he could bring to mind that for purposes of revenge she was a difficult proposition. And then in a happy moment he remembered her book.

Only once had he glimpsed it; but she had shown unmistakable agitation of a mysterious sort as she wrote in it and, upon observing his presence, a prompt determination to prevent his reading a word of what she had written. Therefore it was something peculiarly sacred and intimate. This deduction was proved by the care she exercised in keeping the book concealed from all eyes. A slow satisfaction began to permeate him; he made up his mind to find that padlocked ledger.

He determined with devoted ardor that when he found it he would make the worst possible use of it—the worst, that is, for Laura. As for consequences to himself he was beyond them. There is an Irish play in which an old woman finds that she no longer fears the sea when it has drowned the last of her sons; it can do nothing more to her. Hedrick no longer feared anything.

The book was somewhere in Laura's room, he knew that. There were enough opportunities to search, though Laura had a way of coming in unexpectedly which was embarrassing; and he suffered from a sense of inadequacy when—on the occasion of his first new attempt—he explained the casual inquiry as to his presence by saying that he had a headache. He felt there was something feeble in the reply; but Laura was unsuspicious and showed no disposition to be analytical. After this he

"I've Never—Literally Never—Had Another Thought Since the First Time I Saw You"

took the precaution to bring a schoolbook with him and Laura often found the boy seated quietly by her west window immersed in study; he said he thought his headaches came from his eyes and that the west light "sort of eased them a little."

The ledger remained undiscovered, though probably there has never been a room more thoroughly and painstakingly searched, without actually taking up the floor and tearing down the walls. The most mysterious and, at the same time, the most maddening thing about it was the apparent simplicity of the task. He was certain the room contained the book—listening, barefooted, outside the door at night he had heard the pen scratching. The room was as plain as a room could be, and small. There was a scantily filled clothes-press; he had explored every cubic inch of it. There was the small writing table, with one drawer; it held only some notepaper and a box of penpoints. There was a bureau; to his certain knowledge it contained no secret whatever. There were a few guiltless chairs and a white washstand—a mere basin and slab with exposed plumbing.

Lastly there was the bed, a very large and ugly contrivance; he had acquired a close acquaintance with all of it except the interior of the huge mattress itself, and here, he finally concluded, must of necessity be the solution. The surface of the mattress he knew to be unbroken; nevertheless the book was there. He had recently stimulated his deductive powers with a narrative of French journalistic sagacity in a similar case, and he applied French reasoning. The ledger existed. It was somewhere in the room. He had searched everything except the interior of the mattress. The ledger was in that interior.

The exploration thus become necessary presented some difficulties. Detection in the act would involve explanations hard to invent; it would not do to say he was looking for his knife, and he could not think of any excuse altogether free from a flavor of insincerity. A lameness beset them all and made them liable to suspicion; and Laura, once suspicious, might be mean enough to destroy the book, and so put it out of his power forever. He must await the right opportunity; and, after a racking exercise of patience, at last he saw it coming.

Doctor Sloane had permitted his patient to come downstairs for an increasing interval each day. Mr. Madison crept rather than walked, leaning upon his wife and closely attended by Miss Peirce. He spoke with difficulty and not clearly; still, there was a perceptible improvement, and his family were falling into the habit of speaking of him as "almost well." On that account Mrs. Madison urged her daughters to accept an invitation from the mother of the once courtly Egerton Villard. It was at breakfast that the matter was discussed.

"Of course Cora must go," Laura began; "but ——"

"But nothing!" interrupted Cora. "How would it look if I went and you didn't? Everybody knows papa's almost well, and they'd think it silly for us to give up the first real dance since last spring on that account; yet they're just spiteful enough, if I went and you stayed home, to call me a 'girl of no heart.' Besides," she added sweetly, "we ought to go to show Mrs. Villard we aren't hurt because Egerton takes so little notice of poor Hedrick."

Hedrick's lips moved silently, as in prayer.

"I'd rather not," said Laura. "I doubt if I'd have a very good time."

"You would too," returned her sister decidedly. "The men like to dance with you; you dance every bit as well as I do, and that black lace is the most becoming dress you ever had. Nobody ever remembers a black dress, anyway, unless it's cut very conspicuously—and yours isn't. I can't go without you; they love to say nasty things about me, and you're too good a sister to give 'em this chance—you old dear!" She laughed and nodded affectionately across the table at Laura. "You've got to go!"

"Yes; it would be nicer," said the mother.

And so it was settled. It was simultaneously settled in Hedrick's mind that the night of the dance should mark his discovery of the ledger. He would have some industrious hours alone with the mysterious mattress, safe from all intrusion.

Meekly he lifted his eyes from his plate.

"I'm glad you're going, sister Laura," he said in a gentle voice. "I think a change will do you good."

"Isn't it wonderful," exclaimed Cora, appealing to the others to observe him, "what an improvement a disappointment in love can make in deportment?"

For once Hedrick only smiled.

XV

LAURA had spent some thoughtful hours upon her black-lace dress, with results that astonished her family; it became a ball gown and a splendidly effective one. She arranged her black hair in a more elaborate fashion than ever before in a close coronal of faintly lustrous braids; she had no jewelry and obviously needed none. Her last action but one before she left her room was to dispose of the slender chain and key she always wore round her neck; then her final glance at the mirror—which fairly revealed a lovely woman—ended in a deprecatory little "face" she made at herself. It meant: "Yes, old lady; you fancy yourself very passable in here all by yourself, don't you? Just wait; you'll be standing beside Cora in a moment!"

And when she did stand beside Cora in the latter's room a moment later her thought seemed warranted. Cora, radiant-eyed, in high bloom and exquisite from head to foot in a shimmering white dancing dress, a glittering crescent fastening the silver fillet that bound her vivid hair, was a flame of enchantment. Mrs. Madison, almost weeping with delight, led her daughters proudly, an arm round the waist of each, into her husband's room. Propped up with pillows he reclined in an armchair while Miss Peirce prepared his bed, an occupation she gave over upon this dazzling entrance, departing tactfully.

"Look at these!" cried the mother; "from our garden, Jim, dear! Don't we feel rich, you and I?"

"And—and—Laura," said the sick man with the slow and imperfect enunciation caused by his disease, "Laura looks pretty—too!"

"Isn't she adorable!" Cora exclaimed warmly. "She's decided to be the portrait of a young duchess, you see; all stately splendor—and made of snow and midnight!"

"Hear! Hear!" laughed Laura; but she blushed with pleasure and taking Cora's hand in hers raised it to her lips.

"And do you see Cora's crescent?" demanded Mrs. Madison. "What do you think of *that* for magnificence? She went downtown this morning with seven dollars, and came back with that and her party gloves and a dollar in change! Isn't she a bargainer? Even for rhinestones they are the cheapest things you ever heard of. They look precisely like stones of the very first water." They did—so precisely, indeed, that if the resemblance did not amount to actual identity then had a jeweler of the town been able to deceive the eye of Valentine Corliss, which was an eye singularly learned in such matters.

"They're—both smart girls," said Madison; "both of them. And they look—beautiful tonight—both. Laura is—amazing!"

When they had gone Mrs. Madison returned from the stairway and, kneeling beside her husband, put her arms round him gently; she had seen the tear that was marking its irregular pathway down his flaccid, gray cheek, and she understood.

"Don't! Don't worry, Jim!" she whispered. "Those bright, beautiful things!—aren't they treasures?"

"It's—it's Laura," he said. "Cora will be all—right. She looks out for—herself. I'm—I'm afraid for—Laura. Aren't you?"

"No, no!" she protested. "I'm not afraid for either of them." But she was—the mother had always been afraid for Cora.

At the dance the two girls, attended up the stairway to the ballroom by a chattering covey of blackcoats, made a sensational entrance to a gallant fanfare and burst of music, an effect which may have been timed to the premonitory tuning of instruments heard during the ascent—at all events it was a great success; and Cora, standing revealed under the wide gilt archway, might have been a lithe and shining figure from the year eighteen hundred and one about to dance at the Luxembourg. She placed her hand upon the sleeve of Richard Lindley and, glancing intelligently over his shoulder into the eyes of Valentine Corliss, glided rhythmically away.

People looked at her; they always did. Not only the non-dancers watched her—eyes everywhere were upon her, even though the owners gyrated, glided and dipped on distant orbits. The other girls watched her, as a rule, with a profound, an almost passionate curiosity; and they were prompt to speak well of her to men, except in trustworthy intimacy, because they did not enjoy being wrongfully thought jealous. Many of them kept somewhat aloof from her, but none of them ever nowadays showed "superiority" in her presence or snubbed her; that had been tried and proved disastrous in rebound. Cora never failed to pay her score—and with a terrifying interest added—her native tendency being to take two eyes for an eye and the whole jaw for a tooth. They let her alone, though they asked and asked among themselves the never-monotonous question: Why do men fall in love with girls like that?—a riddle which, solved, makes wives condescending to their husbands.

Most of the people at this dance had known one another as friends or antagonists or indifferent acquaintances for years; and in such an assembly there are always two worlds—that of the women and that of the men. Each has its own vision, radically different from that of the other; but the greatest difference is that the men are unaware of the other world, only a few of them—usually queer ones, like Ray Vilas—vaguely perceiving that there are two visions, though all the women understand both perfectly. The men splash about on the surface; the women keep their eyes open under water. Or, the life of the assembly is like a bright tapestry—the men take it as a picture and are not troubled to know how it is produced; but women are weavers.

There was a beauty of far-flung renown at Mrs. Villard's tonight—Mary Kane, a creature so made and colored that young men at sight of her became as water, and older men were apt to wonder regretfully why all women could not have been made like Mary. She was a kindly soul, and never intentionally outshone her sisters, but the perfect sumptuousness of her had sometimes tried the amiability of Cora Madison, to whom such success without effort and without spark seemed unfair as well as bovine. Miss Kane was a central figure at the dance, shining tranquilly in a new triumph; that day her engagement had been announced to Mr. George Wattling, a young man of no special attainments, but desirable in his possessions and suitable to his happiness.

The pair radiated the pardonable, gay importance of newly engaged people; and Cora, who had never before bestowed any notice upon Mr. Wattling, now examined him with thoughtful attention.

Finding him at her elbow in a group about a punchbowl, between dances, she offered warm felicitations.

"But I don't suppose you care whether *I* care for you to be happy or not," she added with a little plaintive laugh, "you've always hated me so!"

Mr. Wattling was startled—never before had he imagined that Cora Madison had given him a thought; but there was not only thought, there was feeling in this speech. She seemed to be concealing with bravery an even deeper feeling than the one inadvertently expressed.

"Why, what on earth makes you think that?" he exclaimed.

"Think it? I know it!" She gave him a strange look, luminous yet mysterious—a curtain withdrawn only to show a shining mist, with something undefined but dazzling beyond. "I've always known it!" And she turned away from him abruptly.

He sprang after her.

"But you're wrong. I've never ——"

"Oh, yes, you have!"

They began to discuss it; and for better consideration of the theme it became necessary for Cora to "cut" the next dance, promised to another, and to give it to Mr. Wattling. They danced several times together and Mr. Wattling's expression was serious. The weavers of the tapestry smiled and whispered things the men would not have understood—or believed.

Ray Vilas, seated alone in a recessed and softly lighted gallery, did not once lose sight of the flitting sorceress. With his elbows on the railing he leaned out, his head swaying slowly and mechanically as she swept up and down the tumultuously moving room, his passionate eyes gaunt and brilliant with his hunger. And something very like a general thrill passed over the assembly when, a little later, it was seen that he was dancing with her. Laura, catching a glimpse of this couple, started and looked profoundly disturbed.

The extravagance of Vilas' passion and the depths he sounded in his absurd despair when discarded had been matters of almost public gossip—he was accounted a somewhat scandalous and unbalanced but picturesque figure; and for the lady whose light hand had wrought such havoc upon him to be seen dancing with him was sufficiently startling to elicit the universal remark—evidently considered superlative—that it was "just like Cora Madison!" Cora usually perceived, with an admirably clear head, all that went on about her; and she was conscious of increasing the sensation when, after a few turns round the room, she allowed her partner to conduct her to a secluding grove of palms in the gallery. She sank into the chair he offered and, fixing her eyes upon a small lamp of colored glass which hung overhead, ostentatiously looked bored.

"At your feet, Cora," he said, seating himself upon a stool and leaning toward her. "Isn't it appropriate that we should talk to music—we two? It shouldn't be that quickstep though—not dance music—should it?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," murmured Cora.

"You were kind to dance with me," he said huskily. "I dared to speak to you ——"

She did not change her attitude or the direction of her glance.

"I couldn't cut you very well with the whole town looking on. I'm tired of being talked about. Besides I don't care much who I dance with—so he doesn't step on me."

"Cora," he said, "it is the prelude to L'Arlésienne that they should play for you and me. Yes, I think it should be that."

"Never heard of it."

"It's just a rustic tragedy, the story of a boy in the south of France who lets love become his whole life; and then—it kills him."

"Sounds very stupid," she commented languidly.

"People do sometimes die of love, even nowadays," he said tremulously—"in the South."

She let her eyes drift indifferently to him and perceived that he was trembling from head to foot; that his hands and knees shook piteously; that his lips quivered and twitched—and at sight of this agitation an expression of strong distaste came to her face.

"I see." Her eyes returned to the lamp. "You're from the South; and, of course, it's going to kill you."

"You didn't speak the exact words you had in your mind."

"Oh, what words did I have in my mind?" she asked impatiently.

"What you really meant was: 'If it does kill you what of it?'"

She laughed, and sighed as for release.

"Cora," he said huskily, "I understand you a little, because you possess me. I've never—literally never—had another thought since the first time I saw you; nothing but you. I think of you actually every moment. Drunk or sober, asleep or awake, it's nothing but you, you, *you!* It will never be different. I don't know why I can't get over it—I only know I can't. You own me; you burn like a hot coal in my heart! You're through with me, I know. You drained me dry. You're like a child who eats so heartily of what he likes that he never touches it again. And I'm a dish you're sick of! Oh, it's all plain enough, I can tell you! I'm not exciting any more—no, just a nauseous slave at your feet!"

"Do you want people to hear you?" she inquired angrily, for his voice had risen.

He tempered his tone.

"Cora, when you liked me you went a pretty clipping gait with me," he said, trembling even more than before. "But you're infinitely more infatuated with this Toreador of a Corliss than you were with me; you're lost in him; you're slaving for him as I would for you. How far are you going with ——"

"Do you want me to walk away and leave you?" she asked, suddenly sitting up straight and looking at him with dilating eyes. "If you want a scene ——"

"It's over," he said, more calmly. "I know now how dangerous the man is. Of course you will tell him I said that." He laughed quietly. "Well—between a dangerous chap and a desperate one we may look for some lively times! Do you know I believe I think about as continuously of him lately as I do of you! That's why I put almost my last cent into his oil company and got what may be almost my last dance with you!"

"I wouldn't call it 'almost' your last dance with me," she returned icily; "not after what you've said! I had a foolish idea you could behave—well, at least, decently."

"Did Corliss tell you that I insulted him in his rooms at the hotel?"

"You?" She laughed genuinely. "I see him letting you!"

"He did however. By manner and in speech I purposely and deliberately insulted him. You'll tell him every word of this, of course, and he'll laugh at it; but I give myself the pleasure of telling you. I put the proposition of an investment to him in a way nobody not a crook would have allowed to be smoothed over—and he allowed it to be smoothed over. He ate it! I felt he was a swindler when he was showing Richard Lindley his maps and papers, and now I've proved it to myself—and it's worth the price." Often during this interview his eyes lifted curiously to the white, flaming crescent in her hair; now they fixed themselves upon it, and in a flash of divination he cried: "You wear it for me!"

She did not understand.

"Finished raving?" she inquired.

"I gave Corliss a thousand dollars," he said slowly. "Considering the fact that it was my last, I flatter myself it was not unhandsomely done—though I may never need it. It has struck me that the sum was about what a man who had just cleaned up fifty thousand dollars might regard as a sort of 'extra'—'for lagnappe'—and that he might have thought it an appropriate amount to invest in a present—some jewels, perhaps, to place in the hair of a pretty friend!" Cora sprang to her feet, furious, but he stood in front of her and was able to bar the way for a moment.

"Cora, I'll have a last word with you if I have to hold you!" he said with great rapidity and in a voice which shook with the intense repression he was putting upon himself. "We do one thing in the South, where I came from—we protect our women ——"

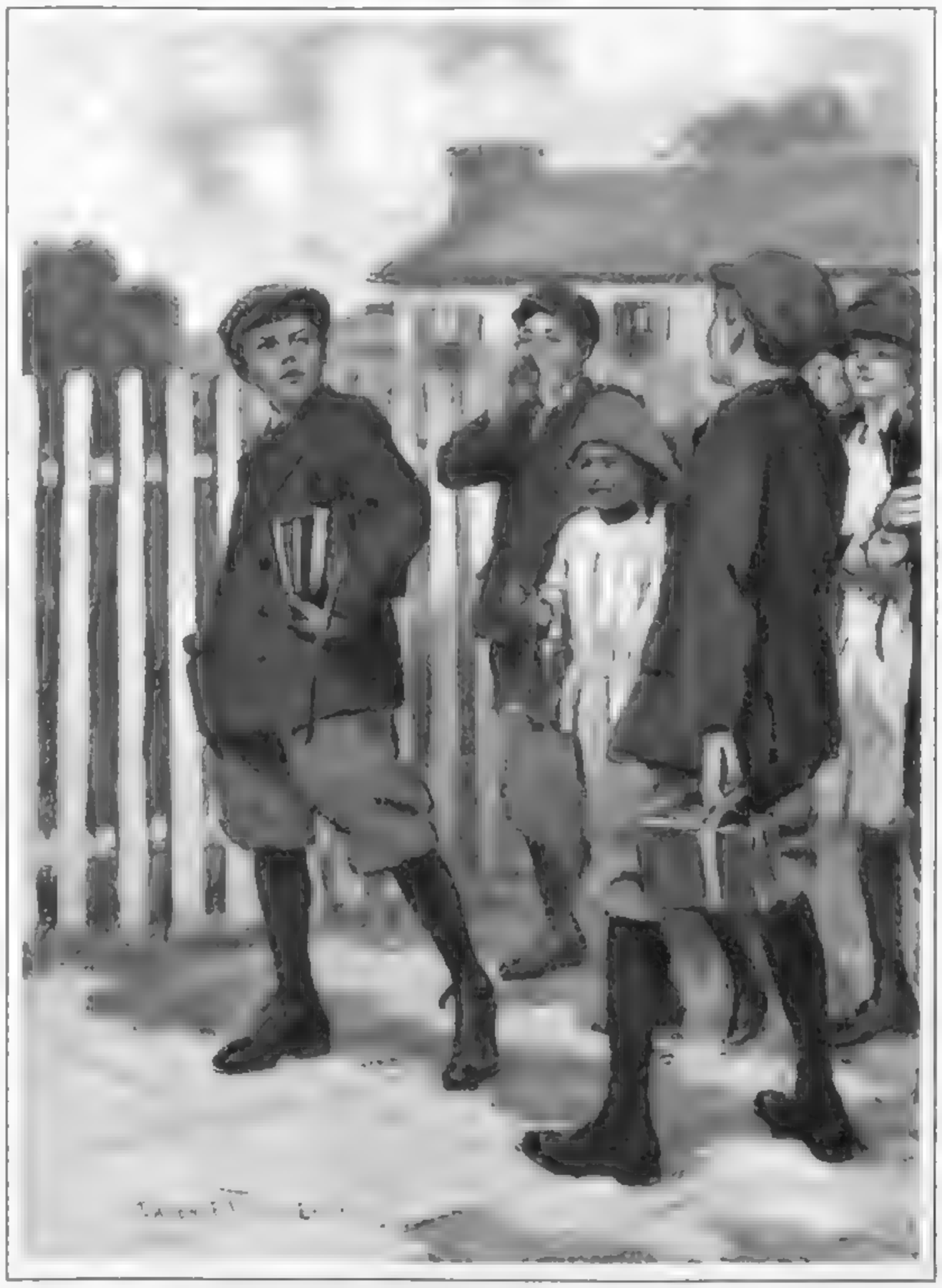
"This looks like it! Keeping me when ——"

"I love you," he said, his face whiter than she had ever seen it. "I love you! I'm your dog! You take care of yourself if you want to take care of anybody else! As sure as ——"

"My dance, Miss Madison." A young gentleman on vacation from the navy had approached and with perfect unconsciousness of what he was interrupting, but with well-founded certainty that he was welcome to the lady, urged his claim in a confident voice. "I thought it would never come, you know; but it's here at last, and so am I." He laughed propitiatingly.

Ray yielded now at once, and she moved him aside with her gloved forearm, as if he were merely an awkward stranger who unwittingly stood between her and the claiming partner. Carrying the gesture further, she took the latter's arm and, smilingly and without a backward glance, passed onward and left the gallery. The lieutenant, who had met her once or twice before, was her partner for the succeeding dance as well; and, having noted the advantages of the place where he had discovered her, he persuaded her to return there to sit through the second. There, without any exhaustive or fatiguing preamble, he proposed marriage. Cora did not accept, but effected a compromise which for the present was to consist of an exchange of photographs—his to be in uniform—and letters.

She was having an evening to her heart. Ray's attack on Corliss had no dimming effect, her thought of it being that she was "used to his raving"—it meant nothing; and since Ray had prophesied she would tell Corliss about it, she decided not to do so.



He Was Pursued, Harried, Hounded From Early Morning Until Nightfall

The naval young gentleman and Valentine Corliss were the greatest of all lions among the ladies that night. Cora had easily annexed the lieutenant, and Corliss was hers already; though, for a purpose, she had not yet been seen in company with him. He was visibly "making an impression." His name, as he had said to Richard Lindley, was held in honor in the town; there was a flavor of fancied romance in his absence since boyhood in unknown parts, and in his return now with a foreign air and a bow that almost took the breath of some of the younger recipients. He was, too, in his way the handsomest man in the room; and the smiling, open frankness of his look, the easy confidence of his bearing, were found very winning. He caused plenty of flutter.

Cora waited till the evening was half over before she gave him any visible attention. Then, during a silence of the music between two dances, she made him a negligent sign with her hand—the gesture of one indifferently beckoning a creature who is certain to come—and went on talking casually to the man who was with her. Corliss was the length of the room from her, chatting gayly with a large group of girls and women; but he immediately nodded to her, made his bow to individuals of the group, and crossed the vacant, glistening floor to her. Cora gave him no greeting whatever; she dismissed her former partner and carelessly turned away with Corliss to some chairs in a corner.

"Do you see that?" asked Vilas, leaning over the balcony railing with Richard Lindley. "Look! She's showing the other girls—don't you see? He's the New Man. She let 'em hope she wasn't going in for him—a lot of them probably didn't even know that she knew him. She sent him out on parade till they're all excited about him; now she shows 'em he's entirely her property—and does it so matter-of-factly that it's rubbed in twice as hard as if she seemed to take some pains about it. He doesn't dance; she'll sit out with him now till they all read the tag she's put on him. She says she hates being talked about. She lives on it—so long as it's envious! And did you see her with that chap from the navy? Neptune thinks he's dallying with Venus perhaps; but he'll get ——"

Lindley looked at him commiseratingly.

"I think I never saw prettier decorations. Have you noticed, Ray? Must have used a thousand chrysanthemums."

"Toreador!" whispered the other between his teeth, looking at Corliss; then, turning to his companion, he asked: "Has it occurred to you to get any information about Basilicata, or about the ancestral domain of the Moliterni, from our consul-general at Naples?"

Richard hesitated.

"Well—yes. Yes, I did think of that. Yes, I thought of it."

"But you didn't do it."

"No; that is, I haven't yet. You see, Corliss explained to me that ——"

His friend interrupted him with a sour laugh.

"Oh, certainly! He's one of the greatest explainers ever welcomed to our city!"

Richard said mildly:

"And then, Ray, once I've gone into a thing, I—I don't like to seem suspicious."

"Poor old Dick!" returned Vilas compassionately. "You kind, easy, sincere men are so often hopelessly untruthful with yourselves!"

"You know in your heart," he continued, "that Cora would be furious with you if you seemed suspicious, and she's been so nice to you since you put in your savings to please her that you can't bear to risk offending her. She's twisted you round her little finger, and the unnamed fear that haunts you is that you won't be allowed to stay there—even twisted."

"Pretty decorations, Ray," said Richard; but he grew very red.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 25, 1913

Selling Government Timber

THE Government's windmill battle against monopoly is admirably illustrated by its timber policy. Its own reports show a monopolistic situation with regard to standing timber.

An important part of the total supply, aside from that owned by the Government, is in few hands. A rise of more than sixty per cent in the price of lumber since 1897 indicates that owners of the commodity have had a leverage on the market.

Now the Government itself owns one-fifth of all the standing timber in the country, many billion feet of which are ripe for the ax and even deteriorating from overripeness. In offering this ripe timber for sale the Government "makes a close estimate of the cost of manufacturing it into boards and of the market price of the product." It then fixed a minimum selling price, based on the two foregoing factors, which will "give a fair operating profit to the purchaser on his investment, but no more."

The words quoted are from the report of the secretary of agriculture.

Obviously under this policy the Government's timber can never be sold on the market any cheaper than the monopolized timber in private hands is sold, because the Government's price is based on the market price; and the market price, of course, is fixed—or largely controlled—by private owners of timber.

If private owners boosted prices fifty per cent the price of Government timber would automatically advance fifty per cent; and, though the public owns one-fifth of all the standing timber of the country, it cannot get lumber any cheaper than private owners offer it.

Another effect of this policy is that the Government's ripe timber is not cut, but stands and decays. The "fair profit on his investment, but no more," which the Government offers to the timber operator, does not attract him, as is shown by the fact that it is selling only one-tenth of the timber it should sell to keep the forests in a healthy condition.

Having adopted a policy that in fact amply protects monopoly at every point, the Government then goes through a great rigmarole of restrictions and conditions designed to prevent its timber from falling into the hands of monopolists.

The whole thing beautifully illustrates our anti-monopoly policy, which consists in putting a lot of words on paper and ignoring essential facts!

A Balkan Nation?

LONG-STANDING jealousies and rivalries among the Balkan states, say the wiseacres, will prevent them from forming a nation; but at the time of our Revolution the wiseacres said exactly the same thing about the American colonies.

So far as press reports enable one to judge, the Balkan states have coöperated much more wholeheartedly in the war against Turkey than the American colonies did in the war against England. There is about as good a basis for consolidation between Bulgaria and Greece, or Servia and Montenegro, as there was between free Massachusetts and slaveholding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York.

Only three years before the Constitution was framed, when settlers from Connecticut were starving in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania not only refused to lift a finger in aid of the "accursed Yankees" but sent a force of militia to drive them out with barbarous cruelty; and for some time a petty war, with much bloodshed, existed between the two commonwealths.

About the same time New York sent troops against New Hampshire, and only Washington's intervention as a peacemaker prevented an armed clash.

Half a dozen times the Constitutional Convention seemed hopelessly split, and its work was finally accepted only by a hair's breadth and after the bitterest controversy. All that seemed to bode ill enough for an American nation; yet the nation is here.

The Balkan states have the same motives for forming a nation that the American colonies had, and the wiseacres may again be mistaken.

Unpunishable Usury

NEW YORK'S usury laws are suspended in favor of the Stock Exchange. Any rate of interest contracted for there on call loans is legal. Consequently when money is tight speculators far outbid borrowers for legitimate purposes; and as the former bid higher they get the money. For example, the following paragraph appeared recently in the Wall Street Journal:

"Some local banks having money to loan for account of their out-of-town correspondents yesterday refused to accept less than fifteen per cent. They said they were instructed by their correspondents to ask this rate. . . . There is no little indignation among some borrowers that the Wall Street money market should be dictated by interior banks."

Our sympathy is not for indignant Wall Street, but for the customers of the interior banks, who very likely would have liked to have for legitimate purposes the money those banks were sending down to the Stock Exchange in order to get fifteen per cent for it.

Sending interior money to Wall Street in times of dearth is abuse, the blame for which rests far less upon the Street than upon the interior banks. Stock gamblers are preferred borrowers. In ordinary times they get money cheaper than anybody else; in a pinch their needs are met first, because they outbid other borrowers. Probably, however, the abuses of banking credit in connection with Stock Exchange gambling will not be remedied until our banking system is reformed.

A Narrow Idea of Labor

THE Socialist vote now falls but little short of being the greatest ever cast for a minor party in this country—being only ten per cent below that polled by the Populists in 1892. However much of it may be a mere protest vote—cast by those who are not Socialists but cared neither for Wilson nor Roosevelt—the party, like any other, is entitled to be accepted on the face of the returns.

As the Socialists grow in voting strength we wish, on the whole, they could be better-natured and less bigoted. Through their literature in this country runs an intolerant and excessively narrow-minded note. Too much they use the word "labor" as though it meant only manual or industrial wage-earning labor, or as though that were the only kind of labor entitled to any consideration. When they say labor creates wealth and is entitled to the product, they are on impregnable ground—if they mean all labor. If they mean only manual and wage-earning factory labor, any tolerably read high-school boy can cut the ground from under their feet. It would be more nearly correct to say that ideas create wealth. The Socialist party claims to be the grand instrument for uplifting the proletariat, and that party itself is simply an idea. Karl Marx once essayed manual or clerical labor, and was of so little use in it that he failed to hold his job.

English Doctors at Loggerheads

THE British National Insurance Act was passed in December, 1911, and ever since then doctors in England have been on strike against the government. The act provides free medical attendance for working men and a certain rate of compensation for physicians who do the attending. Through the British Medical Association, the doctors declared the compensation too low and refused to serve under the act. Long negotiations followed with the chancellor of the exchequer, who finally offered a compromise involving decidedly higher compensation to the doctors; but by a referendum vote members of the association have rejected this compromise.

Meanwhile many doctors were of opinion that the compensation offered by the government was fair, and that it ill became the medical profession, for selfish reasons and on questionable grounds, to block a great social reform. Recently several hundred doctors who were of this opinion met in London and formed the National Insurance Practitioners' Association in opposition to the old association. Naturally the wrath of the doctors who stayed with the British Medical Association was great. At the London meeting some seceding doctors testified that systematic attempts had been made to intimidate and terrorize them; they had been threatened with professional ruin.

There is about as much class feeling in one walk of life as in another; and against anybody who refuses to stand up for class interest against all the world it reaches for a brick about as promptly in the higher walks as in the humbler—only in the higher walks the bricks are figurative instead of literal.

City Bookkeeping

A GOODLY number of cities do keep books correctly and publish fiscal statements that are at once inclusive, reasonably concise and intelligible. We know this because they have been sending us their balance sheets ever since we wrote something on the subject of blind, muddled municipal accounting over a month ago.

Why should not every city do it—presenting to the citizens a statement of income, outgo, debts and money on hand at least as comprehensive and easily understandable as that which every well-conducted public service corporation presents to its stockholders? Gross incompetence in city government and a desire to conceal the truth are the only reasons we can think of for any city's refusal to do so. Either reason should be sufficient to make citizens suspicious.

We notice the cities that have sent us their model balance sheets are all of middle or small size, and that almost every one of them is under a commission form of government. Indeed, almost every one of the letters contains a sentence which refers the beginning of intelligible accounting in that city to the time when the commission form of government was adopted.

Is there not a suggestion here for cities that have not adopted the commission form?

Tenement-House Industries

UNDERWEAR, shirtwaists and bed- and table-linen are extensively hand-embroidered by home workers in tenements. By home-working tenement children nuts are picked and sorted, bristles put in hairbrushes, artificial flowers made, paper cigarette tubes rolled—and licked when the paste happens to dry too soon! A physician in the New York Infirmary for Women and Children testifies to finding contagious diseases in seventy-nine tenements where home work was carried on. In two hundred and four inspected homes one-quarter of the workers were between five and ten years of age; nearly half were under fourteen. Of the children, one-fourth work after school five hours or more a day. Three-quarters of these home-working families earn less than ten cents an hour altogether. The only time some of the home-working children have for any play is at night; their only place to play is the street—a poor combination!

Many people who are not deeply interested in hours of labor and rates of wages would be quite intensely interested to know that something they put on their children came out of a tenement where there was contagious disease!

Employers turn to this sweated labor in the home and tenement because it is very cheap; but for the community it is very dear.

Quoting Great Men

BOOK Five of the Wealth of Nations contains the following: "The only trades which it seems possible for a joint stock company to carry on successfully, without an exclusive privilege, are those of which all the operations are capable of being reduced to such a uniformity of method as admits of little or no variation. Of this kind is, first, the banking trade; second, the trade of insurance; third, the trade of making and maintaining a canal; fourth, the trade of bringing water for the supply of a great city."

As some two hundred thousand joint stock companies in the United States alone, without any exclusive privilege, are now successfully carrying on trades other than those mentioned above, we know that the father of political economy was mistaken in this view.

Does it follow that he was not a great man? By no means. In his time there were few corporations. The most successful ones either had an exclusive privilege, like the East India Company, or were engaged in banking, insurance, canals or water supply. A good many others had attempted different fields and failed. Adam Smith reasoned accurately from the facts before him. If our facts had been before him he would have reasoned differently. George Washington would have sworn a man could not travel from Mount Vernon to Pittsburgh in a day—and in his time a man could not!

A great man's testimony is pertinent when the facts are analogous to those upon which he formed his opinion. Otherwise it is worth less than the elevator boy's.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Parisian Paradox

ALBEIT they effervesce freely and on slight provocation, the French are in reality a careful and conservative people. In the enthusiasm of the moment they may call a man a hero or a hypocrite, but when it comes to estimating actualities they weigh their words carefully.

The French have their politicians, just as we have, and have had them far more years than we have, and they quite naturally view them with suspicion that at times develops into alarm. A Frenchman, discussing a politician, will concede brilliance, industry, intellect, zeal, manners and methods, but you have emphatically to show him before he will concede honesty.

Wherefore when the name of Raymond Poincaré comes up—the name of the premier of France and the minister of foreign affairs—and you find that the French universally refer to him as "honnête," you may safely conclude this most important man in France is honest. Otherwise the French wouldn't mention the subject in talking about him. Many years of experience of various kinds, bloody and otherwise, have impressed the French with the idea that a politician can't, or won't, be honest; and having determined that Poincaré is honest, they exalt him exceedingly, putting that quality as the cap of the sheaf of his other large abilities.

Having learned this, I delved a bit into the past and present of M. Raymond Poincaré, prime minister, and it seems to me the French are right, for their "honnête," as I learned its application, not only means honest as we hold it, but virtuous, conservative, amenable to reason, logical, safe and sane, and admits of neither trimming nor fence-straddling on his part. M. Poincaré appears to be a real paragon, and inasmuch as he is a French paragon he also is a Parisian paradox, which makes him all the more important and interesting as a public man.

He Looks Like a Prime Minister

The prime minister of France is the person who has the political power. The president of our sister, but not particularly sisterly, republic is a ceremonial person who has no particular say about the ceremonies. The prime minister is the actual head of the government. He decides and the president agrees, or doesn't agree, but it makes little difference either way. The only president of France of recent years who tried to work it the other way round was Casimir-Périer, and he quit in disgust after a few months of weary buffeting against the system. He told them he wouldn't be a lay figure, even if that comfortable function carried with it the presidency of France.

Poincaré is essentially a lawyer, although he has a reputation as an author, an essayist, and a student and critic of literature and art. In his law practice he is a consultant. Litigation in France is more and more coming to be settled without recourse to trials in court, and Poincaré has a large practice as adviser for other lawyers, his services being retained in most great causes. His mind is of the highly carbonized type, hard, brilliant and inflexible. His manner is that of the man who demands the logical statement always, with the postulates in consecutive order and the conclusion rational and in accordance with the facts.

A Solemn and Industrious Minister

HE WILL not abide scrambled or diffuse statements. When an attorney comes to him he gives him fifteen minutes or half an hour and insists on an orderly presentation of the items of the case. It is so in his other work and in his public life. His own mind is so orderly in its character, and works with such regularity and precision, that his public statements and his public papers, as well as his writings on other lines, are veritable models of concise, precise and illuminating presentations. This quality of mind, more or less remarkable in a Frenchman, enters into every relation he has with the public. He is a grave man, a studious man, a reserved man, a serious man. He has no time for frivolities and does not indulge in them. He has no time for sports and does not undertake them. He has little time for society and does not mingle in it much. He works, and his work is done methodically, of course, but none the less brilliantly. His brain is a machine that turns out its products perfectly joined and carpentered—flawless. At that, he is very much of a human being and has many human sympathies and relations, odd as it may seem.

If you have a look at Poincaré you see why his brain dominates. If ever there was a citizen who carried about with him a dome of thought Poincaré is the man. His head is big and round and unusually high above the ears. It looms up like the top of the Capitol at Washington, not running to a point, of course, and distinguishes him above all his colleagues. He has big gray eyes, a large nose, a straight-lined mouth, a mustache, and a determined chin covered with a carelessly trimmed beard. His whole appearance, so far as his head and shoulders go, gives an aspect of squareness—square head on square shoulders, the whole testifying to solidity and imperturbability and precision and seriousness.

There is a sort of a superior air about him. He looks like a prime minister. The aristocrats think well of him because he seems to be one of them, and the Republicans exalt him because he gives them a square deal and appears to be a sublimated member of their party. Having the support of both elements of society he accomplishes much, and with this united support has been able to maintain the foreign and internal affairs of France at a satisfactory equilibrium. He comes of a distinguished family. His parents lived at Bar-le-Duc and were wealthy, and his father held several important offices; while his cousin Henri, who died not long ago, was a famous mathematician and scholar.

Poincaré is a fine example of a man dominated by his intellect. He is a prodigious worker and allots just so much time for every task. His whole life is ordered by a schedule. His consultations are always on the minute and never last over the time set apart for them. He demands exact and detailed statements and never utters a diffuse sentence when making his decisions or giving his advice. He takes little sleep and rises early in the morning. Not long ago, when he was on a trip to Russia on the warship Condé, he upset the whole régime of the ship by appearing on the bridge shortly after daybreak, and requiring the officers to get up and see the sun rise with him.

Still he has human attributes. He is fond of the theater and goes frequently, but contrary to the French rule of life he never enters a café. He pays no attention to the finer delights of the table, and eats simply and sparingly, and has no wine save a little reserved for him from his own vineyards, a white wine that is light and sweet. His one fad is dogs. He has them of all breeds and sizes and colors. Just at present his favorite is Pompon, a little French poodle that accompanies him decorously on his decorous strolls from his home in the Champs-Élysées to his office. Then too he gives little dinners, and his guests say he can throw off his cloak of seriousness and joke a bit on occasion. His sole recreation, aside from the heavy plays at the theaters, appears to be the association with men of intellect and attainments.

Poincaré's family picked him to be a great man. It is told that before he was ten years old his father and mother decided their son should be of importance in France, and they impressed that idea on him and besought him to study to attain that end. He was loaded down with that responsibility from the very first. Being dutiful he accepted the sentence and industriously made his preparations. If father and mother wanted their son to be a great man far be it from him to disappoint them. He went to school at home and in Paris, and when he was doing his military service studied for his degree of master of letters in the barracks at Nancy. As is customary he appeared with his thesis before the faculty, wearing the required gown. He was preternaturally bright in his replies to the quiz. A gust of wind blew aside the gown and disclosed his uniform, much to the surprise of the faculty. He passed this examination brilliantly and won a high mark. This was when he was about twenty-five.

He took his law degree and, urged by his parents, made his first essay in politics. He announced himself as a candidate for the office of *conseilleur général* for his district, which corresponds in a way to a district attorney in the United States. He had not remembered it was necessary for a candidate to own "paying property" and his opponents charged he owned no such property and was, therefore, ineligible. He telegraphed his grandfather: "What shall I do?"

His grandfather had been in on the plan to make Raymond a great man and had provided for this contingency. "Present yourself—a forest grows in your name," grandpapa telegraphed back, and it was true. The forehanded grandfather had deeded to the young man a small patch of pine trees. It was fixed. Poincaré could not escape being a great man. He just had to, whether he wanted to or not.

The family stood behind and pushed him along. Moreover he had the makings himself. He was a success at the bar from the first, and when he was thirty-three—in 1893—was given his first appointment in the government, being made minister of public instruction. Next year he was made minister of finance, and then he was on his way. He served until 1895, when he went out of office and practiced law and wrote books until 1906, when he became minister of finance again. By that time he had demonstrated his qualities and his family was content. They had raised a great man, for Poincaré became prime minister and minister of foreign affairs later, and his reputation was secure. And he is a great man, head and shoulders above his colleagues in the present government.

His distinguishing characteristic is his intense application to work and study. He has great energy and excellent self-control. He is resourceful, and his poise, both mental and physical, is the marvel of his volatile contemporaries. Of course he might have been a country barrister and student if mamma and papa had not decided he should be great. Inasmuch as they did so decide it was up to him to become great, for in France what mamma and papa say is absolute, and it must be conceded he did a good job.

An Order to Order

AN AMERICAN, invited to a Berlin function, went, of course, in his evening clothes. But he wore a big decoration. Not many others were there who were not in uniform.

The American's decoration attracted the notice of the dignitary holding the reception. He asked that the man should be presented to him.

"I should like to know what that decoration is," said the dignitary. "I am familiar with all the decorations of Europe, at least, and I have never seen that one. Pray, what order is it?"

"Oh," answered the American. "Like it, eh? Well, sir, that's a little fancy of my own."

An Architectural Error

WHEN Oscar Hammerstein was having his troubles over his opera house in London he spoke feelingly of the beautiful structure to a friend.

"Yes," said Oscar, "I built a wonderful opera house. It is perfect in all its appointments. It is the last word in such buildings. Still, I made one mistake—when I was building it I neglected to build an audience in it!"

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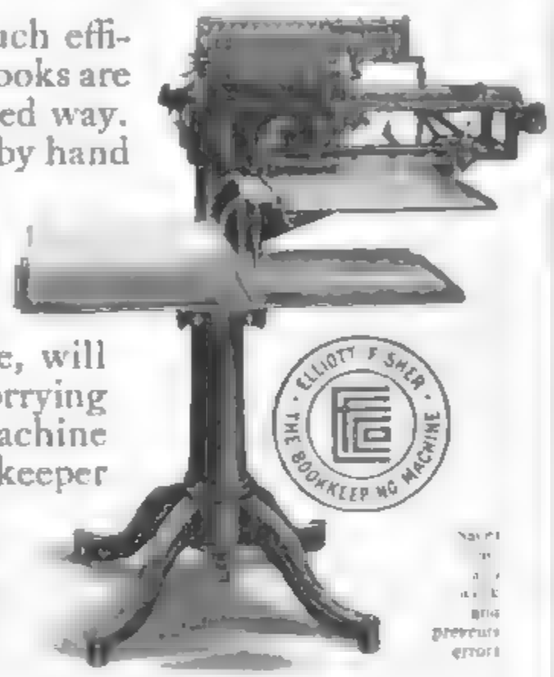

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How Father Le Fèvre Came to Singing River

Continued from Page 7

silent in the blankets; and even then I did not comprehend. 'As manny as four years back she was married,' he went on, 'down in the States—to Manning. It's wan av those things a woman does that no man can ivir hope to understand. Iviry wan else knew Manning's record, an' yet she couldn't av known—until after 't was too late for her. She left him the week she married him.'

"And then in a low voice that I could scarcely catch Conahan related to me, there in the dark, count after count in the record of the renegade husband of that little girl in white, until I cried out with the very horror of the details and bade him stop.

"'And she knew this man in the red coat even then?' I asked.

"Conahan's answer left me groping for an explanation of that incomprehensible thing in a woman that will lead her to squander in one moment's extravagant pique the chance of the greatest thing of her life. Forgetful of the creed of this new country that was still too big to be bound by the fear of public opinion—forgetful, too, m'sieur, that I had come to learn—I spoke finally with all the sophisticated certainty of the East.

"'She was right!' I said. 'He cannot kill Manning and then come back to her.' And then: 'Will he have to kill him?'

"Conahan's voice rang confidently, gladly.

"'He will—he cer-rtainly will that!'

"With those words he closed the incident; nor could I urge him to voice the opinion I knew lay behind his silence. But I was once more very glad I had ridden to Singing River clad not as a priest of the Mission but just as any other traveler who might take to the trail, for already I had found promise of much to learn that would be worth the learning. Hours after Conahan slept I lay awake with a painful pulse pounding in my throat and the hungrily hopeless face of that slim, white-clad woman all too vividly before me. Once—*oui*, m'sieur, it is the truth—once I almost caught myself wishing that he had stayed—stayed and heeded her prayer and taken her away with him that night.

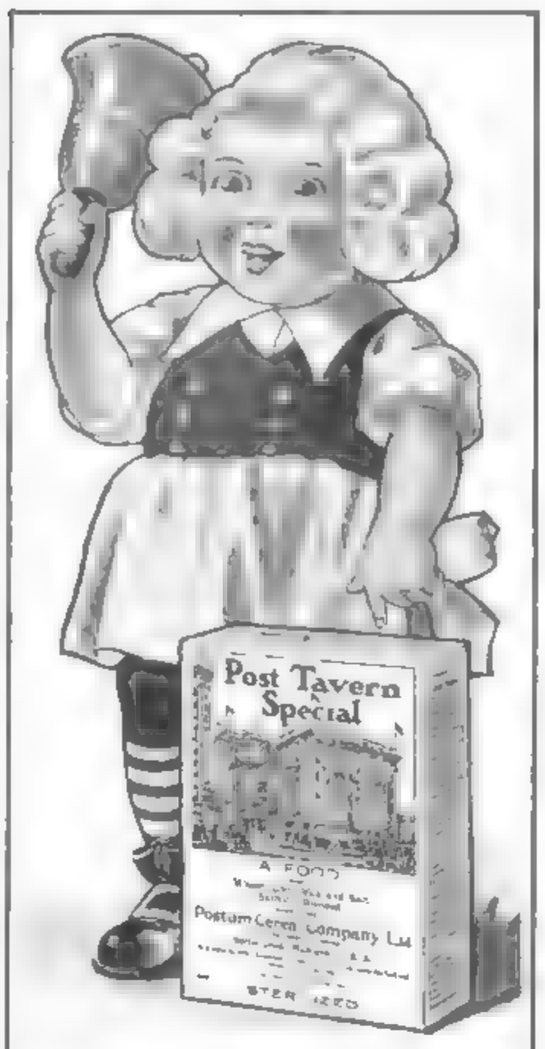
"Conahan would talk no more that night, but the next evening he leaped back to the subject without preface or introduction.

"'Thin you don't think he can come back, Father?' he asked. 'You don't think he can if he is for-rced to kill Manning—an' he will be that? Why do you figur-re it that way, Father?'

"It was close to nightfall. We were sitting side by side on a huge rock down there on the riverbank below the dam, where the current runs deep and black and swift. M'sieur, all the argument I had been building up against that very question seemed putty and bodiless out there in the shadowy limitless open. Conahan went on thoughtfully, pulling rhythmically and hard upon his pipe, without waiting for an answer from me.

"'Why, the way I figur-re it out,' he said, 'she ought to be mor-re than thankful to him—an' she's goin' to be! Four years an' mor-re he's been ridin' in, just seein' that she's had a bit av the things that make the difference between daylight an' dark for a woman av the likes av her. An', Father, he thinks he's been helping her—an' 'tis the str-range way min figur-re sometimes, for he has not. He's made it a runnin' fight for her against herself iviry fresh time he's come and gone. 'Tis a funny thing, too, how a woman—a little, fr-rail bit av a woman, with a soul too big for her body, at that—will be afraid av a small thing like the dark, an' thin be able to put up a fight for respectability that would kill a man's nerve in six weeks! An' he thinks he's been helpin' her! Yes, she sur-rely ought to be thankful, if 'tis only for-r the sake av the fight she has alr-ready made, that Manning is due to get all that's been comin' to him for a long while; for-r last night she reached the point where she don't want to fight anny longer. Faith, an' anny good fighter will tir-re at last, Father!'

"'But that doesn't bring her any nearer to him,' I insisted quickly in reply to his labored reasoning. 'Don't you see it can't? It isn't Manning dead that terrifies her. Any one who can see at all could read in her eyes that she knows of worse things than sudden death. It is—shall we call it



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circumstance — that which makes it end there for her, and for him too?'

"'Tis that,' Conahan seized upon the word. "'Tis just that and Hivin knows that cir-rcumstances have played mostly against that little gur-rul an' that rider in the red coat! But isn't it your-rself, Father, that's always after teachin' that cir-rcumstances are mostly placed her-re to try us—an' be over-rcome? Look down ther-re quick now, Futher!'

"I looked as he bade me and, following the direction of his outstretched forefinger, saw what had been holding his eye so closely. On a broad, flat rock at the water's edge a tiny red-brown deermouse had run into view and was hanging at that instant indecisively over the foam-flecked, black surface of the river. Suddenly, his decision made, the little animal dropped into the pool with a soft splash and struck out for the other shore. Conahan smoked and watched in silent appreciation.

"'That current is wan big cir-rcumstance for so little a thing to attempt,' he murmured at once; 'an' yet he is over-rcomin' it.'

"M'sieur, it did seem almost like an answer to our argument that tiny swimming creature, breasting the sleek, treacherous current. Hardly realizing how hard we were breathing or how tense our bodies had become, we leaned far forward and watched. Once a swirling eddy struck it and carried it far out of its course, but it swung back again, working always toward the far shore. And then, when it had all but reached a great, gray friendly boulder that broke the current and Conahan was calling out pleased, profane encouragement, the thick, mottled back of a great trout split the surface of that black pool with a rush that made the surface foam: and when the gleaming shower of spray had fallen the mouse had disappeared!

"'You see'—I spoke at last to the big, silent man beside me—'you see it is not the visible obstacles alone that a man has to overcome. It is the circumstance which he cannot see or control that pulls down even the bravest-hearted swimmer.'

"'Maybe, Father,' he admitted, and I knew instantly that he had reached another conclusion. 'Maybe,' he said; 'but I'm tellin' you now that it also takes somethin' av a small-sized exception to pr-rove a man's-size r-rule.'

"M'sieur, it is always hard to wait hardest of all, I think, to wait for something one believes can never come. And yet I did wait for something in the two days that followed—waited for just what, I cannot tell. I did not know then.

"Many times that second day I went to the head of the trail that swung north into Little Salmon, and stood and stared at the hoofmarks in the black mold. Two sets of tracks, m'sieur—two sets of tracks that had been cut out at a pounding gallop—one for Farrel's horse and one for his—the man in the red coat.

"Since the night when we had sat below the dam Conahan and I had skirted the subject. I did not want to talk about it any more. And yet there was a fascination in those tracks that drew me back again and again.

"'Shouldn't Farrel have known,' I asked Conahan once—'Shouldn't Farrel have known that he was leaving a trail that would be easy to follow—that is, if it is Manning he means to find?'

"It was dark, the night of that second day, and we were crossing again from Jean Coteau's toward the open lean-to tent.

"'"Tis plain he meant them to be,' Conahan agreed; and then he added more gravely even than usual: 'Farrel, I'm thinkin', Father, is makin' his last bad mistake.'

"And then—and then the end came swiftly.

"We heard a woman's voice out there in the dusk of the open square, a woman whimpering—no, not weeping—whimpering brokenly through clenched teeth, like a man might curse at his own impotence, as she tried to break the grip of a man who, though he reeled drunkenly in the saddle, still clung to it with all the strength of a will that had been locked into resolve before delirium swept him.

"From the hills to the north he had ridden in, or maybe the horse had brought him when he no longer controlled the reins, to that shack beneath the agent's house where he had come before. And there she had found him—found him with one whole arm and side of that red coat stained a deeper, darker crimson.

"She spoke never a word—not even after we had got him into that little cabin and

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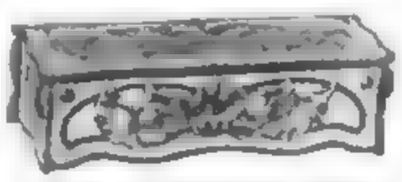

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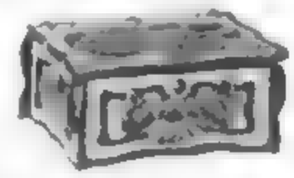

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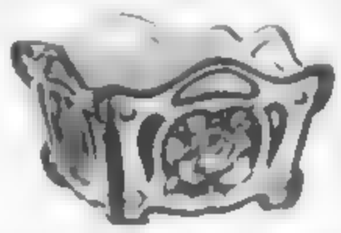

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straightened out upon the white cot that was hers.

"I sat there, m'sieur—sat there in one corner near the door and watched the colorless face of that girl in white as she worked desperately to check the flow of blood. I tried to help, at first—and found I only hindered. Once, after she had done all that could be done then, and was waiting too, silent beside the bed, I saw her lips moving faintly, and—and I marveled that a woman with her hopeless face could still find faith to pray. The picture of that mouse in the pool below the dam came back to me—the little animal that had struggled dauntlessly against that current—and, m'sieur, it seemed no more hopeless than the struggle there in that rough-board shack.

"He lay sprawled on the bed, and as his fever rose he muttered more and more fitfully. Only once, toward morning, he lifted his voice from that unintelligible mumbling to something that was easy to understand.

"'But—but I certainly do thank you!' he stated. 'Your suggestion was mighty helpful,' he said.

"Not once had her soft, cool hands lifted from his burning face; but—but I choked a little. I must have made some sound, for her head turned and she glanced at me questioningly over her shoulder. And then I told her how he had brought her candy from Beckett. If it was to be the end I wanted her to know how completely he had been hers—her man.

"She listened—maybe smiled a little—and turned back without a word and brushed the hair from his gray forehead. And yet even she—she who must have known him best of all—did not know how strong the tide of life was in his clean body. From that point he fought back steadily, without a break. Once she turned to me and whispered that the fever was falling.

"I must have drowsed, m'sieur, for I cannot remember the passage of time; then another voice beat in upon my half-consciousness and I woke with a start. He was looking up at her, gazing at her out of eyes that were still too bright with fever, but, for all that, very, very sane.

"'I knew he was bringing me back,' he hesitated, his tongue unsteady. 'I knew he was bringing me here, and I hadn't the strength to stop him!' And he named his horse. 'It—it is not—easy for you.'

"He waited a minute, that big man on the bed—waited and caught his breath—and then went on very slowly.

"'I had to do it!' he told her. 'I—I had to do it! And Farrel, too, lies yonder beside him. He—interfered.'

"She had been on her knees beside the cot. Now she rose—rose and stepped back and stared at him, her little slim body poised, leaning toward him just as it did that night when I first saw her and him; and her two fists were clenched at her breast.

"And then, m'sieur, she went to him—went with a little rush that carried her somehow into his weak arms; went with a low, soft woman's cry breaking in her throat.

"'Hush! Hush!' she breathed, her face beside his on the pillow. And then: 'Thank God! Oh, thank God! He let you live!'

"I—somehow I found my way outside. Conahan's own fingers were on the latch when I lifted it. I could not speak just then; but that riverman must have read my face, for he waited in silence after the doctor had gone inside. I paced up and down and breathed deep as one can only here in the open, repeating to myself those words of the old curé back at the Mission: 'Where one would teach one must first of all learn,' paced up and down and repeated them again and again.

"Then the doctor opened the door.

"He was smiling, m'sieur. He nodded his head to Conahan, but he spoke directly to me.

"'It is not so much a doctor he needs, I think,' he said. 'It's a man of the church they'll be wanting, Father, when tomorrow comes.'

"Conahan spoke only once as we crossed for the last time to that little lean-to tent. He laughed at me a little—that riverman.

"'T'is not badly you need be feelin', at all, at all, Father,' he said. 'Why, anny good man should guess wrong wance in a while.'

"I—I was glad I had come; I have been glad ever since. I lifted my head. There to the east the ridges were lighting up with a rising sun and I raised my arm—so—and pointed to the coming day.

"'*Voilà!*' I said to Conahan. '*Voilà!* It is there tomorrow now!'"

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WHAT THE PLAYWRIGHT IS UP AGAINST

(Concluded from Page 17)

dramatic value than with the value of those that are more or less original. I do not agree with the saying that plays are written at rehearsal. True, many pieces have been made successful through the efforts of managers and actors; true, also, many have been whipped into failure under the same conditions.

It very often happens that an author who has no influence is compelled to submit to the cutting down of certain parts for the benefit of the central actor or actress, which destroys the proportion of the play. I know of a number of cases where the lines of the comedian have been given to the star without reference to their fitness, simply because they were clever. The author is in a very delicate position when the manager's wife is leading lady and casts an eye on the ingénue's best scenes. What is the poor author to do—especially if it happens that the sole merit of the play is the fact that it contains a good part for the manager's wife?

It is a mistaken notion that most of the obstacles in the way of the playwright come from the manager. The apathy of the public is also a drawback. It is difficult to stimulate the self-centered man sufficiently to make him want to spend an evening among a thousand strangers at a play that may or may not prove interesting. This difficulty is increased a thousandfold today by the fact that a far greater number of plays are before the playgoing public than it can grasp. In the vast number of plays put on this week, those produced last week or the week before are forgotten—lost sight of; before we have time to recall them our attention is directed to the productions of next week. The public has no time to fix its mind on any play unless it contains some tremendous point of interest.

Lately six new plays opened in New York on one night, and one in the afternoon—making seven for the day. This looks good for the actor and, in a way, for the playwright; but when so many are produced simultaneously the public goes to see the work of the famous dramatists, leaving the others in the lurch. The critics go to the openings of the more conspicuous writers. Before they get round to discover the work of the little fellow, his play is a week old! Unexploited, except through advertising matter, the chances are it has been playing to losing business for six days. During a late rush of plays a comedy by a pair of inconspicuous dramatists was practically snowed under. For a week things looked pretty blue. It was rumored they were going to close up; then a critic took it in, enthused—and what threatened to be a very brief existence was extended into a run!

The confusion following the coming of so many plays at once has resulted in some pretty bad business. A certain well-known theater recently did not give its usual Wednesday matinée, for the reason that there was nobody in the house to witness the performance—and the receipts two nights previous had not amounted to a hundred dollars!

How Successes are Imitated

Here disaster falls upon the manager as well as upon the playwright. But if the writer were famous the producer, counting on his name for something, might run the play along for several weeks at a losing business, hoping perhaps to pull out from under the snowbank, possibly into fair weather and a run. Although in the last few years this has not been the case, no matter how well-known the author, the manager has accepted the first sign of poor business as an evidence of the indifference of the public.

After a series of musical plays has been produced, it is a bad time to put on another unless it be far above the average of its predecessors; but there is a tendency on the part of managers to follow up a line of successes. Thus the production of one farce means the production of a dozen new farces of the same type. When I wrote the opera of El Capitan for De Wolf Hopper, who appeared in armor, it was called a success, and I received orders for at least six librettos with a man in armor as the principal feature. And that was their only reason!

Producers do not seem to realize that it is not a certain type of entertainment that attracts an audience, but its individuality and quality. A farce is not successful because it is a farce, but because it is a good farce. It is little wonder, then, that every big success is apt to be followed by a dozen failures on the same line.

It is not a good idea to have your play produced on a night when other openings of great importance are scheduled. Once a play of mine was produced on the same night that grand opera opened at the Metropolitan. Those of my friends who had not received tickets from me did not know the play had been put on at all. I will not mention the name of the play, as I think it is happily forgotten. This was after I had produced some twenty-five plays, including The Lion and the Mouse; and there was more or less interest in my work.

An obstacle in the way of the playwright is the selection of the wrong theater for his first bow. Apart from the fact that the house may be up a side street, poorly ventilated, or have other disadvantages, it may be physically unsuited to his play. Comedy should be played in a small theater, otherwise the quiet subtlety—the finesse, the gradation of voice so essential to "putting over" the meaning—is lost.

Comedy always needs a certain intimacy between audience and actor, which is destroyed in a large auditorium. The actor must do much facial work that distance renders useless.

Happy Endings Demanded

As an example of being wrongly housed, The New Sin was a small play staged in a very large theater. In London, in a cozy little theater, I enjoyed it; but in Wallack's, a house three times as large, I missed half the points.

On the other hand a big play, with a big scenic production, in a small theater brings the audience too close to the crude physical parts and destroys perspective and illusion. Musical plays, above all others, should be played in big theaters—not because the chorus girl loses her beauty by being seen at too short range, but because in narrow confines one musical sound, following too quickly upon another, overtakes it, combines with it on the rebound and produces a confused or discordant result.

Even success brings its dangers to the author. Orders flow in, to be sure. After the successes of The Lion and the Mouse and The Music Master, I received bona-fide orders for no less than sixty plays during the following year—these orders involving advance royalties of more than one hundred thousand dollars; but I was compelled to turn them all down, being able to write only one play at a time. The author of one of the present season's great successes received requests for thirty plays in six weeks—and the next piece he put on was a lamentable failure!

In one respect the author has the advantage of the manager—he makes a little money even out of his failures, and a very great deal out of his successes.

No matter what you suffer, however, don't fall into the error of abusing managers! It is unfair to call them ignorant or inartistic because they don't happen to like your play. Many of them are dignified men, with the keenest esthetic sense and artistic discrimination.

Patience and courtesy have their reward in this business no less than in others. I know a writer who had a long list of failures produced before one of his plays "caught on." And he did it by his unfailing good nature alone. He was personally liked because he never showed a grouch or claimed that his failure was due to miscasting, a bad theater, untimeliness of production, or that the manager did not spend a lot more money demonstrating the futility of it.

Finally what an author is "up against" most of all is the demand of audiences for a happy ending and the equally insistent demand of the critic for pitiless logic. You may paint crime in bright colors, make the thief romantic, make fun of adultery, bigamy and other kindred subjects, provided you do so interestingly and amusingly; in other words you may break every law in the decalogue if you make your audience laugh. This is a real hardship for the dramatist with a serious purpose.

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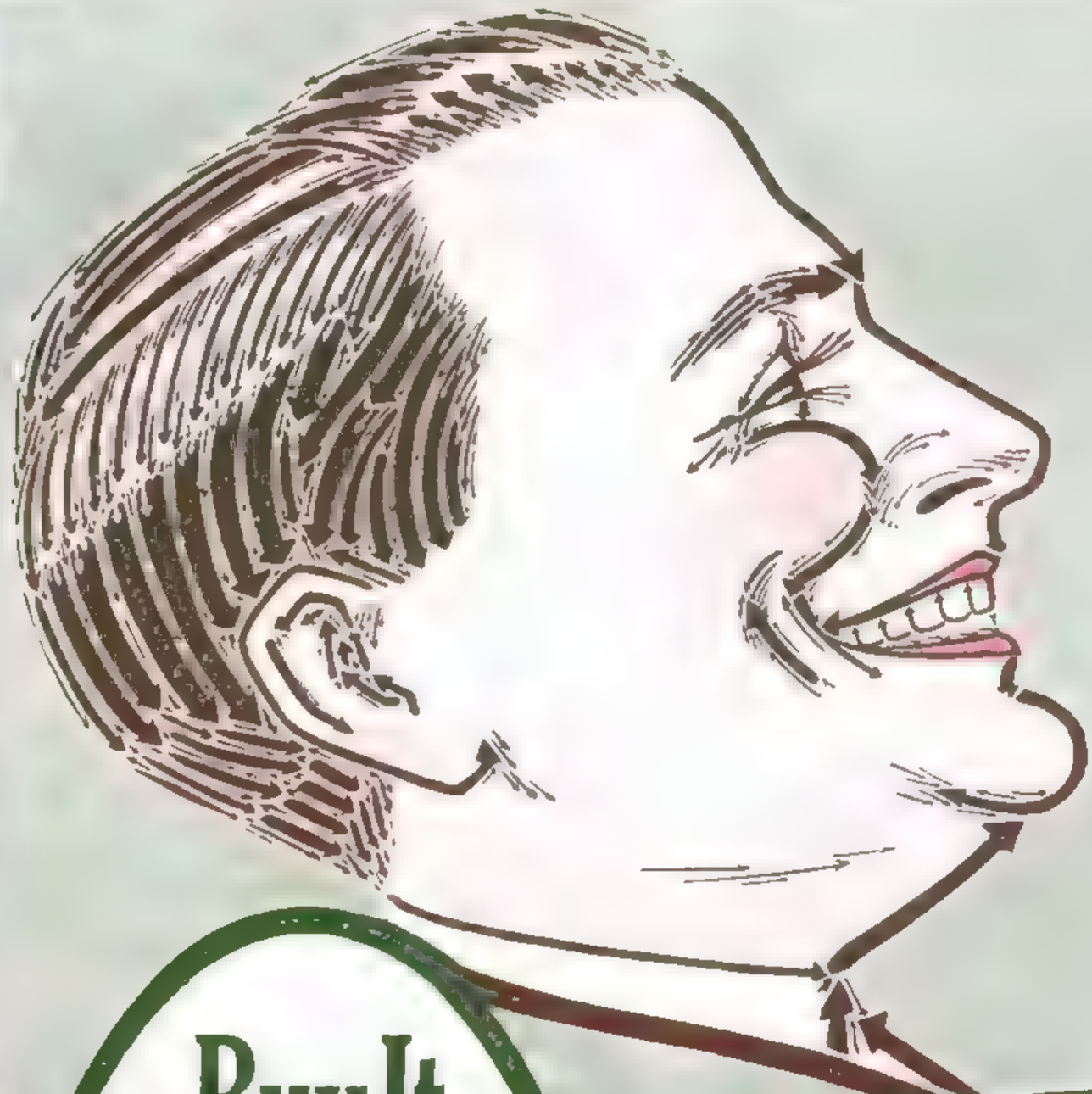

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Tomorrow morning let them greet the folks around your table. Then judge by what they say.

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

SUPPOSE you had some spare money, but could not invest it in land or in a real-estate mortgage, or in a bond or share of stock issued by a corporation. Obviously there would be very little left that you could invest in. You could hardly leave your money in a savings bank and get interest on it, because savings banks put nearly three-quarters of their interest-earning funds into real-estate mortgages and corporation bonds; and if those fields were closed to them they could earn no interest worth mentioning for their depositors.

Now that was pretty nearly the condition in England as regards small investors only sixty years ago, which shows what a new industry all this investment business is. It's almost as new, in fact, as electric light and telephones; and if there are a great many defects in it something is to be allowed on account of its youth.

In 1850 the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee on Investments for the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes, which took considerable testimony and made a report that is still on file.

This committee recommended, first of all, that some system be devised whereby the middle and working classes might invest their savings in land, landed securities and real-estate mortgages. They could not do that under conditions then existing because there was no such method of registering land titles as we have. "The uncertainty and complexity of titles, the length of time involved and the expense of conveyancing, together with the cost of stamps, place this species of investment generally beyond the reach of those parties," says the report. A big investor who proposed to buy a whole estate or to make a large loan could afford to hire lawyers and have the records searched back to the time of the Plantagenets; but a small investor could not. A number of experienced barristers testified that small investments in land or small loans on land were sometimes made, but then the buyer or lender simply took the title on trust and not infrequently met with loss.

The second point upon which the committee insisted was that investments in corporations should be made available for the middle and working classes. Generally, at that time, a special act of Parliament was necessary in order to form a limited-liability corporation; and a special act involved a great deal of trouble, delay and expense. There was, it is true, a general act for forming limited-liability corporations; but the trouble, delay and expense were practically as great as in getting a special act. The incorporators had to go to the attorney-general's office and unwind yards of red tape and pay a lot of fees; then to the signet office, with more red tape and fees; then to the privy seal office, and finally to the patent office, with many formalities and many fees all along the way, and a corps of lawyers to see that each step taken was in the proper manner.

Mr. Pepys' Investment

England was very chary about authorizing limited-liability companies. Men could form a company for carrying on a business enterprise if they chose; but without the limited-liability clause any one who bought a share of stock became individually liable for all the debts of the concern, just as though he were a partner in a firm. Under such conditions naturally there was little investing in corporation stock; in fact, there were few corporations to invest in. When the City of Glasgow Bank failed in 1878 hundreds of small stockholders in Scotland were ruined, for every one of them was personally liable for all the debts of the concern without limit.

With little to invest in there was, of course, comparatively little incentive to save. Especially thrifty people might lay by coin and bury it—as forehanded old Samuel Pepys tells us in his immortal diary he did. "I resolved on my father's and wife's going into the country," he wrote, when the Dutch ships came into the Medway; "and at two hours' warning they did go by the coach this day with about thirteen hundred pounds of gold in their nightbag. Pray God give them good passage and good care to hide it when they come home!" A few days later he recorded: "My wife did give me so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold that it made me mad. They did it on Sunday in open daylight in the midst of the garden where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them, which put me into trouble."

Investing in the garden with a spade, however, would appeal only to the exceptionally thrifty. Most people need to have their appetite for saving stimulated by a bite of interest now and then. I have never known a young man to take much pleasure in his savings-bank book until the first installment of interest was credited up to him. Before that, parting with good money in exchange for a mere trace of ink on a piece of paper seemed a rather dubious transaction, when there are so many agreeable things one can get in exchange for his money; but when interest begins to come in it looks different.

Where the Nation's Money Is

Turn from investment conditions in England in 1850 to those in the United States at the present time. Under the excise tax law that went into effect three years ago every corporation in the country is required to make a report to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The number reporting in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, was two hundred and seventy thousand; and the aggregate amount of capital stock outstanding was just short of fifty-eight billion dollars, which is decidedly more than a third of the total wealth of the United States. But that is not all. The "bonded and other indebtedness" of these corporations exceeded thirty billion dollars. That total includes, of course, more than funded debt; and there are duplications both in the total of capital stock and of indebtedness, arising from the fact that one corporation—like the Steel Trust—may own stocks of other corporations. But the funded debt of the railroads alone exceeds ten billion dollars; and very likely the actual outstanding aggregate of corporation stocks and bonds reaches seventy billions. Add the value of farm property—forty billion dollars—and recall that the total wealth of the country in 1904 was estimated by the Census Bureau at one hundred and seven billions. You will thus see that, aside from farm property, pretty nearly all the wealth of the country is in the hands of corporations, large and small.

Practically all of them are limited-liability corporations. A great many of them, of course, are family affairs or mere incorporated partnerships, with the stock closely held in a few hands; but most of them represent fields for investment. For example, Class A of corporations embraces banks, trust companies, guaranty companies, building associations and insurance companies. Class B comprises railroad, steamboat, pipeline, gas, electric-light, transportation, storage, telegraph and telephone companies. By far the greater part of the stocks and bonds of companies in both these classes is held by investors, the aggregate of the stocks being twenty-two billion dollars, and of "bonded and other indebtedness" eighteen billions. Class C includes industrial, manufacturing, mining and lumber companies, with twenty-six billion dollars' worth of stock and eight billions of indebtedness; and in that class, too, a large part of the stocks and bonds is held by investors.

By investor I mean a person who puts his money into an enterprise without taking an active part in the management of it. When it comes to the mercantile and miscellaneous corporations in Class D and Class E, a larger part of the stock, no doubt, is held by persons who are actively engaged in the management of the business—the business being practically carried on like a partnership only under a corporate form. But the corporations in these two classes account for less than ten billion dollars of the total capital stock and less than five billions of the bonds. Excluding them altogether, we should still have over forty-seven billions of capital stock and twenty-five billions of bonded and other indebtedness. Allowing for duplications, this still gives an enormous total of investment stuff; in fact, excluding

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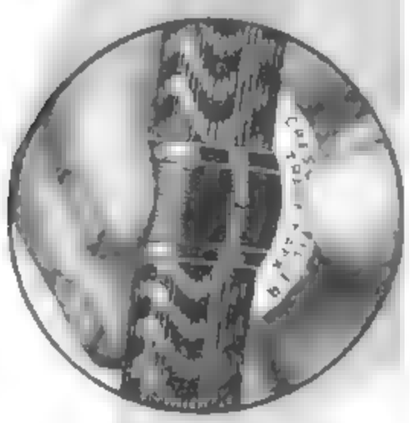

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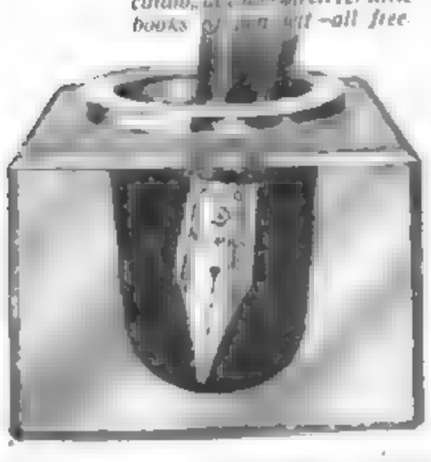

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farm property, we may fairly say that most of the wealth of the United States is owned by corporations, big and little, and that the corporations are very largely owned by investors—that is, by persons who have put money into them, but take no active part in the management.

Invested money is almost always hired for stated wages. Professors of economics will tell you that the chief rôle of the capitalist is to hire labor, paying it, say, ten dollars in wages to make a product worth twelve dollars—the two dollars representing the capitalist's profit; but by capitalist they mean anybody with a spare dollar. The actual chief rôle of capitalists as the word is commonly understood—is to hire money, paying it five per cent and putting it to uses in which it will earn ten.

Clearly, if he could get a chance at all the profits he could afford to assume all the risks, because business, as a whole, is profitable. But, broadly speaking, he never can get a chance at all the profits. The Steel Trust, for example, has earned about twelve per cent on the actual value of its property, according to the calculations of the Commissioner of Corporations. Most investors could afford to assume all the risks inherent in that business for the sake of getting twelve per cent on their money; but they do not get the opportunity.

Getting What Money Earns

Take the case of a stable manufacturing concern with twenty million dollars actual capital, on which it earns twelve per cent. Suppose it wishes to increase its capital by half and has every assurance of earning as much on the new investment as on the old. If it would simply issue ten million dollars additional capital stock and offer it at par, those investors who were in a position to take any risk at all could afford to assume the risks inherent in that business in consideration of getting twelve-per-cent dividends; but a concern in that position never would issue ten million dollars' worth of new stock at par—it would issue, instead, ten millions in five-per-cent bonds or seven-per-cent preferred stock. It would earn twelve per cent on the new ten millions, but pay investors five or seven per cent, crediting the remainder to profits.

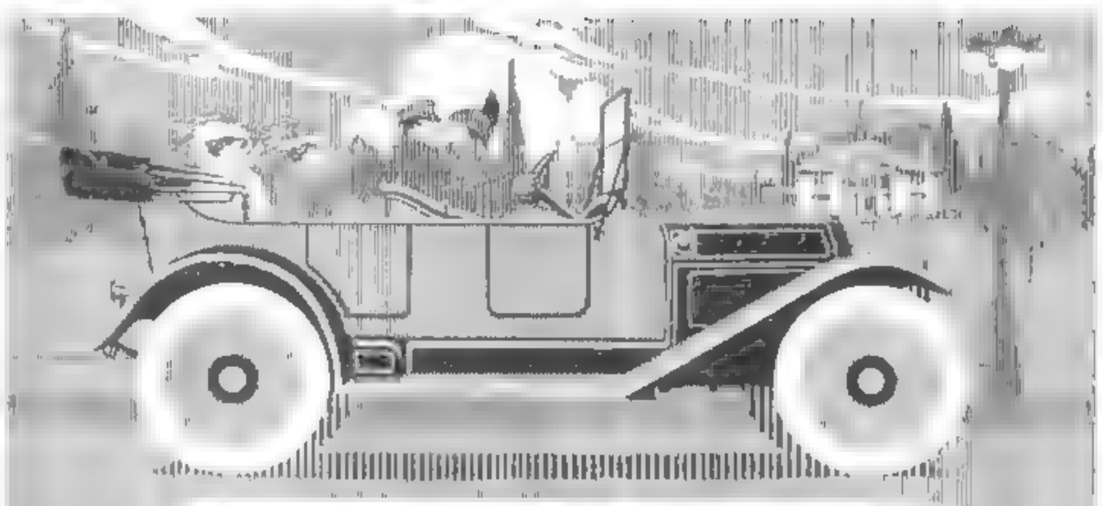
Broadly speaking, an investor never gets what his money earns any more than labor gets the full value of what it produces. Otherwise there would be no profit in hiring either labor or investible capital—and without a profit there would be no motive for the transaction.

Current wages for investible capital range from three per cent on a Government bond to seven per cent on an industrial preferred stock; and in the latter case the investor assumes a considerable share of the risks of the business. Generally, in the case of a really sound, stable concern, he would be better off to assume all the risks and get a chance at all the profits; and that is what I should like to see industrial investments come to, so far as stocks are concerned. But it will be a long way in the future, because that sort of condition would give no profitable opening to the capitalist in his rôle of promoter. Capitalization would have to represent the actual investment in the business, with no bonuses of common stock.

Some eight years ago a young doctor in a country town had twenty-five hundred dollars to invest. His banker recommended a certain farm mortgage that bore six per cent. The security, he said, was ample, for the farm was dirt-cheap at five thousand dollars, though the owner for special reasons had offered to sell it at that. The doctor, instead of buying the mortgage, bought the farm, paying his twenty-five hundred dollars down and assuming the mortgage. Four years later he sold the farm for seven thousand dollars, making a profit of eighty per cent.

Of course that was much better than a mere investment in a six-per-cent mortguge; and a man with the opportunity, judgment and courage to apply money directly on his own initiative in that way can hire other people's money instead of letting his own out for hire at five or six per cent. That, however, is not investment, but speculation.

Money in business will often earn ten, fifteen, twenty per cent; but nobody with a flourishing, stable business will pay that much, because it is more than the market rate. An investor who is offered any such rate must be on his guard, exactly as an unskilled laborer who is offered five dollars a day and board would do well to take out some life insurance before accepting the offer!



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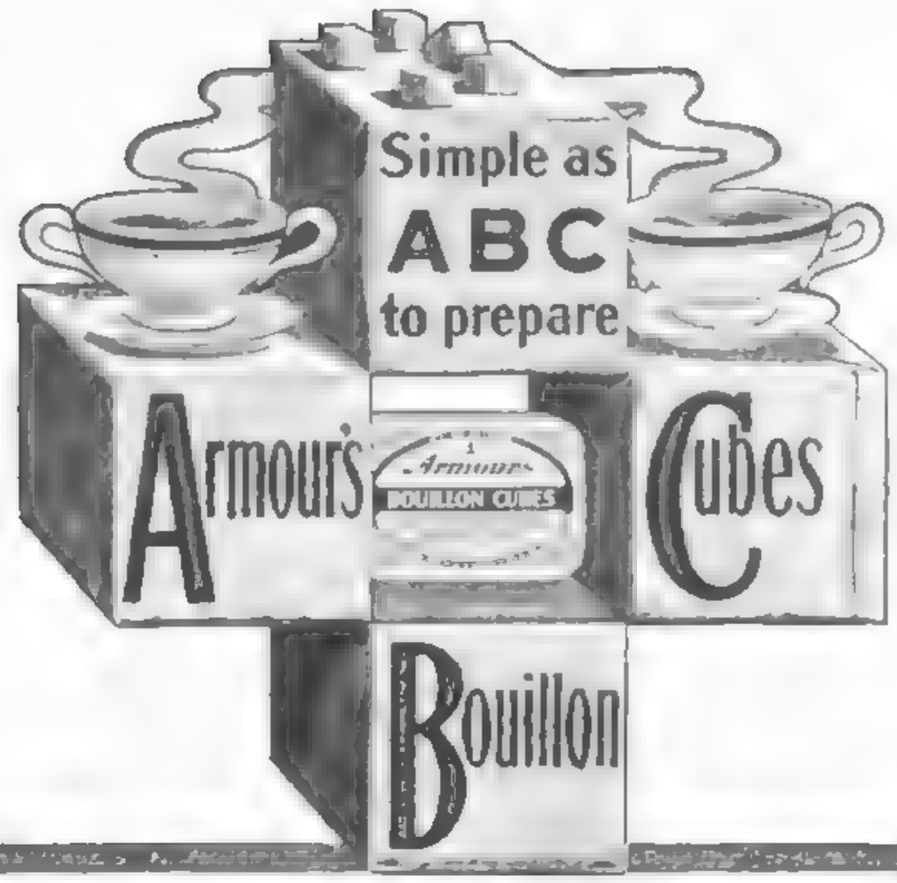

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New York and Everywhere

THE HOME RUN

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Koolaage drew apart the lace curtains and stared into the street below, at the rows of bright-lighted small shops across the street and the surge of pedestrians.

"This is a busy part of town—ain't it, Miss Freda?"

"Busy! Mr. Koolaage, it may not be swell, but for good steady little stands it can't be beat. Paw always says, even if he quits this for a larger store in a sweller part, he ain't sure he'll do as well as he can right here."

"There ain't another greengrocery on the block, neither—that's a good th'ng."

"I always say, Mr. Koolaage, it's the only block in New York that can boast of havin' only one grocery and two delicatessens. They been tryin' to get in Schlage's hardware store next door for two years, but old man Schlage won't think of sellin'."

"There ain't many girls got thinkin' heads on 'em like you, Miss Freda."

He regarded her with intent, interested eyes. A tint of excitement, faint as the first pink of dawn, crept into Miss Freda's face; the string of large pearl beads at her throat rose and fell.

"Paw always says I got a man's head for business," she admitted.

They receded farther into the recesses of the divan; half of the lace curtain draped itself over Miss Freda's head and shoulders, screening her from the room; their conversation was low and intimate.

The group at the piano sang fortissimo and with verve; every street musical hit of the hour had its moment. Mrs. Stutz sat on the right of the piano beside Miss Lulu Ruttermann, a young woman slightly past her first flush, and regarded the young people with a smile on her lips.

"Paw," she called during a short interval between songs, "you and Charley quit talkin' business—Charley ain't here for that; he's here to have a good time. Charley, you brought your flute along; bring it in and play for the boys and girls."

Charley, carrying his small black leather case with the nickel-plated mountings, was greeted with acclaim. When he played his cheeks swelled outward until they were as tight as the vellum on a snare-drum.

"Oh, Charley, that was fine! Now play the Flower Song," urged Miss Angie, who had once recited the Rosary to music. "I could just cry when I hear that! Play the Flower Song, Charley."

"All right," he agreed, smiling with every feature. "Where's Freda? She can accompany me swell on that."

"Oh, you Freda!" sang Heine. "Come out from behind the curtain there and give us a tune."

Freda and Mr. Koolaage were well back in the window embrasure now, however, the lace curtain draping them like an ephod of mystery.

"Freda!" called Charley, with that intangible quality of voice that runs like a silver thread in the tones of those who love. "Come on and play for me. I ain't set eyes on you tonight!"

Miss Freda peeped bright eyes round the edge of the curtain.

"Can't you leave me alone for a minute, Charley? Let Angie play—I'm busy!"

The curtain fell and Miss Freda receded into her corner.

Charley blinked his eyes rapidly; his wide, smiling face was frankly stunned into stolidity—the mere physical smile remained, with the essence gone from it.

From the kitchen came the prophetic clattering of dishes, the querulous drone of Mrs. Stutz and the defensive retorts of her husband; a snicker came from behind the lace curtain.

Miss Angie struck a lower chord.

"Come on, Charley, let's play the Polka Glide." The company laughed a pitch too high; Charley fitted the shining mouthpiece to his lips with too much red-faced alacrity, and they started off in two distinctly different keys.

"Oh, gee!" cried Miss Angie. "I just love to accompany you, Charley—you play with so much feeling!"

"I ain't got much feeling outside my fingertips," said Charley by way of repartee, but his tones were flat, like the ring of a bell with the clapper muffled.

The clatter and rattle from the kitchen grew; Jimmie wound his way in and out among the chairs and guests, distributing three-cornered fringed napkins into each lap. Next appeared Mrs. Stutz, carrying aloft a round tray of tumblers filled with a dark red liquid, which swayed in the glasses and in some cases slopped over the sides on to the white tray cover. Three young men sprang to her assistance and Miss Freda emerged from her corner.

"Aw, Maw," she said, "the evening slipped round so I didn't know it was time for refreshments. Why didn't you let me help you? Jimmie, pass Mr. Koolaage some of them ham and cheese sandwiches. Lulu, you'd better taste that rootbeer—Maw made it herself." The guests spread themselves in a circle, fringed napkins open on their laps and plates carefully poised thereon. "Now, girls and boys, don't be bashful there's plenty more sandwiches in the kitchen. Jimmie, you go out and get some more; and Charley—you're at home here—you pass Otto and Gertie some gingersnaps."

Heine poised a sandwich in each hand and ate alternately at them.

"Say!" he cried. "If I don't report down at the store Monday on time you can tell old Mark it was Freda's sandwiches did it."

From his place on the divan Mr. Koolaage laughed and took a drink of the red liquid.

"Monday's my window day too—if I take much more of Mrs. Stutz' delicious rootbeer there won't be no flag window."

"Oh, Mr. Koolaage," spoke up Miss Gertrude, a young woman whose timidity forbade her venturing into conversational wilds, "your windows are so elegant lookin'—that California fruit window last week was just lovely!"

"I think so too," amended Miss Stutz. A dove might have cooed to its mate in that same tone.

Mr. Stutz remained in the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches and his newspaper. Mrs. Stutz nudged her son:

"Jimmie, tell Paw to come in here and sit down."

"Aw, you lemme alone!" complained Jimmie.

"Let's play a game," cried Miss Stutz, assuming the initiative of the hostess. "I got two prizes—a first and a booby. Somebody choose a game."

"What's the matter with Post-Office?" volunteered Heine, beaming across at Angie.

"Nix on Post-Office," said Miss Angie, challenging Heine with a glance. "Post-Office ain't no fun any more."

"I know a new game," volunteered Mr. Otto Tobin. "Whoever makes the worst face gets a prize."

Miss Angie nodded her yellow curls and set them all a-bobbing.

"Oh," she said, "I bet I get the booby!"

The circle drew their chairs closer, Mr. Koolaage and Miss Stutz pushing their divan in unison.

"When I count six everybody make a face!" cried Mr. Tobin, assuming direction. "Me and Mrs. Stutz'll be the judges."

He began with a well-timed pause between each count. The company attempted various facial contortions calculated to inspire supremacy, the young women assuming gyration and distortion of features, only to destroy the combination by breaking into irrepressible giggles. Miss Freda gracefully conceded the field of competition to her guests and withdrew from the ranks with a slight grimace. Charley eyed Miss Stutz and Mr. Koolaage with drooping lips and sagging chin—hurt and bewilderment were written across his face.

"Four—five—six!" counted Otto.

The faces held their gargoyle expressions for a moment and the judges conferred quickly together.

"Charley gets the prize!" announced Mr. Tobin. A shout went round and Charley glanced up amazed.

"Make the face again, Charley—we didn't see it," urged the company.

"Make what?" inquired the bewildered Charley.

"Aw, make the face again, Charley—there won't be no fun if we can't see it."

"What face?"

"The game, silly—the game."

"What's the joke?" inquired Charley in some disgust. "I didn't know you was playin' a game. What game?"

Miss Freda handed him a small package.

"You get the prize, Charley!" she said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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GOLDEN WATER

(Continued from Page 4)

Holding back the dividend as long as he could, Billy used that surplus to buy, through agents, the depressed and begging stock of the company at prices as low as fifteen to twenty cents on the dollar. Then having the majority control in his hands Billy deposited his stock in the bank as security for a loan, and with the proceeds restored the company surplus to pay that first dividend, which sent the stock soaring. Involved as the business still was by debt, this would have seemed like madness to nine men out of ten; but Billy Chesborough saw the future—and he gambled. Concerning the ethical view of his shrewd little operation I have nothing to say here.

And the future justified his faith. The tinplate business, now at last protected by a tariff on one hand and encouraged by markets on the other, struck a bonanza period. Later Congressional inquiries showed that some plants were returning fifty, seventy-five and a hundred per cent on their capital. The Carmania Company, working smoothly now, shared in these profits. By the second year after he paid the first dividend Billy was out of the woods.

Long before that time, however, Harry Robinson had left the firm. He was a steelmaker—a glorified mechanic, not a financier this Harry Robinson. Old Captain William Jones, a hero of the steel history, affords a parallel case. To him more than to any other man—if we may believe the historians of the industry—belongs the credit for miracles in manufacturing steel. By his small inventions, his sense of coördination, his shrewd Yankee ability for getting efficiency out of men, he put us in a position to produce this one thing cheaper than Europe could. He worked all his life on salary; and when, in the bonanza years, the directors of the Carnegie companies offered him stock, he said: "I don't know anything about finance; you can give me a —— of a big salary—that's what you can do!" After he died the directors voted his wife a pension. Carnegie, on the other hand, never perhaps introduced a single improvement into the manufacture of steel. He sat up aloft; he took his leisure in Scotland and Italy; he directed larger policies, and he manipulated. So was Carnegie able to found schools and libraries, and so must he work hard and vainly in his declining years to escape the disgrace of dying rich!

How Money Bred Money

Exactly thus it stood with the firm of Chesborough & Robinson. Harry Robinson took little interest in the financial end of the concern. Once he had learned the tinplate business for himself he grew weary and looked for new industrial worlds to conquer. Blast furnaces had attracted him; he was arranging for patents on an invention. More and more, as he neglected the shop, Billy was forced to make himself a practical tinplate man. The clash came, of course; and at that very moment Harry wanted funds to push his invention. The company at this time was returning profits, though not the swollen ones of a year or so later. Harry Robinson held out for what he considered a good price, and was well satisfied when he got twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and secured promises.

The partners separated with a shade of their old friendship, though their wives found it harder to forgive—and tell tales even to this day.

So, as the country struggled back to prosperity from its season of depression, and the Carmania Company began to pay large dividends for the satisfaction of old debts, we find William G. Chesborough—now no longer Billy—virtually sole, undivided owner of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar factory, operating at bonanza prices. Though he was still in debt from the judiciously reckless expansion of his own holdings, it was the healthy debt of a going concern, not the unhealthy one of near-bankruptcy. Even that debt he satisfied before the next fall and rise of his fluctuating fortunes. He did more—he made himself in time sole owner.

Let me recapitulate: He began with twenty-five thousand dollars in cash; at the end of this first period he was fairly rated at three hundred thousand dollars; he had added to the production of the United States one four-mill tinplate factory. As industry has always gone, we have

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recognized that the *entrepreneur*, the legitimate promoter, is entitled to his rewards. He takes great risks; if he weathers them let him come to comfortable harbors. Again, as industry has always gone, Mr. Chesborough did only one illegitimate thing. That purchase of depressed stock with juggled funds at a time when he, the insider, saw the great future dawning figures as the sole transaction that the ethical purist might criticise. But in business let the seller as well as the buyer take care of himself—that has been the law of the commercial jungle. Also from that time forth we never find William G. Chesborough involved in any transaction not above suspicion. He merely slipped through the loopholes of a tangled, loose, wasteful industrial organization; and so, all Americans tacitly agree, are great fortunes made. "Pioneering doesn't pay!" said Andrew Carnegie. The general who fights the war? He gets a salary—a salary, mind you—of seventy-five hundred dollars a year. It's the sutler, buying and selling at the rear, and the contractor, cornering goods at the base of supplies, who make all the money.

II

LET us proceed now to the short and simple annals of Robert Smith. His father was a coal miner back in the hills. Having in his nature a thread of that roving streak which sends men to frontiers, he broke away from home early in life and found his way to Homestead, where he began as waterboy in one of the steel mills. He was an average American boy—strong enough, intelligent enough, adaptable to the uses of a shiftboss. Being average, he lacked originality and enterprise. These, perhaps, were the only essentials which distinguished him from that other sprig of our soil, William G. Chesborough, then just beginning his promotions over in Indiana. Being intelligent, Bob Smith worked up from waterboy to a position in the mill that you might classify as skilled or semiskilled, according to your point of view. For the purposes of this story I have only slightly retouched the real career of Robert Smith. He might be too easily recognized did I tell you exactly what that position was and is, and in which of the various structural mills he found himself employed; this detail is unimportant.

He became a journeyman in the Amalgamated Association, with the high union wages of those days. I have the exact scale for his job in 1892, or just before the great strike that made history at Homestead. He received eight dollars and twenty-five cents for a hundred tons of finished structural work. His old-fashioned mill averaged ninety tons a day in that period—figure for yourself his wages. Though by rule of the Amalgamated Association many departments of the mill ran on an eight-hour schedule, his own body of pieceworkers preferred the twelve-hour day because of the greater profits. In practice it was not a twelve-hour day of steady work. To take the matter out of its technical phrasing, they used to switch the power every quarter of an hour from his machine to another one at the opposite side of the factory; and then, after another quarter of an hour, switch it back again. So his day was equally divided between short rest periods and short, spurting work periods. Necessarily these rests did not afford opportunity for the best uses of leisure. Still, in them he managed to make friendships and hold intercourse of sorts with his mates.

Being young and having more than the common income for a working man of his age, he ran in his short hours of real leisure the course of youth. He had his time of tasting forbidden pleasures. There was one quarter when his tardiness on Monday morning, his generally erratic physical condition, nearly cost him his job. That was before he met Mary Haley and found her different from any other girl he ever saw. She was only twenty and he twenty-three. After they reached a thorough, blissful understanding, and while they waited for her parents to reconcile themselves with certain doctrinal differences and with giving up their daughter so easily, the great crisis came upon the town of Homestead. With Bob Smith, as with the community, things would never again be the same after that summer of 1892.

Most newspaper-reading Americans know in a general way about the great Homestead strike. If I recapitulate it is by way of refreshing your memories on the essential details. Through the excellence of their organization, through the work of many a minor Yankee genius at the furnaces and the mills the Carnegie companies had become the world's greatest makers of steel. They had taught Europe new ways; they were always a step in advance of their American competitors. They had their reward in immense profits. We know now, after years of Congressional investigation and controversial write-ups, some inner secrets of the old Carnegie companies. Among them stands out the pertinent fact that in 1892, the year of the great strike, its paralysis of production and its unusual overhead charges, they still pulled out four million dollars to the good—a bonanza for the owners and, to a lesser extent, for the workers.

There lives yet one boss roller in Homestead who, during certain periods when the wage scale got ahead of production, made eight hundred to nine hundred dollars a month. The ten or twelve dollar a day man was as common as ingots. You may regard these wages as unfair, fair, or bloated and excessive, accordingly as you view society. If the laborer has a right to a share in the prosperity he has helped to create, they were at least approximately fair. If on the other hand you consider labor as a commodity—to be bought and sold across the counter like iron ore—then the costs of these positions were excessive, because they ran far ahead of the price at which labor can be had in the open market. The Amalgamated Association, that strong union which stood back of the working men in their demands, took the former view. There was dross in that union—ambitious leaders, incompetents who looked to unionism for protection against their own incompetence, and quarrelsome youths who regarded strikemaking as a game. On the other hand we know now that there had arisen in the management a determination to have done with unionism in the Homestead district.

Young Bob Smith—too young and too unoriginal for leadership—trailed with the rank and file, regarding his unionism as a religion, seeing only one side of the employer's policy, and that the rough one. Events went on during that unsettled spring of 1892 toward the final rejection of demands, the company's ultimatum abolishing unions, and the strike. Robert Smith, with his fellows, put away his tools and walked out to a few weeks of idleness, of growing hatred and incipient riots.

The Day of the Climax

The climax came, as the world knows, on the pretty summer morning of July 6, 1892. Before dawn that morning Jimmy, his bunkmate, kicked at Bob's door with the significant message: "The scabs are coming!" He became aware then that the sound which had been breaking into his youthful dreams was the clamor of all the bells and whistles in Homestead. Bob Smith threw on his clothes, took from under the mattress the revolver he had kept for just such emergencies, and ran to the bank. The strikers' patrol boat was cutting along the river, an excited man waving from her bows. And presently, in the smoke and dawn, he made out the focus of interest and of hatred. Alongside the bank of the pumpworks lay two dark, silent barges, lashed to a river steamer, the bow and stern lights of which showed sullen in the haze.

Young Bob Smith's feelings at that moment did not greatly differ from the emotions of our sainted forefathers when Paul Revere brought the news of Lexington. You may differentiate if you will between the two causes, call one body of men noble patriots and the other blind rioters; but I suspect that neither looked very far back to the reasonableness of their feelings. And as he stood, white-hot, cocking and uncocking his futile little revolver, one of the union chiefs passed him on the run, whispering: "The Hibernian rifles!" Bob Smith remembered now; they had discussed that plan—some of them—in the secret meetings. He ran after his chief. Men were issuing rifles and ammunition from the stands of the Hibernians, accidentally or purposely left unguarded. He got his gun and started back. On the way he met another stream of men straggling from the loot of the G. A. R. armory. And as he approached the pumpworks, looking for a station in which he might fight or die for his cause, he heard a shot and then a scattering volley. He came into view of the barges. A gangplank was out; half a dozen men, backing away as they fired, were pumping rifles and shooting toward the bank; at the end of the gangplank lay a huddled body.

"It's Billy Foy!" some one cried.

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The world became red to Bob Smith. He dropped where he was, without cover or protection, fell to working the lever of his gun and firing wildly and viciously toward the farther barge. When his eyes cleared he saw that the men with rifles were no longer in sight—save one who, prostrate on the deck, was being dragged by some invisible force into the shelter of the superstructure. His first red passion resolved into a grim, steady determination, Bob Smith joined the line of his fellows behind the barricades, from which he sniped at the barges whenever his excited imagination tricked him into believing he saw a human head.

Except by flashes, he could never tell what happened the rest of that day. He remembers seeing a squad of millmen, escorted and assisted by a cloud of howling, excited apprentice boys, come up, dragging Captain Hayes' brass cannon. He remembers jumping up from the barricade and cheering as a solid shot brought another shower of splinters from the decks. He helped drag the cannon across the river that they might get range to attack the hulls. On another excited impulse he abandoned the cannon and raced back for more rifle practice.

He remembers, also, how things that appeal to him now as wrong were then part of a righteous battle—like that stream of burning oil which crawled down the river toward the stranded barges and was turned away by an eddy just as it appeared about to reach and devour the scabs; like that vicious hand-grenade practice with sticks of dynamite. As each successive true cast of the bombs tore away planking and doors, he found himself firing madly—and with a deep, personal desire to kill—into the shadows within.

After the Battle

Then—this is his next clear memory—something white was waving from the deck house, only to disappear and appear again as a volley blotted it out. His squad, recognizing it as a sign of surrender, called along the barricades to cease firing; and now, after a blank in memory, he was on the bank beside the shattered barges, protecting, by some strange instinct of his super-excited mind, a body of dirty, bleeding, exhausted men, who guarded themselves feebly against the blows of such strikers as still saw red. Bob Smith and some of his husky young fellows struggled rushline fashion against the press, managed to extract the prisoners and to begin, under command of the union leaders, the march toward the prison pen.

By now he was a little sick at heart; for he was young, and his reactions surged as strongly as his actions. That march—the passage in its history that Homestead is trying to forget—lingers in memory as the horror of his life! The instinct of fair play uppermost in him now, he opposed with all his weary nerves and muscles a crowd of fresh, vicious non-combatants, which grew with every accession more and more dangerous. They struck under his arms, over his shoulders, at the cowed, cringing, spiritless men whom he was trying to protect. Two or three pictures remained as nightmares in his dreams for the rest of his life—like the glimpse of a thing that was once a strong man whimpering and pleading as he guarded his head against kicks and blows. Presently he plumped through a door—shot in with the last impulse of the struggling mob—and fell in an exhausted heap beside his prisoners.

The depression that follows battle was upon Bob Smith—a depression deepened by certain secret doubts rising in his unanalytic mind, and by a growing fear of consequences. As soon as he got back his wind he crawled away from the mess of his day's fighting to bear his heartsickness alone. It helped a little when Mary Haley, who had watched the battle in prayer from the bluffs above the river, found him and fell on his neck, and called him a hero; but the light was out of him—and out of Homestead too.

There followed four or five days of patched-up, rule-of-thumb government, during which the union ran the town; during which the contagion of public opinion made Bob Smith justify himself again for all he had done. That strange, brief period, when the city of Homestead sat on the wreckage it had created and made defiant gestures toward the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, could not last; on the fourth day the troops arrived.

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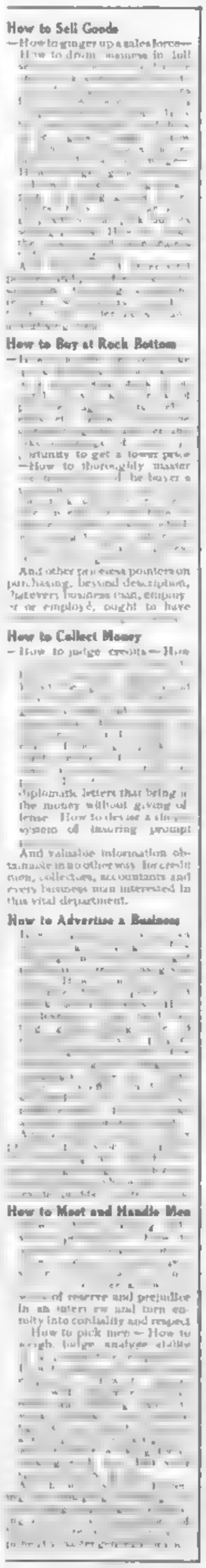

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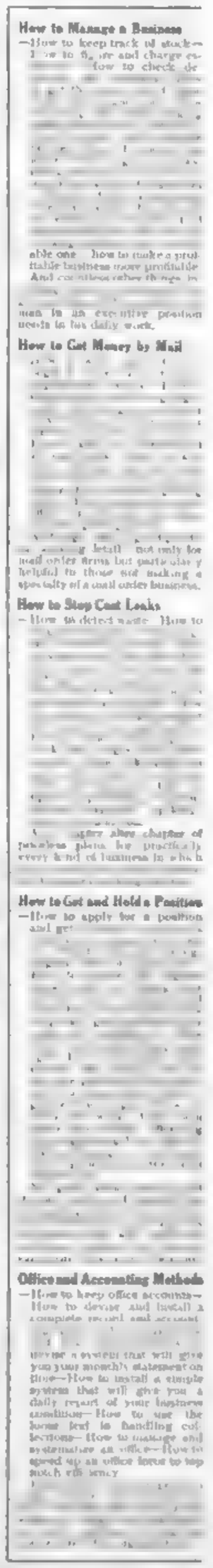
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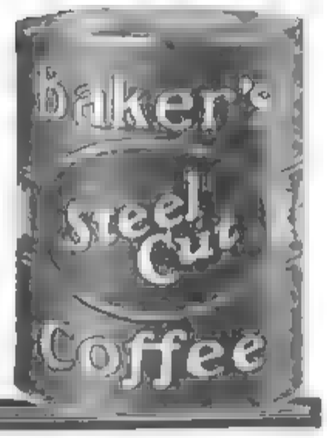

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SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

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Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

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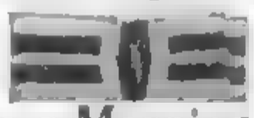

It is an identification—and a distinction. Prepare now for Summer. Interview your club associates—find out how many bands members will need. Let WICK make your [illegible] will [illegible] for [illegible] on stock [illegible] a band [illegible] 30c a band. [illegible] through your hatter or direct from Dept. B.

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Ask your dealer for the GEM and compare it with any other make he may have in stock, irrespective of price.

Next came a sad and sickening three months of gradually oozing courage, during which the weight of adverse public opinion lay heavily upon the strikers of Homestead. The troops, flaunted, reviled, sometimes attacked, held the city tight under martial law. There were arrests and indictments; there was much talk of reprisals in the sessions of the Amalgamated—meeting secretly toward the last, like a sect under persecution. But, glare defiance as they might into each other's eyes, the strikers in their secret hearts had no doubt of the issue. The strike was broken.

The day arrived when Bob Smith, having conquered for the homestaying Mary Haley's sake his impulse to begin again in another land, presented himself at the mills and asked for his old job—after first declaring his renunciation of the union. A scowling superintendent kept him waiting with his heart in his mouth while his assistant scanned a blacklist. Evidently Bob Smith was so obscure that no official had marked his part in the fighting, for presently the order came: "Go ahead!" With the first free breath he had drawn for a month, Bob Smith laid his hand again to his job.

Immediately afterward the scale was cut a little. When his average wage of something more than seven dollars and forty cents a day fell to six dollars and fifty cents, he felt that he had escaped rather lightly after all. By this time Mike Haley felt, in view of the part Bob had played at the battle of Homestead, less strongly concerning difficulties of age and doctrine. Bob and Mary were quietly married. They set up housekeeping with installment furniture. The installments were scarcely paid when the first boy appeared. And before Mary grew quite strong again, before Bob had finished with the doctor's bills, there came a change in fortunes which amounted to a minor calamity.

The Year of the Panic

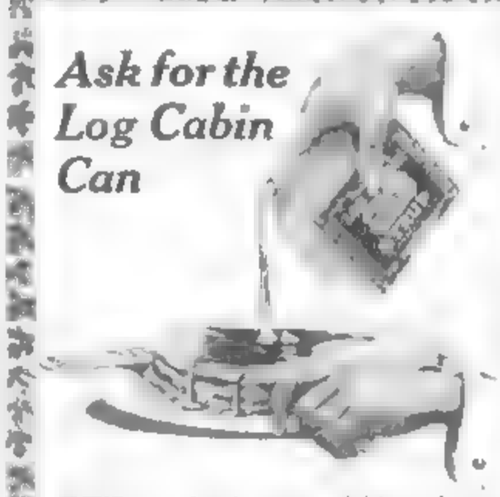
In 1893 arose the Cleveland panic, or the Silver panic—name it according to your political opinions. A period of depression followed. We know now, after many Congressional investigations, that the Carnegie companies did not suffer any terrible loss of profits during the depression. But, with other factories closed, with armies of the unemployed marching on Washington, this was a chance to get the labor of the Homestead mills on a market basis. There was a cut all round; when things adjusted themselves Robert Smith found his pay fluctuating a little above or below an average of four dollars a day. By now, improvements in the mill had robbed his department of the rest period that used to follow upon the shift of machinery from one process to the other. It was work, work, twelve hours a day—with a whole day off every other Sunday. He paid for that on the odd Sunday when, because of the change in shift, he was "on" for a full twenty-four hours. So it went in those early years when he was breeding his children and preparing to rear them—a life all work! His wages lay far below the former scale; but still four dollars a day is above the average wage for course labor.

An old-fashioned morality might hold that Robert Smith was merely garnering the harvest he sowed in the madness of the Homestead affair; but William G. Chesborough, the tin manufacturer, had also committed his social sin. He was guilty of that transaction, shady enough to the outsider, whereby he whipsawed his stockholders and got control of the Carmania mills. We need in this age some moral genius who shall teach us new definitions of the old Decalogue. Failing such enlightenment, there are those who will defend William G. Chesborough, saying that business is business; that he only played the game according to the tacitly accepted rules. Just so there are those who will defend Robert Smith, who shed man's blood, holding that he fought in warfare for a cause as sacred to him as the Fatherland is to a patriot soldier.

However, for the rest of their lives, neither William G. Chesborough nor Robert Smith committed any more great social sins. Let us now go with them the rest of the way and see where the course leads. The final end of these two men will afford a proof or disproof, doubtless, of the theory, ingrained in old-fashioned morality, that one gets in this life the just rewards and punishments of his good or evil deeds.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Will Irwin. The second will appear in an early issue

Ask for the Log Cabin Can



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for twenty-five years. We know just how [illegible] so that you don't need a whole lot of syrup to get enough [illegible] It is pure, wholesome and healthful.

You can't fail to get **Log Cabin Syrup** if you ask for it, and you'll know it by the log-cabin-shaped can with the patented double seal cap. The can itself is your guarantee of purity and goodness—and *full measure.*

Your grocer sells it; all good eating places serve it—so you needn't be without it at home or traveling.

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Enjoy the rich maple flavor

Set Six Screws—
Save Furniture Dollars!

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and the saving is well worth while. We know of no easier way to save furniture dollars. Our price $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25!

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THE year 1912 being the 100th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the magazines and newspapers printed many interesting articles on the life and works of this most charming writer. As a result, hundreds of our customers wrote to inquire if we could furnish Dickens' Complete Works in a Popular Edition less expensive than our regular $45 "Library Edition." We had no other edition to offer, but as a special courtesy to our customers, and in order to add more names to our mailing list of book-buyers, we recently sold a limited number of sets of our standard "Library Edition," on easy terms, at just about the cost of manufacture. This low-priced offer is now about to be withdrawn and this advertisement will not appear in *The Saturday Evening Post* again, therefore if you want one of these sets at the special price, now is the time to get it. This is the "last call." Coupon below brings the complete set on approval.

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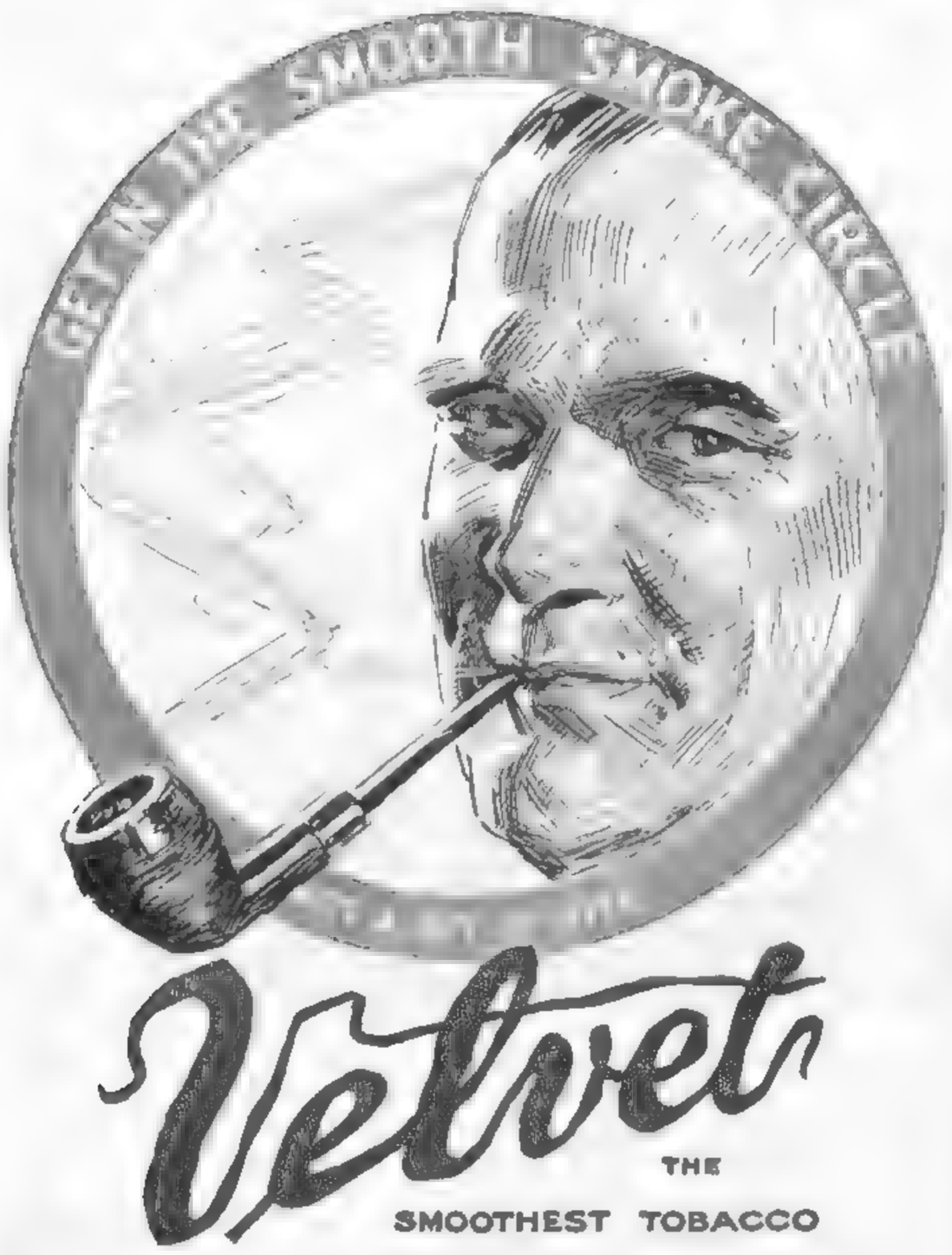

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 20)

was worth while. This was just the spirit we wanted to work out more in detail in our pioneer idea. Ruth and I hadn't forgotten our lesson from the pioneers of Little Italy—that half the secret of earning more money is to save more money, and that to do this means a simpler standard of living. This was one of the things I had talked over with Holt and Barclay and the committee, with the result of a hearty indorsement from Holt, a mild indorsement from Barclay, and an agreement from the committee not to oppose. They all admitted, anyway, that something must be done to keep interest alive during the winter.

Now I had no definite plan in mind beyond a vague notion to rouse, if possible, an interest in the romantic lives of our ancestors—to bring home to those of today the possibility of making our own lives just as romantic and independent and venturesome. Whatever we accomplished grew out of talks between Holt, Ruth and myself, but, to a still greater degree, out of incidents that resulted from the undertaking itself. Our whole enterprise developed from within itself. We planned nothing except along general lines, and forced nothing.

For example, here is one thing that turned up unexpectedly. Holt came to me one day and said he had run across a moving-picture man who was in town with a view to installing a moving-picture show. Later he had gone to Moulton, who owned the opera house beneath which his store was located, and had tried to make a bargain with him to rent the hall.

"Why in thunder don't we do it ourselves?" was Holt's question.

"As a personal business venture?" I asked.

"As a business venture for the club," he answered. "There's no doubt that a moving-picture show is going to be started here sooner or later. You can't keep 'em out. If an outsider conducts the business he carries off the good money of our members; he forces us to buck against a rival interest; and he runs any old films he chooses. If we run it we can make it part of our winter's amusement, select our films and turn back into the club treasury everything over running expenses."

"And if we lose?"

"We can't lose. Wouldn't do any harm to try it anyway; and if we do lose it's a safe bet it would scare off any outsider from ever trying it."

Holt's argument seemed sound. The capital required was not much—enough to pay the rent of the hall, which we had to hire once in two weeks anyway, and the price of installing the screen, which was only a matter of small expense. But the most attractive feature was the opportunity this would give us to select films that would serve our ends—picture plays of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Indian fights, and whatnot, to say nothing of purely educational features on plant-growing, proper sanitation, and so on. Then the negative side was also worth something—the chance to cut out the plays that might have an unwholesome tendency. The more I thought of this the better the idea seemed; so I offered to advance the necessary capital without interest, to be paid back out of the profits—if any there were.

We put the matter before the club at the next semimonthly meeting, and the idea received enthusiastic indorsement—as it naturally might be expected to do when it promised amusement, a possible profit and no risk. Whereupon we opened negotiations with a leading film house for film-service and the lease of a machine. Holt undertook the business management of the enterprise and nothing could have suited him better. He was a born publicity man.

"I'm going to make the neighboring towns pay most of the running expenses," he declared.

"How?" I inquired.

"You wait and see."

I waited and did see. He ran two shows a week—one on Wednesday, which he called Pioneer Club night, and one on Saturday evening. The films for both were identical, but for the Wednesday night show he charged members of the Pioneer Club only five cents admission, with the result that they filled every available seat in the hall. The Saturday night show cost ten cents and, being a repetition of the first,

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naturally attracted only a few of the members; but Holt plastered the towns within a radius of ten miles with green handbills, and again filled his hall. He let himself loose on these and had as much fun as a schoolboy.

We held our semimonthly meetings on two of the four Wednesday nights and, on such occasions, had one or more of the films as a free entertainment following the business meeting. It was in connection with these that we also inaugurated our pioneer talks.

At the beginning Holt and I were the speakers, though later, as our treasury grew fat with the proceeds of our picture show, we used some of the money to bring in lyceum lecturers, and at least once a month some specialist from the agricultural school. Our subjects were limited either to American pioneer history of the East or to practical talks on farming. One thing we insisted upon was that they must be put into popular and entertaining form. For instance, I in my first talk had as my subject Early Tillers of New England Soil. I spent a good deal of time at the city public library in looking up my material, picking out interesting facts about the nature of the soil at that time, the implements in use, the difficulties that had to be overcome and the results obtained. I emphasized the early difficulties compared with those of today, and yet pointed out how cheerfully those pioneers went at their task because they worked at it in freedom. In this connection we ran a film supposed to describe the departure of the Pilgrims from England and their landing in this country. It was wonderfully vivid and made it seem almost like an event of yesterday.

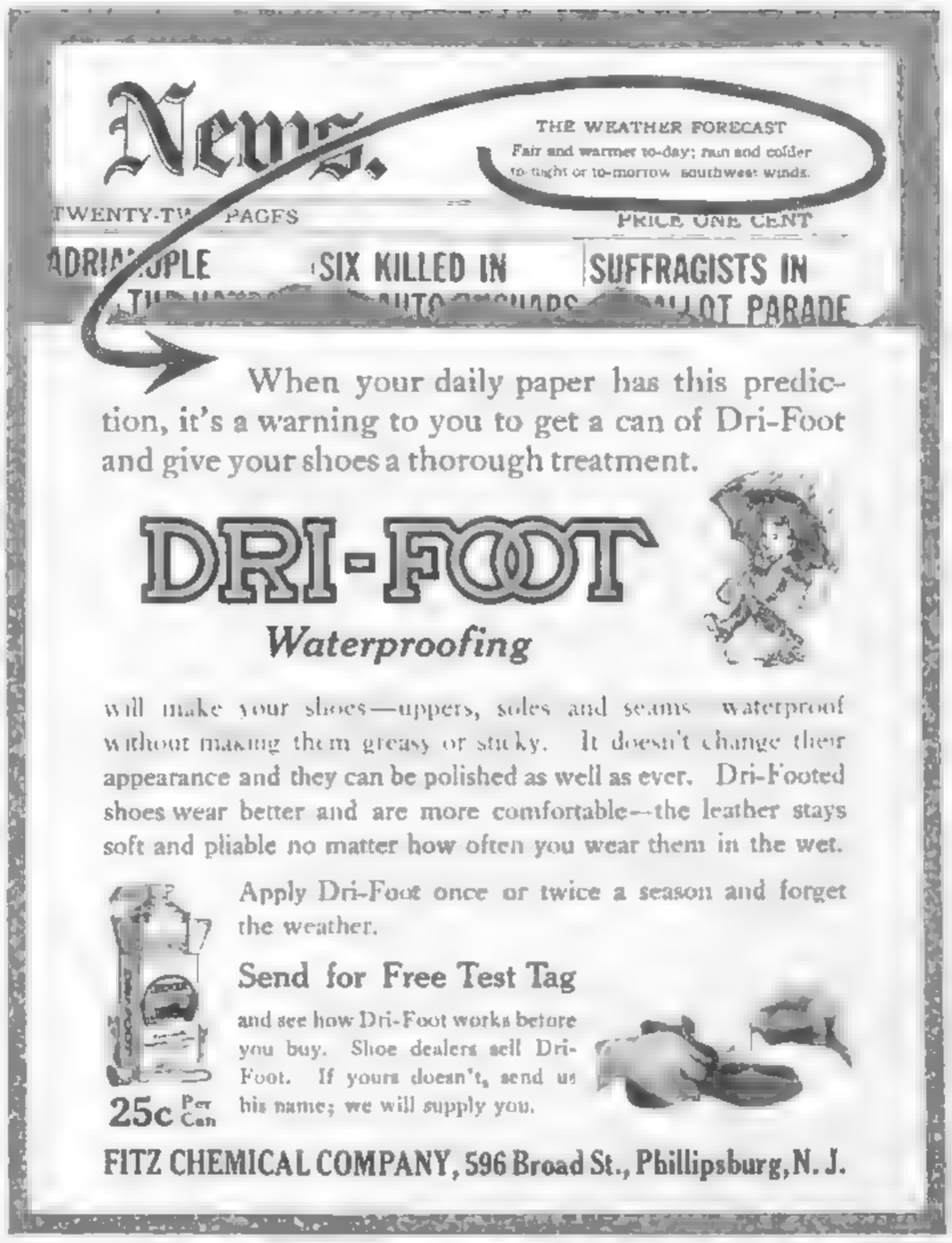
Holt treated in much the same fashion the Fighting Spirit of Our Ancestors. I tell you he made a warrior of every man in the audience before he was through, and a warrior's mother of every woman. We ran with this talk a realistic Indian fight film.

At another talk Ruth spoke on the Women of Early New England, describing their lives, their work, and what the women of today owed to them. The Courtship of Miles Standish was the film we used this time, and it was so popular that it led later on to the acting of a series of tableaus founded on Longfellow's poem. This was the big social event of the winter, coming at Christmastime and ending with a dance.

The lyceum speakers took up various phases of New England life in a much more scholarly fashion, I presume, and all were well received. But the serious work of the winter came with the lecturers from the agricultural school, who considered the subject of Livestock in New England—an interesting question if not a particularly romantic one. They discussed the reasons why we should raise our own meats instead of importing them from the West. If there were obvious objections to keeping chickens, pigs and cows in a tenement they certainly didn't hold here. Yet there hadn't been a beef raised here for meat in twenty-five years. We did not so much as raise the corn to feed our cows. Even pigs were scarce, while eggs and chickens were actually bought from the city market to a large extent. On the face of it nothing could seem more absurd. With land enough and labor enough to supply ourselves we allowed ourselves to be supplied from land several thousand miles away; and it wasn't because we got our goods cheaper. We paid prices that almost drove us into bankruptcy. We might, with as much logic, have imported our water.

Now the only explanation of this any one could see was that convenience, which is another word for laziness, had led us into the habit and this habit had become so fixed it now seemed like a necessity. Of course it wasn't argued that we could raise meat on any such wholesale scale as is done in the West, where the plains furnish free fodder, or in the Corn Belt, where corn can be raised for stock-feeding at a price impossible to us; but raising enough to supply the home market did not involve those conditions. There was not a man with a farm here who couldn't feed a portion of his hay and corn to beef to better advantage than he could sell it, who didn't have available grazing land for that purpose, which at present was only growing up to useless small growth. Even when this was balanced against the question of whether the feed couldn't at a better profit be turned into milk a field was still left open for beef enough to supply the local market.

Another lecturer took up the matter of sheep-raising. It wasn't so very long ago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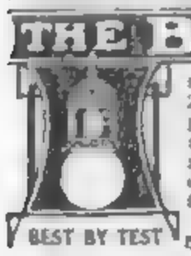

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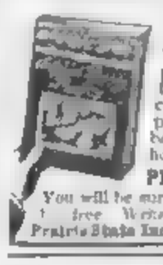

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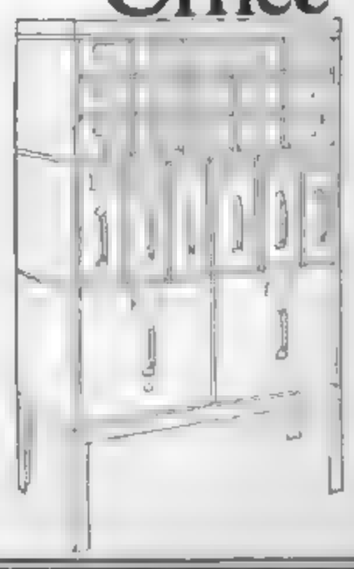

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that every farmer in New England had a small flock of sheep as much as a matter of course as he had a horse. Today, with the prices of mutton and lamb soaring, with wool at a premium, a flock of sheep on a New England farm is a curiosity.

Now, if there had been dearth of land, if the advancing population had pressed out of the cities and sent up real-estate values, this would be a perfectly natural result; but the exact opposite is the case. The deserted farms sprinkled all through New England, farms left to grow up to waste timber, farms on the market for a song, would seem to prove that. Idle pasture land round such farms as are worked indifferently further disproves that it isn't lack of land which has brought this about. Then what, in Heaven's name, is the cause of this wasted opportunity?

I can answer only so far as I studied the men about me. The opening of the big Western grazing fields did at first have its effect in sending down Eastern values of livestock. Thousands of sheep fed by Nature permitted, even with a terrible waste, even with expensive marketing, a price that discouraged Eastern farmers—but that was twenty-five years and more ago. Today the prices are different and should again encourage Eastern stock, at least for local markets. Meanwhile our Eastern farmers have fallen out of the habit. It has become a proverb that sheep don't pay—just as, for that matter, it has become a proverb that chickens don't pay, cattle don't pay, pigs don't pay, hay doesn't pay or, in brief, and as Hadley was constantly reminding me, "Nothin' don't pay." He spoke with more truth than he thought when he said that. It's a fact that "nothin' don't pay"; but everything else does pay.

Now, as the agricultural school expert insisted, a flock of one hundred sheep carefully looked after in the East can be made worth as much as five hundred or a thousand half neglected on the Western plains. The only condition modern methods impose on modern farmers is that such things as are raised shall be cared for—there must be no waste. That is doing nothing more than carrying to the farm the principles governing all modern businesses. The day of allowing sheep, cattle, chickens or produce to care for themselves, taking what is left, has passed. The only unfortunate feature of this condition is that it involves on the part of the farmer hard work. In getting out of the habit of raising such things as are raised in a big way in the West the New England farmer has gotten out of the habit of hard work. That's the gospel truth in a nutshell as it was shown up in our town. With the pioneer movement shifted to the West all the pioneer qualities went with it.

Deserted farms do not necessarily mean bad farm lands; they mean bad farmers, lazy farmers, uninspired farmers. Once again I find myself getting back to this as a fundamental truth, and once again I bring up as a proof the fact that the minute you place upon these acres an old world pioneer like Dardoni you see the land spring to life as by magic.

Pigs and chickens—how to select the stock, how to feed them and house them—these topics were treated by other speakers from the school. I was surprised at the scientific manner in which this business had been worked out. Take for example the matter of the by-product, manure. One speaker made the statement—it sounded rash enough, but he assured us it was based on statistics—that the annual loss in America through the incompetent handling of barnyard manure amounted to six hundred million dollars. This represents just so much wasted nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.

One speaker presented a table showing the value in dollars and cents of manure by the one thousand pounds live weight. Sheep produce thirty-four and one-tenth pounds a day, valued at twenty-six dollars a year; calves sixty-seven and eight-tenths, valued at twenty-four dollars a year; pigs eighty-three and six-tenths, valued at sixty dollars a year; cows seventy-four and one-tenth pounds, valued at twenty-nine dollars and twenty-seven cents a year; horses forty-eight and eight-tenths pounds, valued at twenty-seven dollars and seventy-four cents a year. Just think of this, merely as a by-product.

I tell you those figures did us good. Those of us who held our breath in awe at mention of the capitalization of the Steel Trust held up our heads and felt more like men when we realized that we were, in a sense, stockholders in a business which put that trust completely in the shade. For example, the annual production of eggs in the United States is about 1,293,800,000 dozen. At the average price of eggs the total value of these is $452,830,000—nearly five hundred million dollars a year. Added to this, more than two hundred million dollars' worth of poultry is consumed. And this is only one item! Consider that in Wisconsin alone the value of the butter and cheese products for a single year runs over eighty million dollars; consider that the wheat crop of the United States is worth annually considerably over a billion; that vegetables alone represent another annual value of over two hundred and fifty millions—and you get some idea of what a business the farmer who is laughed at in the comic weeklies is doing. The crops for the year nineteen hundred amounted to more than three billion dollars; and that sum represents, without a doubt, another three billions of waste, for there isn't a nation on the face of the earth that so uneconomically plants and reaps and markets its harvest as ours. Why shouldn't we farmers carry ourselves proudly?

Why, instead of being the butt and plaything of financiers, shouldn't we hold those same men at our mercy? These were questions which, before the winter was out, more than one man asked himself.

One other point came up for discussion in the course of the winter, and that was the question of specialization—of whether as a community it would pay us better to center our efforts upon some one line, such as dairy products, meat products, vegetable products, or what-not; or whether it wouldn't be better as small farmers with no particular advantages of soil or market to carry on diversified farms. On the whole the latter was the opinion of the school experts and also carried the stronger appeal to the majority of us. If every man kept at least one cow, a hog or so, a few sheep and a few hens, he, first of all, was then in a position to supply himself—and after all a man is his own best market; secondly, it gave him a more regular income, as his stock didn't develop for the market all at one time; and thirdly, he didn't put all his eggs in one basket.

A man specializing, for instance, in poultry is apt to lose his whole flock by disease, and the same is true of his herd or his hogs. Furthermore, diversified farming makes a man independent of market conditions. If poultry is low and eggs are high he can keep his pullets for eggs. If beef is low and butter is high he can keep his cows for milk and vice versa. In other words he isn't forced to sell at a certain time, regardless of what the market is.

One thing, however, was insisted upon—that so far as possible a man should keep the best of each kind. This led to the subject of breeding, and this led, in turn, to the question of whether it wasn't possible to this end for us as a group to invest in a common breeder—a blooded bull, a blooded ram, which as individuals none of us could afford. This again led, as about everything we touched upon that winter had led, to the question of closer coöperation. Two hundred years ago the Indians and various other forces, which today seem to us only romantic, led our ancestors to coöperate in a certain way; today economic conditions have brought about the same result. In February the one thought uppermost in the minds of us all was coöperation.

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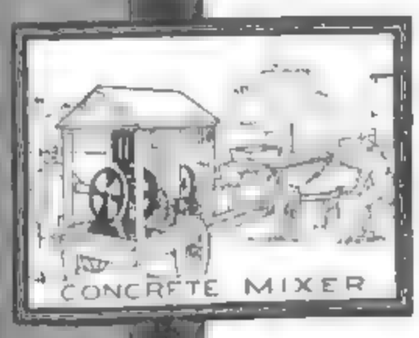

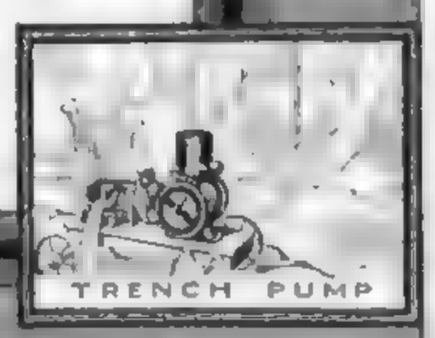

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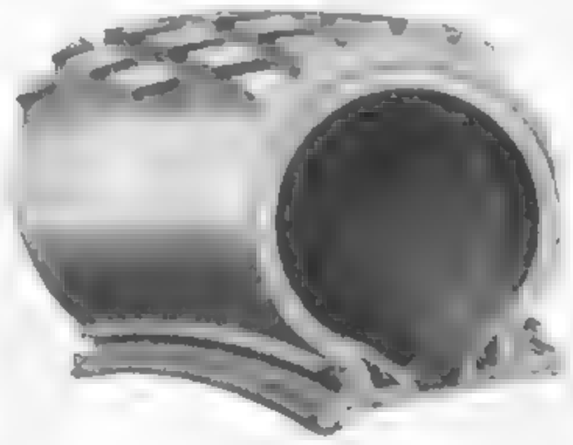

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This winter tread will tell you. It shows how far we go, in every way, to multiply efficiency. To cut down tire expense.

This is only one item, but it reveals the entire Goodyear code.

Compare this tread with others, and you'll see why Goodyears won.

Note the Double Thickness

In this Non-Skid tire we add an extra tread almost as thick as the regular. Thus we give you a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber, immensely enduring, almost impervious to wear.

Because of its thickness, the blocks are deep cut. Their non-skid efficiency lasts for thousands of miles

A Bulldog Grip

These sharp-cut blocks present to the road surface countless edges and angles.

They grasp the road in every direction with a fairly irresistible grip.

But the greatest advantage lies in the fact that these blocks widen out, so they meet at the base.

They are not separate projections, which center the strain on a small part of the fabric. They distribute the strain exactly the same as with smooth-tread tires. That's the main reason why the Goodyear Non-Skid gives such exceptional mileage.

Compare this tread with others. Compare its thickness, the depth of its projections. Compare the apparent efficiency, due to these sharp-cut blocks.

Compare the way in which strains are distributed so the fabric can't be broken. One glance will show you that this Non-Skid surpasses anything else of its kind. About 250,000 of these treads have already been tested out.

Other Troubles Ended

Thus we have ended skidding troubles in the most effective way.

Years ago we ended rim-cutting, just as completely, just as efficiently

Our patent tire—the No Rim-Cut tire—has made rim-cutting simply impossible.

And that alone cut tire expense 25 per cent.

Our 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage

Our 14 years of ceaseless tests and comparisons have brought our tire quality up to the maximum.

These things together, in the test of time, have placed the Goodyears on at last a quarter million cars.

One Must Respect This Verdict

Remember, please, that tire expense forms your major cost of upkeep.

A tire which cuts that cost in two is something quite important.

Men know when they get it in these days of odometers. They know which tire serves best. And the final verdict of these men who know favors Goodyear tires.

Men have tried and compared now pretty close to 2,000,000 Goodyear tires. As a result the sale of these tires has doubled every year. And last year's increase was 125 per cent.

Now these tires by far outsell all others. And this year's output, if this increase continues, will completely equip 500,000 cars.

One may easily question any maker's claims. But when hundreds of thousands of users unite, one must respect their verdict.

The verdict of experience favors Goodyear tires in an overwhelming way. And every month makes the verdict more convincing.

Is it not fair to suppose that your experience will bring a like result?

If you think so, get that experience. Make some comparisons. Settle this question by next time insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all that we know, after fourteen years, about cutting down tire expense.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

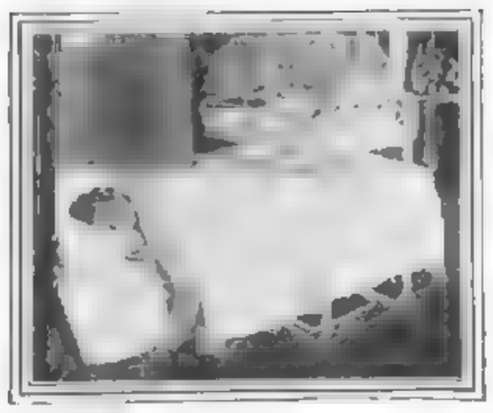
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(934)



Who'll Get Up Nights To Attend to Baby?

Some Advice from a Father

Getting up two or three times a night isn't the easiest thing in the world, even in summer.

But it's a hundred times worse in winter. I tell you man to man that it takes some bravery to pile out of a warm bed and paddle around in the cold.

Night after night of it tells in your work; and that worries a man with a living to make.

And it's harder yet on the woman who has to do it; exposes her to colds; wears her out; getting up nights has wrecked the health of a good many mothers.

But I warn you from experience that just as sure as you get a bassinette or old-style crib for baby, either you or your wife will have to rout out of bed a good many times.

Take my advice and tell your wife about

"The Taylor Nursery"

The crib part goes over mother's bed at night, can be instantly raised or lowered to any convenient height. A place for everything required.

When baby needs attention, mother simply sits up. Doesn't have to get out of bed. And doesn't have to take baby out of its warm nest.

Neither Baby nor Mother Ever Exposed

Windows can be left open the year around. Plenty of fresh air while it sleeps is the best thing in the world for baby.

The Taylor Nursery can be wheeled out on the porch or from room to room while mother is doing her work. Vermin-proof safety hood prevents falling out.

Baby won't outgrow it before the fifth year. There are dozens of other advantages. Yet the price is no more than for an unhandy, tire-you-out-crib.

You can get a Taylor Nursery from your dealer or from us on five days' trial. It won't cost you a cent if you aren't thoroughly satisfied.

A Sensible Book on Babies Free

Written by a woman who has raised four babies of her own. More helpful common sense advice on food, clothing, bathing, sleep, prevention of ills, and about everything else a young mother wants to know, including the proper care of herself.

Just give your dealer's name and you'll get this helpful book right away, with full information about The Taylor Nursery.

Taylor Nursery Baby Bed Co., 9 Madison Ave., New York City

For Luck Play

Roodles

TRADE MARK

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors. *A new game by the author of Flinch* and said to be better.

Great for two players, Still better for more.

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles—it's irresistible.

Of your Dealer, or Postpaid from us 50 cents a Pack

Write today for sample cards and Rules FREE.

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"Where Good Games Originate"

Today is the day

to get acquainted with *Blaisdell Paper Pencils.*

Why wait? Ask your stationer *today* to show you how they will save your time and money. No whittling. No waiting. No soiled fingers. No broken points.

Just nick the paper and pull

Blaisdell

Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 23)

"Do you know what you'll do," asked Ray, regarding him keenly, "if this Don Giovanni from Sunny It. is shown up as a plain get-rich-quick swindler?"

"I haven't considered ——"

"You would do precisely," said Ray—"nothing! Cora'd see to that. You'd sigh and go to work again, beginning at the beginning, where you were years ago, and doing it all over. Admirable resignation! But not for me! I'm a stockholder in his company and I think I'd take steps; I don't know if I'd be patient enough to make them legal—perhaps I should. He may be safe on the legal side; I'll know more about that when I find out if there is a Prince Moliterno in Naples who owns land in Basilicata."

"You don't doubt it?"

"I doubt everything! In this particular matter I'll have less to doubt when I get an answer from the consul-general. *I've* written, you see."

Lindley looked disturbed.

"You have?"

Vilas read him at a glance.

"You're afraid to find out!" he cried. Then he set his hand on the other's shoulder. "If there ever was a fool it's you, Dick Lindley. Really I wonder the world hasn't kicked you around more than it has; you'd never kick back. You're as easy as an old shoe. Cora makes you unhappy," he went on, and with the very mention of her name his voice altered and shook with his passion; "but, on my soul, I don't believe you know what jealousy means—you don't understand hate; you don't eat your heart ——"

"Let's go and eat something better," suggested Richard, laughing. "There's a continuous supper downstairs and I hear it's very good."

Ray smiled, rescued for a second from himself.

"There isn't anything better than your heart, you old window-pane—and I'm glad you don't eat it! And if I ever mix it up with Don Giovanni T. Corliss—T stands for Toreador—I do believe it'll be partly on your ——" He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished as his attention was caught by the abysmal attitude of a figure in another part of the gallery—Mr. Wade Trumble, alone in a corner, sitting upon the small of his small back, munching at an unlighted cigar and otherwise manifesting a biting gloom. Ray drew Lindley's attention to this tableau of pain. "Here's a three of us!" he said. He turned to look down into the rhythmic kaleidoscope of dancers. "And there goes the girl we all *ought* to be morbid about."

"Who is that?"

"Laura Madison. Why aren't we? What a self-respecting creature she is, with that cool, sweet steadiness of hers—she's like a mountain lake! She's lovely, and she plays like an angel; but so far as anybody's ever thinking about her is concerned she might almost as well not exist. Yet she's really beautiful tonight if you can manage to think of her except as a sort of retinue for Cora."

"She *is* rather beautiful tonight. Laura's always a very nice-looking girl," Richard said; and, with the advent of an idea, he added: "I think one reason she isn't more conspicuous and thought about is that she is so quiet." And, upon his companion's greeting this inspiration with a burst of laughter, "Yes; that was a brilliant deduction," he said; "but I do think she's about the quietest person I ever knew. I've noticed there are times when she'll scarcely speak at all for half an hour, or even more."

"You're not precisely noisy yourself," said Ray. "Have you danced with her this evening?"

"Why, no," returned the other in a tone which showed this omission to be a discovery; "not yet. I must, of course."

"Yes; she's really rather beautiful. Also, she dances rather better than any other girl in town. Go and perform your painful duty."

"Perhaps I'd better," said Richard thoughtfully, not perceiving the satire. "At any rate I'll ask her for the next."

He found it unengaged. There came to Laura's face an April change as he approached and she saw he meant to ask her to dance. And as they swam out into the maelstrom he noticed it, and remarked that it *was* rather warm, to which she replied by a cheerful nod. Presently there came into Richard's mind the thought that he was

Five Million Children

Go to School, Each School-Day Morning, on a Dish of Quaker Oats.

And other millions don't.

Side by side they work and play, learn, develop and compete.

Side by side, in later years, they face the world's big problems.

One gets the utmost in energy-food. The next one something less.

One gets an abundance of protein, phosphorus and lecithin. Another, less or none.

One is fed on a food that develops brain and body. Another lacks proper nourishment.

Which of those children, in your estimation, has the better chance?

Quaker Oats

The World's Delicious Breakfast—And Its Supper, Too

The Quaker Oats children get, in addition, the world's favorite cereal dish.

So superior, so widely known, that hosts of people send ten thousand miles to get it.

So matchless in flavor that a thousand million dishes are now needed to supply one winter's wants.

Even ordinary oats, prepared without skill, form a dish which no other grain can rival.

The insidious flavor, the smoothness and richness, belong to no other grain foods.

And scientists and laymen, workers and thinkers, all agree on the help which one gets from oatmeal.

But Quaker Oats gives you these things at their maximum.

These are selected oats, picked out by 62 siftings.

From a bushel of oats we get, on the average, only 10 pounds of Quaker.

Those are the choice oats—the rich, plump grains—just the cream of the crops in quality and flavor.

We bring them to you in the form of flakes—big, luscious, clean and sterilized by heat.

We bring them in cleanly packages—just these choice, selected grains.

And the cost, despite all this selection, is but one-half cent per dish. That's because the grains discarded are used in other ways.

That's why millions and millions, all the world over, demand Quaker Oats for their tables.

Regular Size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.

Look for the Quaker trade mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

Break Open One of Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams

See the fluffy, soft, creamy center—covered thick and deep with melting, luscious chocolate!

That *double-thick chocolate coating*, and the *waxed paper wrapper* around each piece make Morse's Chocolate Creams always moist, soft, fresh, delicious. That is why they are the most popular milk chocolate creams in the world

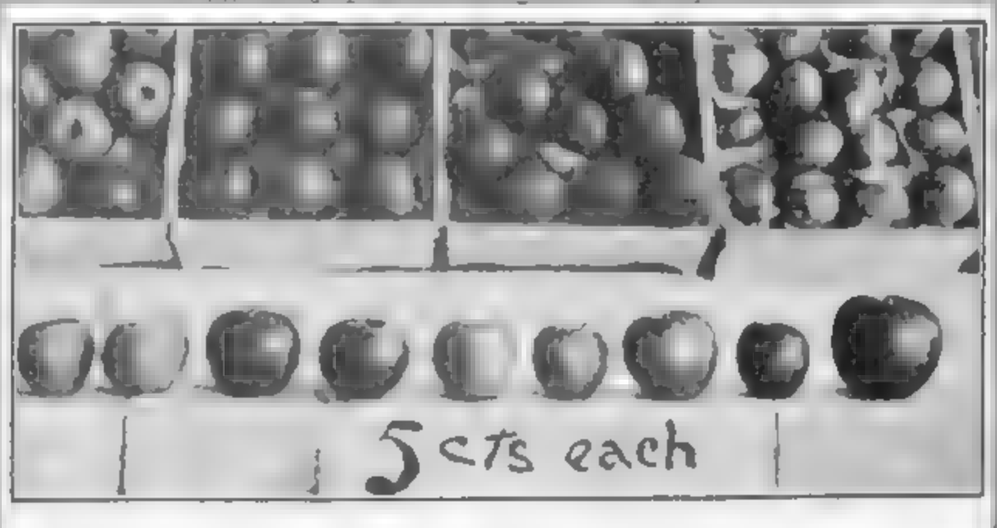
Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams are the only boxed chocolates with soft, fluffy, creamy centers.

Some of the creamy centers contain chopped pecans or almonds or walnuts. There are caramels that are a delight. And nut nougat that compels you to choose it again and again.

Each individual piece is wrapped in waxed paper and marked with the name of its flavor.

Stop at your dealer's today. Take one of the red Morse boxes home with you. Every box contains a guarantee certificate of freshness. If your dealer does not have the original Morse style milk chocolate creams, write to us.

A. G. Morse Company, Chicago, U.S.A. (6)



Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row.

Choose the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. For over 100 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all, and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

really an excellent dancer; but he did not recall that he had always formed the same pleasing estimate of himself when he danced with Laura, nor realize that other young men enjoyed similiar self-help when dancing with her. And yet he repeated to her what Ray had said of her dancing; and when she laughed, as in appreciation of a thing intended humorously, he laughed, too, but insisted that she did dance "very well indeed." She laughed again at that, and they danced on, not talking. He had no sense of "guiding" her; there was no feeling of effort whatever; she seemed to move spontaneously with his wish, not to his touch—indeed, he was not sensible of touching her at all.

"Why, Laura," he exclaimed suddenly, "you dance *beautifully!*"

She stumbled and almost fell—saved herself by clutching at his arm; he caught her, and the pair stopped where they were, in the middle of the floor. A flash of dazed incredulity from her dark eyes swept him; there was something in it of the child dodging an unexpected blow.

"Did I trip you?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she laughed quickly; and her cheeks grew even redder. "I tripped myself. Wasn't that too bad—just when you were thinking that I danced well? Let's sit down. May we?"

They went to some chairs against a wall. There, as they sat, Cora swung by them, dancing again with her lieutenant and looking up trancedly into the gallant eyes of the triumphant and intoxicated young man. Visibly she was a woman with a suitor's embracing arm about her. Richard's eyes followed them.

"Ah, don't!" said Laura in a low voice.

He turned to her.

"Don't what?"

"I didn't mean to speak out loud," she said tremulously. "But I meant don't look so troubled! It doesn't mean anything at all—her coquetting with that bird of passage. He's going away in the morning."

"I don't think I was troubling about that."

"Well, whatever it was"—she paused, and laughed with plaintive timidity—"why, just don't trouble about it!"

"Do I look very much troubled?" he asked seriously.

"Yes. And you don't look very gay when you're not!" She laughed with more assurance now. "I think you're always the wistfulest-looking man I ever saw!"

"Everybody laughs at me, I believe," he said with continued seriousness. "Even Ray Vilas thinks I'm an utter fool. Am I, do *you* think?"

He turned as he spoke and glanced inquiringly into her eyes. What he saw surprised and dismayed him.

"For Heaven's sake, don't cry!" he whispered hurriedly.

She bent her head, turning her face from him.

"I've been very hopeful lately," he said. "Cora has been so kind to me since I did what she wanted me to that I ——" He gave a deep sigh. "But if you're *that* sorry for me my chances with her must be pretty desperate."

She did not alter her attitude, but with her down-bent face still turned away from him said huskily:

"It isn't you I'm sorry for. You mustn't ever give up; you must keep on trying and trying. If you give up I don't know what will become of her!"

A moment later she rose suddenly to her feet.

"Let's finish our dance," she said, giving him her hand. "I'm sure I won't stumble again."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

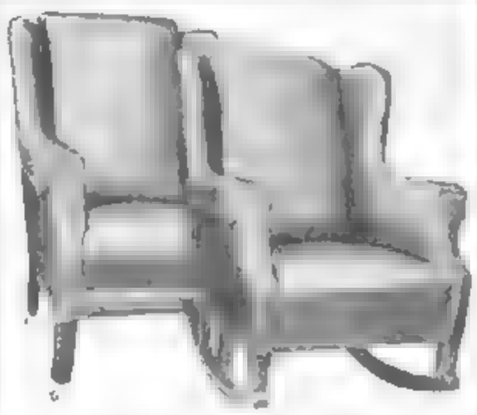
Adopting the French

ONE of the French speakers at the Thanksgiving Day dinner of the American Club in Paris was talking about the insularity of the English.

"Mostly," he said, "they refuse to learn any foreign language, but when an Englishman does learn a few words of French he promptly begins to think those words are of his own language.

"When our fleet was at Portsmouth, visiting the English fleet and helping to cement the kind relations between France and England, an English sailor was drinking with a French sailor.

"'Frenchie,' said the English sailor, 'what's the bloomin' French for *entente cordiale?*'"



No. 343—Karpen Chair and Rocker
Modern English type. Covered in red, tan or green Karpen Gen-uine Morocco Leather equal in appearance to the finest English Morocco, but more durable.

Karpen Furniture is Quality Furniture

Karpen Furniture is the most widely used upholstered furniture in the world, made so by maintaining the highest standard of quality established when the business was founded.

To-day you may purchase a piece of Karpen Furniture possessing intrinsic value at any price your income justifies. But whether the price be small or large, you may be sure that the highest work, the materials and the quality of the designs are up to the Karpen high standard. No attempts are made to cheapen any detail at the expense of quality.

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bearing our trade mark is every bit and other than as represented.

That mark means that Karpen Furniture is the one safe make to purchase.

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Ask to see our trade mark when buying.

Our Free Book of Designs "F. J.," with its hundreds of pictures and pages of practical information for buyers, will assist you in making selections.

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Electric Washing Machines at ½ Usual Price

Nothing like this has ever been offered before. We have inaugurated a new selling plan which enables you now to purchase a

Rapid Electric Washer
For Less Than ½ Price, on 30 Days' Trial

Write for Handsome Folder.

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AGENTS 100% PROFIT

15 In One

Just out
Patented New Useful Combination

Here are 15 tools in one.

Ten inch sample free.

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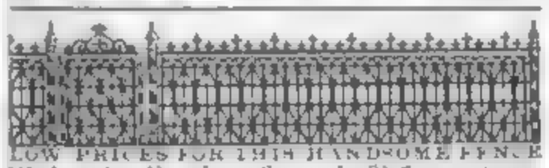


LOW PRICES FOR THIS HANDSOME FENCE
100 other styles. Many cheaper than wood—all better. Chicken, Farm, etc. Complete line of Farm Gates. Write for Pattern Book and special offer.

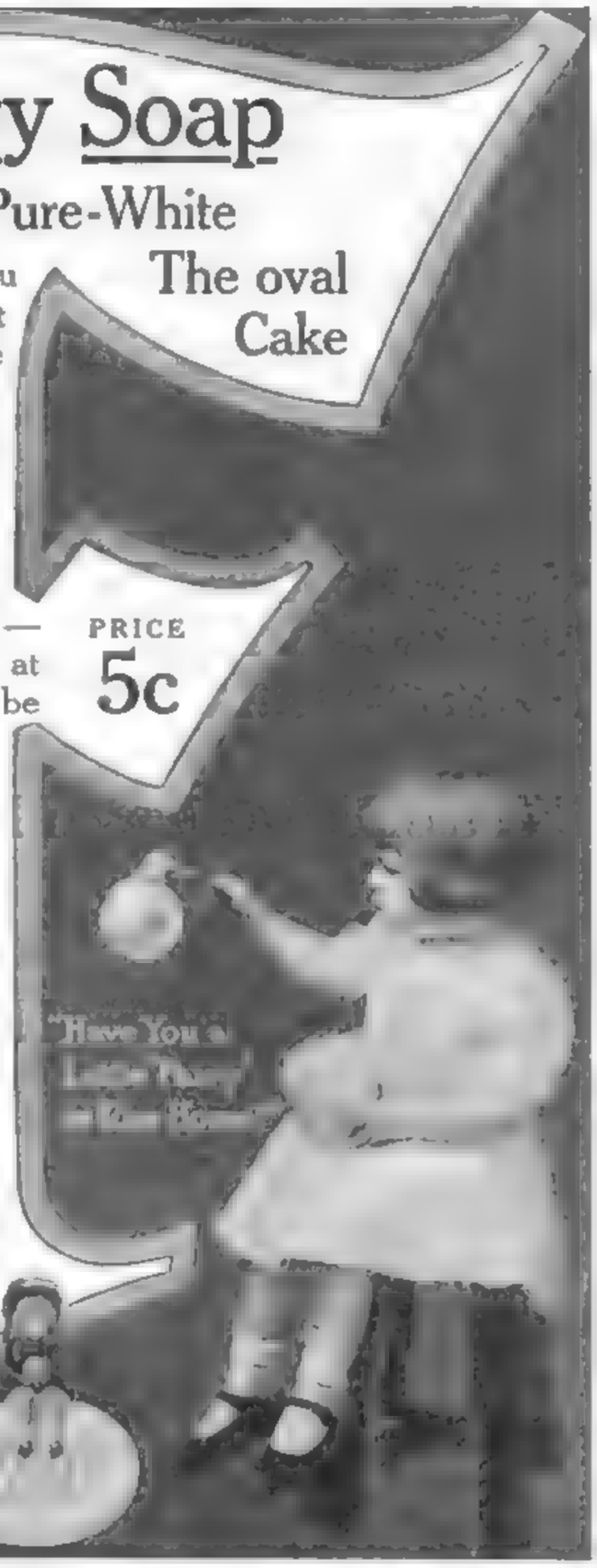
WARD FENCE CO., 103 Main St., DECATUR, IND.

Fairy Soap

Pure-White

The oval Cake

PRICE 5c



¶You cannot judge the quality of Fairy Soap by its price, 5c. We put into it the best oils and fats obtainable, and the only thing we could add—if we were to sell it at 25 cents—would be high-priced perfumes, which would lend nothing to the quality or efficiency.

¶Fairy is the only white, floating soap that is made in the oval shape, and this alone makes it far more desirable than the old-fashioned oblong bars.

¶For the toilet and bath, there's no soap so good as Fairy.

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Anyone can make Home Portraits

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The deep satisfaction and pleasure of intimate home portraits of family and friends—taken in the every-day home surroundings and atmosphere, are possible to every Kodak owner.

Ordinary window lighting—no dark room required for any of the work—not even for developing and printing.

"At Home with the Kodak," charmingly illustrated, tells you how. Free for the asking. At your dealers or write us.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Hodgkins Brothers—Business Men

In a certain Georgia city there operates a firm of three of the youngest, most aggressive business men in the country, Hodgkins Brothers. The senior partner is Henry Bell Hodgkins, age 12. The second member of the firm is Edwin Key Hodgkins, age 10. The junior partner is Nathan Monroe Hodgkins, 3rd, age 5.

The firm's business is that of buying goods from a certain manufacturer and selling them to their customers. The manufacturer is THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, the goods are that Company's publications, and the customers are people who, attracted by their unfailing courtesy and promptness, have become regular readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

The boys' father is Henry B. Hodgkins, a well-known citizen, associated with a large corporation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkins take the keenest interest in their sons' work and encourage them because of the splendid business training the youngsters are securing and the many friends they are making.

Mr. Hodgkins writes: "Although school days are here now in addition to *Post* days, our boys are never so busy but that they can find time to romp and be just boys, and soil their clothes, to their mother's dismay. They are choir boys in St. John's Church and have to practice twice every week, besides attending Sunday School regularly each Sunday. Boys can be boys and have all the fun and enjoyment of boys and still be good, moral boys.

"We have always encouraged them in their 'P-J' work—not merely for the revenue that they get out of it, but because we believe that it teaches them how to take care of themselves, gives them a practical business training that they could never get in school, and teaches them to be saving and independent."

The Hodgkins Brothers and Their Goat Delivery-Team

Henry Bell Hodgkins

Edwin Key Hodgkins

How true this is is shown by the fact that, although an ever [illegible] father has stood ready to [illegible] them, these wide-awake boys have earned their own spending money, have won many of the prizes given to boys for special sales work and have $150.00 in the Savings Bank [illegible] they have earned themselves.

Many parents have already read the real character of our work with boys and have encouraged their sons to sell our publications, not for the money the youngsters make out of it and the handsome prizes we award, but because through it the boys gain confidence in themselves, a sense of thrift, and a real knowledge of the value of perseverance, courtesy and industry.

Let us tell you more about the work. Let us tell you how [illegible] red blooded America [illegible] the thousands [illegible] helping themselves [illegible] better citizens. Address your letter to

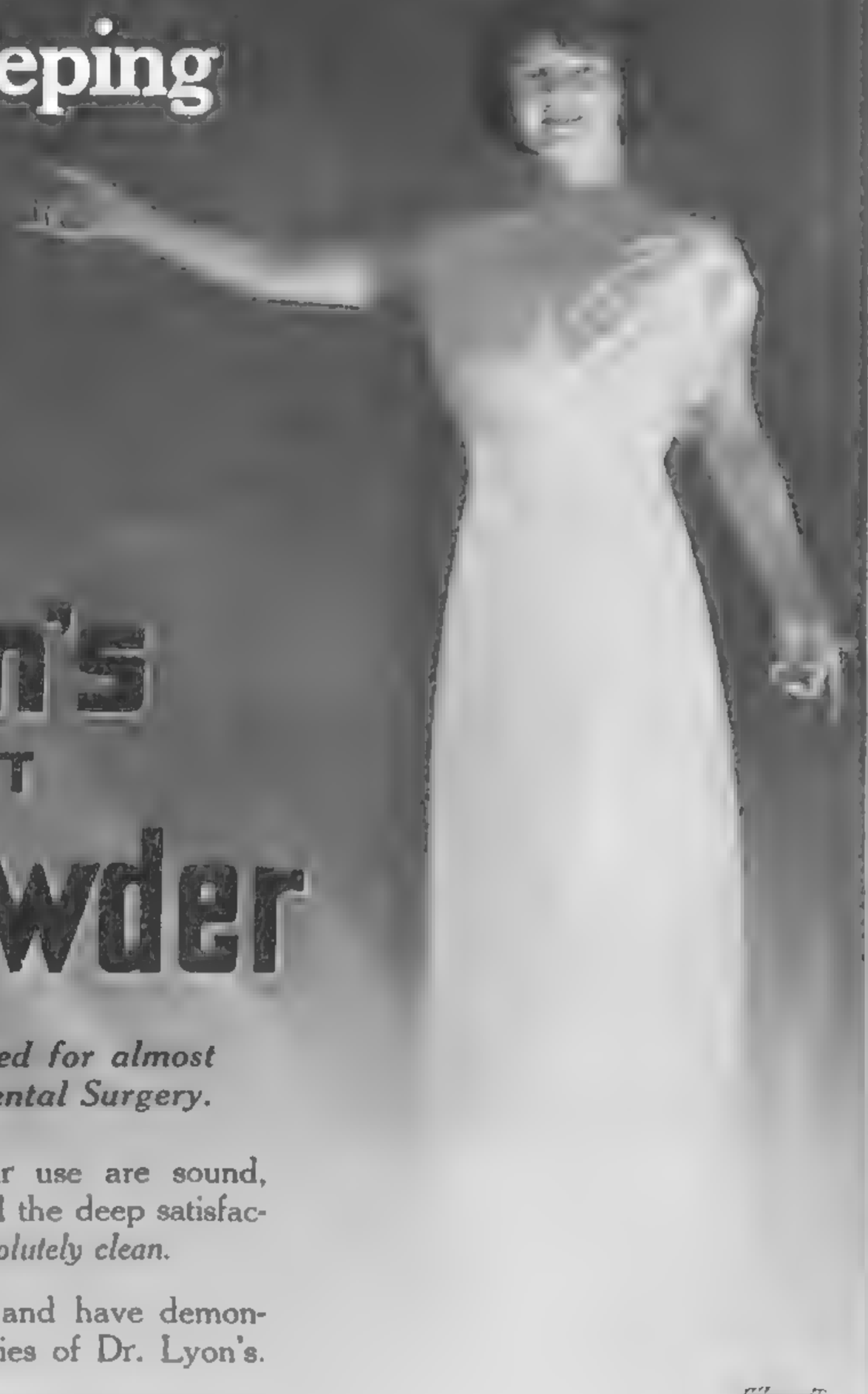
The Sales Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Good Teethkeeping

lights the way to a future of perfect digestion, good health and smiling good looks — which are so dependent on good teeth.

This means the regular night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder



The Standard Dentifrice prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

The benefits resulting from its regular use are sound, beautiful teeth, firm, healthy gums, and the deep satisfaction of knowing that your mouth is *absolutely clean.*

Three generations have relied upon and have demonstrated the good teethkeeping properties of Dr. Lyon's.

It is safe. It is free from injurious chemical elements. Its smooth, gritless action is a lasting pleasure.

Safeguarding your children's teeth is as important as their education. Insure their future welfare by teaching them to use Dr. Lyon's each night and morning. *Especially at night.* A lifetime of perfect teeth is one of the most precious things that any mother can give her boy or girl.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do, only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere

THE BOY IN THE BLUE BLICKEY

(Continued from Page 9

he was on the job. And the job might be located within a short distance of the university among the unlaid sewer pipes of the city department of public works; or in the suburbs in the shops of an electric machine works; or two hundred miles away, in the maintenance-of-way gangs of the Big Four Railroad.

One student I found employed as inspector of the cement work on the big Ludlow Street Viaduct. To get rid of the dangerous traffic of the Baltimore & Ohio and New York Central railroads a whole street is being lifted bodily and carried nearly fifteen hundred feet across a deep ravine.

"What is your job?" I asked.

"I pass on the concrete that goes into the viaduct," he replied.

"It is mostly concrete, isn't it?"

"Mostly."

"How are you sure the concrete is mixed properly?"

"I can smell it," he laughed. "For weeks at a time in a street gang I've mixed the stuff with a shovel. Why, I could tell it was right with my eyes shut! My first job two years ago was to help carry out five thousand dollars' worth of concrete that some other fellow had spoiled."

To other questions he replied that he was learning to be a municipal engineer. He had begun with pick and shovel, laying the foundations for city streets; then he learned to mix concrete by hand; after which he spent time wiring the reënforcing bars until he knew enough to become a foreman of a gang. He had also served as a laborer, shoveling material from cars, and later as a labor foreman and as timekeeper. He has paved city streets, laid sewers, and has been an inspector of such work.

Theory and Practice Abreast

His first job paid him six dollars a week, which is equivalent to an average of three dollars, as half this time was spent in the college classrooms. At present he is receiving the full pay of a city inspector, four dollars for each day at work. On this return for his labor he has managed to maintain himself in college without other assistance. Previously this man had worked at the trade of electrical construction for six years and had a fair job as manager of a small telephone company; but he was at the top of it. There was nothing in sight without further technical knowledge and—most important—further technical experience. The new kind of college opened a way to advance without imposing a prohibitive tax on his revenues.

The railroads entering Cincinnati have opened up their whole equipment as laboratories for the men of the College of Engineering. In the carpentry gangs and concrete gangs, in the structural plants, in the frog-switch and signal work, and in the engineering corps, these men find a carefully graded series of experiences open to them.

Other corporations are equally eager to coöperate with the college. In one large electric-machine plant the whole course of applied engineering is exhibited. In the foundry were the first-year men, helping molders and eventually making molds themselves. It requires some physical power to "ram" a "cope" or a "drag," and the sort of instinctive skill that one gets through practice only. If the sand is rammed too hard, or if it is too wet, the casting will "blow"—bubbles will form in the iron—ruining the work of several men; if the sand is not rammed hard enough, or if it is too dry, the hours spent in building up the delicate sandmold will result in a crumbling heap. Even with perfect conditions the last act of removing the pattern may be disastrous. We saw the collapse of a morning's work of one young man prevented by the nimble sleight-of-hand of a smudged fellow workman. One could understand the personal education of that moment by the respectful admiration in the eyes of the happy youth.

In the machine shops the next step is to assemble electric controls and do visework on drill presses and milling machines. At another period the students assemble induction motors; later they move into the more difficult work of transformer and armature winding, and finally finish their preliminary training in the testing room.

A collegian—in the inevitable blue blickey—was calmly at work testing an electric transformer that carried a current of two hundred and forty thousand volts. One mistake on his part, we were told, might be fatal to himself and three or four operators. Yet he seemed serenely sure of himself. He had studied and handled the materials of his business from the raw stuff to the finished product. He knew the whole machine and all its habits as an old-fashioned clockmaker knows a clock.

To find students in structural iron and bridge engineering we clambered among a maze of I-beams and "channels."

"That 'gunman' is one of our boys," said Professor Ayer.

"Gunman?" I inquired nervously.

"Yes; that 'gunman' working with the 'heater' and the two 'buckers-up.' That boy in the blue blickey!" he said as he pointed to him.

At that moment the heater tossed through the air a glowing rivet, which the boy in the blue blickey caught deftly and inserted in an I-beam. The two buckers-up pressed a huge iron bar against the head of the rivet and properly "bucked up," while the boy flattened out the protruding end by means of a rattling pneumatic "gun."

We balanced ourselves gingerly on an iron girder and endured the bombardment of the gunman until the rivet was snugly clamped. Then I asked:

"What do you get out of this?"

"Fifty per!" the boy grinned.

"Anything else?" queried Professor Ayer.

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully; "a lot else. We fellows hope to be engineers some day. Up in college the professor tells us that an engineer is 'the man that makes the job go.' There are two things in that—the material we work on and the labor we work with. The material—iron, steel, wood, stone, cement—that's a fairly easy thing to handle; but labor—the most important element in making the job go—that's different. It has to be understood before it can be handled effectively. We fellows understand workmen, because we have been workmen ourselves. I think I know what a tough job those buckers-up have, just because I was once a bucker-up myself and wondered sometimes if I had the grit to stick it out. The best manager of labor is the fellow who knows what sort of a pain you get in your back when you've been drilling girders all day."

"And, what is more," interrupted Professor Ayer, "the fellow who begins at the bottom learns early what is meant by a day's work. Even if he is driving spikes on the railroad—and our boys do that for a time—he learns daily of the fundamental unit of organization—the 'gang.' Coming from high school with nothing much in practical ability beyond his diploma he learns to work with men who, without his advantages of education, can do the things that he can't do—desirable things; men who know things that he himself would be glad to know."

A New Kind of Professor

This new type of school has brought into its field a new profession—that of the coördinator. Professor Ayer is a professor of coördination. The coördinators do not work in the shops, neither do they spin engineering theory in the university; but they function in both places. It is their business to find firms that will open their plants to students of the engineering school, to outline for each establishment an apprentice system that will give the student steady advancement from one department to another, and to secure a cordial understanding of this sort of work on the part of those who hire labor.

"The shop coördinator," explained Dr. Herman Schneider, who is both dean of the College of Engineering and dean of coöperative courses in America, "is a college graduate acquainted with shop practice. He spends every morning at the university and every afternoon in the shops. His function is to make weekly coördination of the work of the shop with the theory of the university. One afternoon, for example, he may be at the shops of a local manufacturing company, where he will observe the apprentices at their work. He will know what they are turning out—their speeds, feeds and cuts, the angle of the tool, how the batch of work is ticketed, how the work is set up, the power drive—everything important in connection with the operator. The next

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will do for him. Call at the Navy Recruiting Station near you, and find out from the officers there everything about the Navy.

Find out about the good pay, the steady promotion, the regular hours. The Navy's 50 different trades, and the chances to learn and practice one. The healthy life, the fine training, the good, wholesome food. The good company your boy will be in, the chances to see something of the world, and to lay by money.

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DON'T delude yourself by thinking the burglar will go away when he fails to find jewels and large cash in the house.

If he doesn't find them, he's coming for *you*. He believes you have money and jewels hidden somewhere. He's desperately intent on results—cash, jewels.

You protest you have nothing. It is in vain. He wants quick action, not denials. He is exasperated and will not be balked. He sees he must use force, must assault you to make you give up. Time is precious and the burglar's finger is on the trigger.

Don't let the burglar get to you. Have unfailing protection for you and your family in a quick pointing, quick shooting, ten-shot Savage Automatic. Each shot responds to a separate pull on the trigger. It is the only 10-shot pistol made.

Booklet about what to do if a burglar is in your home sent for 6 cents in stamps. This advice is gathered from detective and police authorities.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 71 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y

week these young men will be grouped together with their mates for two periods in class, where ultimately all problems of shop organization, shop accounting, cost keeping, shop planning, power transmission, heating, ventilating, lighting, and so on, are discussed. In addition, the coordinator employs a card system of actual shop problems, so that the teacher of theory in the university may draw out of the student's own experience much of the courses in mechanics, thermodynamics, machine design, strength of materials, shop economics, and so on."

America is taking seriously the need of native trained workmen, and is making prodigious strides to overcome the loss of the old indenture system of apprenticing. In addition to the public and private trade schools, some large corporations employing skilled labor have contributed to the increase of opportunity by voluntarily opening schools for the free education of their young men. Nearly every railroad of importance has dotted its line with apprenticeship schools. Academic branches are taught, as well as the varied operations of the particular calling. Time on full pay is given to capable young persons and, usually at the completion of the course, tools and a bonus of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. The various establishments of the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company have excellent schools of this sort. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; the American Locomotive Company, Dunkirk, New York, and the International Harvester Company, Chicago, Illinois, have adopted the apprentice school as a matter of self-protection.

Progressive Legislation

The whole country is stirred by the seriousness of our situation. A bill is now before Congress—the Page Bill—embodying a comprehensive scheme of national aid to schools for workers. Twenty-five states are now discussing laws that touch the needs of training for industry. Ohio and Wisconsin have recently adopted a remarkable law. In the cities of Ohio this law puts into the hands of the school authorities the power to require all working boys, sixteen years old or less, to attend definite hours in a public apprenticeship school. In Wisconsin there is an annual half-mill tax to support such schools. One year after the law went into effect in Wisconsin thirty coöperative part-time schools had been organized in the cities of the state, and these were taking care of over eleven thousand working children and over three hundred children temporarily unemployed.

The loss of time must be borne by the employer. That this is cheerfully done is exhibited in the working of the Apprentice School of Cincinnati, where, even before the law was operative, employers voluntarily stood an annual loss of thirty thousand dollars on the overhead charges of idle machines plus wages.

We are concerned here with the boy in the blue blickey and not the boy in the red sweater. If the latter chap has received the larger share of public-school funds in the past, we raise no complaint. Our point is to emphasize the public need of industrially trained youths in addition to the public need for youths educated for professional life, for leisure, or for any other useful thing.

The boy in the blue blickey belongs to a great multitude. It is important for all of us that the new type of shop-school education is giving him a chance at last.

That chance was well-nigh lost to him and with it the chance for a democratic industry. In the old days the foreman and the shopowner rose through the ranks—"from the bottom up"—and their strength was the strength of fighting experience. Modern industry, with its necessary specialization in labor and its overwhelming accumulation of technical knowledge, has made progress through self-help practically impossible. Men with expensive school training began to come in at the top, or near the top, developing a caste where the test was not ability to do but ability to pay. The new education opens the door again to the working youth of America, and says: "The future is no longer closed to you; yours is now the opportunity to move forward—the limit is fixed neither by special funds nor by special knowledge, but only by the old-fashioned possession of persistence, ambition and intelligence."

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of four articles by William Hughes Mearns. The third will appear in an early issue.

All-Year-Round Floor Coverings

Some people have the idea that CREX [illegible] are used principally on living porches and in summer homes. This is a wrong impression.

The great popularity and constant use of CREX in expensively furnished as well as in modest homes proves its adaptability for all year round use both indoors and out-of-doors.

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CREX is the ideal floor covering. It lightens the burden of keeping the house clean and bright. No covering of moderate cost is so cheerful, so healthful and so economical.

Go to the nearest dealer and inspect the CREX line. Note the artistic designs, color-combinations which will so tastefully blend with the hangings of any room. You'll be astonished at the reasonable prices.

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The story of CREX is interesting. It should be read by every [illegible]. We will mail a copy, also our 1913 [illegible] showing new patterns in life-like colorings. Ask for Catalogue A4. A postal request will do.

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We sell only through jobbers—but to introduce CREX in homes where unknown we will send direct, postage prepaid, upon receipt of 35 cents in stamps or coin, a sample rug 15 x 30 inches. State preference of color—green, red, blue or brown. There must be a CREX in your home for one of these rugs—then dealers anywhere.

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It will embrace hotels and modern apartment houses, convention and exhibition halls, clubs and restaurants, and department stores and specialty shops. In short, practically every sort of structure or enterprise incident to the modern city.

These features are all in addition to post office, express buildings and other natural adjuncts of the up-to-date terminal—to expeditiously handle diverse traffic.

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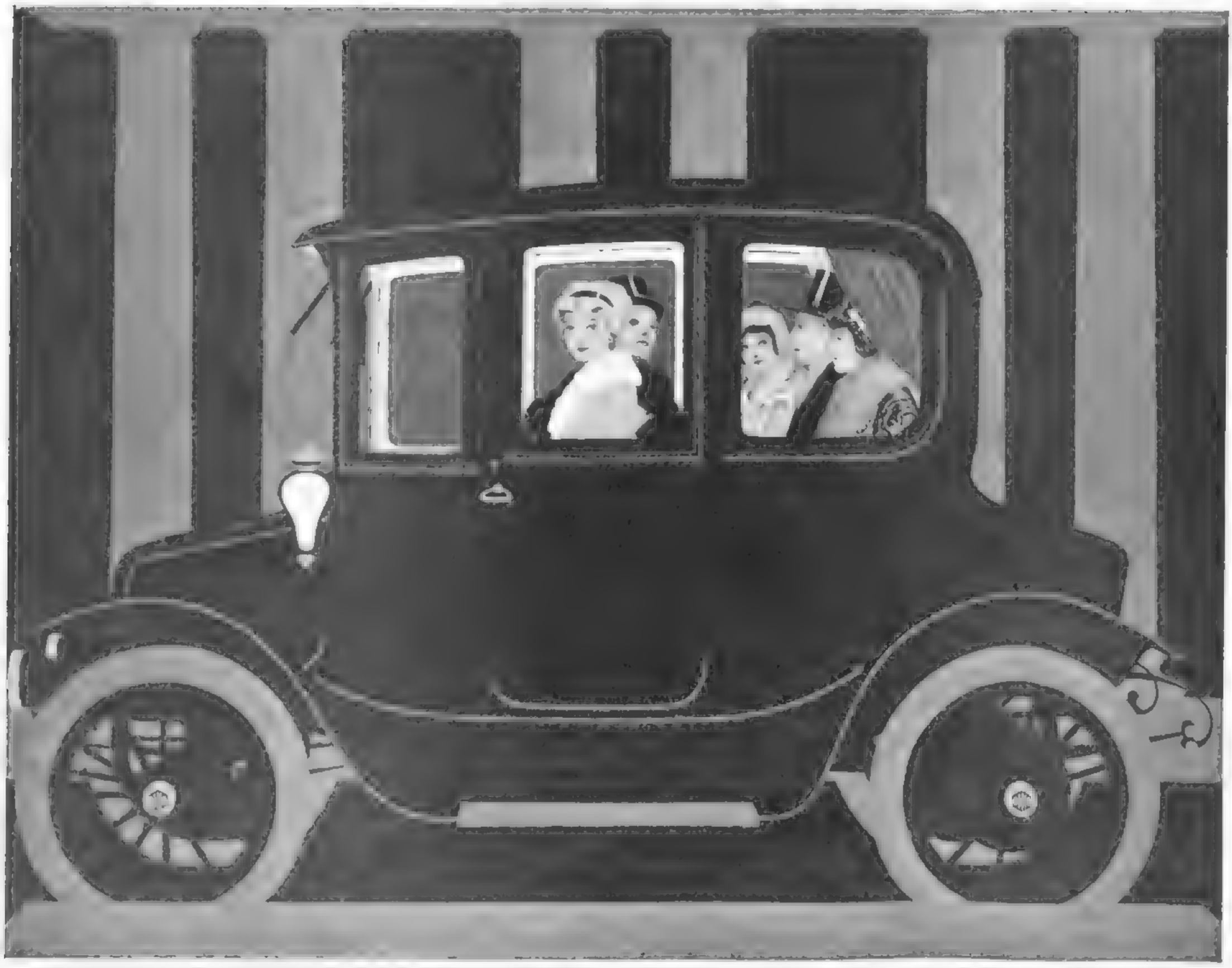
Will provide every detail essential to the comfort and convenience of its patrons. The Terminal itself is the physical embodiment of the latest and highest ideal of service. Its adequate description is impossible here. It must be seen to be appreciated—or indeed to be comprehended.

The main Terminal building alone is 722 feet long and 301 feet wide on the surface, and half again as wide below the street level. It will accommodate comfortably 30,000 people at one time.

Through and suburban service occupy different levels approached by inclines, avoiding stairways, so that each level may be reached without confusion. Incoming and outgoing traffic are segregated and the two currents of travel separated. Every facility is progressively arranged so that no step need be retraced, no time lost. There are 33 miles of track within the Terminal which will hold over 1000 cars at one time.

Dedicated to the Public Service, February, 1913.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES



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Ohio electrics, in addition to this splendid advantage, have our exclusive simple magnetic control, chainless shaft drive, without universal joints, magnetic brake—merely press a button—and our electric heater, which works without waste of current.

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Those who foresee Better Times and give their houses a coat of paint every year or two;
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So—to get your painting done when you want it done, *now* is the time to engage a good painter, decide upon a color scheme and select the paint.

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THE WOMAN WITH EMPTY HANDS

(Continued from Page 15)

the "matrimonially superfluous women"—thirty thousand? Impossible! I had misunderstood. She must have said three thousand. Thirty thousand! Why, that would be an army of them—an army of matrimonially superfluous women!

The whole idea was a brand-new one to me, and after I recovered from the sting of my personal feelings I experienced a sense of fellowship with women as a class larger than anything I had felt before. Those thirty thousand leftovers somehow belonged as a chapter in my sisterhood of widows.

My eyes at this were suddenly opened to some aspects of the world I had never before considered, for I may as well confess that in the bottom of my heart I had always had a distinct contempt for an old maid. I'd taken it for granted that if a woman wasn't married it was her own fault; she hadn't made herself attractive enough to men. But when you have thirty thousand surplus women somebody's bound to get left out.

Thought I: If they simply can't get husbands to look after their legal interests, who does it for them? Some other woman's husband, who doesn't care a rap about them personally—or oughtn't to?

In one minute, with that before me, my lifelong, cherished view of the whole question of marrying and getting in marriage underwent reconstruction; and that was the precise minute when I began to be a suffragist. The tide of my mind flowed on from sisterhood toward votes for women as the necessary consequence of insufficient husbands, and for the first time I appreciated the real meaning of the words, "Taxation without representation."

Within another minute or so I had thought of a dozen questions to put to the gray-eyed girl. I retraced my steps faster even than I had hurried off, but she was nowhere to be seen. I walked all through the neighborhood; there was no one resembling her.

Next morning at the same hour I was back on my beat looking for her, and without success; but the more I sought her, the more I felt I must find her and explain my real position to her.

I am, like most of my class and breed, a person of a good deal of singleness of purpose once my interest is aroused, and finding the gray-eyed girl now became a sort of an obsession with me. Apart from the questions I had for her, she appealed to something of my own life and traditions.

For about two weeks I industriously tramped the neighborhood where I had first seen her—it never occurred to me to look up any of the suffrage organizations and find her that way—and I finally discovered her standing on a soapbox! She was addressing a small crowd gathered about her, mostly women that seemed to be of the better-paid classes—stenographers, cashiers, and so on.

I wormed my way through the circle, pushing right and left, until I reached a place directly in front of her. Our eyes met. She recognized me, smiled and slightly bowed, and went on:

". . . You say: 'I am only one. One doesn't count'; and so you don't enroll with us.

"Oh, friends, every one does count! Our ranks are made of one and one, and we need every one.

"Others of you say: 'But I'm so busy; it's all I can do to get along myself. I have no time for anything outside my regular work.' Are there any here too busy for interest in the cause, in the great woman movement? We need numbers, of course, but still more do we need moral support, enthusiastic interest, public sentiment; and you, friends, are part of that. There's work to be done for the world, but we can't do it unless we have public sentiment back of us to support our efforts. Give your interest, then, if you have no time for anything else.

"Oh, my friends, your help is needed, and every one of us here now can help in breaking the way for the rest to follow. We of this day and generation are the bridge builders into a more beautiful future for those who have so little now. Our ideals today will be the realities of tomorrow. Only let us work for them; work together as one great sisterhood, without class prejudice or class distinction. Let us work north, south, east and west for the common

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Shivers' Panatela
Exact size and shape

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The picture at the left shows the Shivers' Panatela cigar; the one at the right is the Shivers' Club Special. These cigars have a filler of long Havana leaf (grown-in-Cuba Havana), and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra. Both are hand-made.

In some good cigar stores you can buy cigars as good as these, of the same quality of tobacco and workmanship, for never less than 10 cents each. I will sell these cigars to you for five dollars the hundred.

I make these cigars myself in my Philadelphia factory. I do not buy them. I sell them direct to the smoker, not to some store. This method saves selling expense. It also permits me to have customers in every State in the Union. The number of my customers, the constant re-ordering, the fact that I sell cigars by the box, direct and not through dealers, enable me to sell my cigars at about half what they would cost you over the counter.

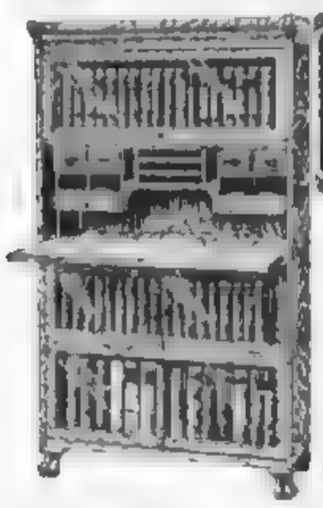
My faith that smokers would like my cigars prompted me years ago to make the offer set in heavy type below. This faith has been justified. Very, very seldom do my cigars give less than complete satisfaction. Here is my offer:

I will, upon request, send 50 Shivers' Panatelas or 50 Club Specials on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

There is no "joker," no "come-back" in *this* offer—you risk no money and do not obligate yourself to spend a penny. If you do not like my cigar, I lose express both ways and as many as you smoke.

Pick out the cigar you prefer, Club Special or Panatela, or order 50 of each if you wish. In ordering please enclose business card or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street **Philadelphia, Pa.**



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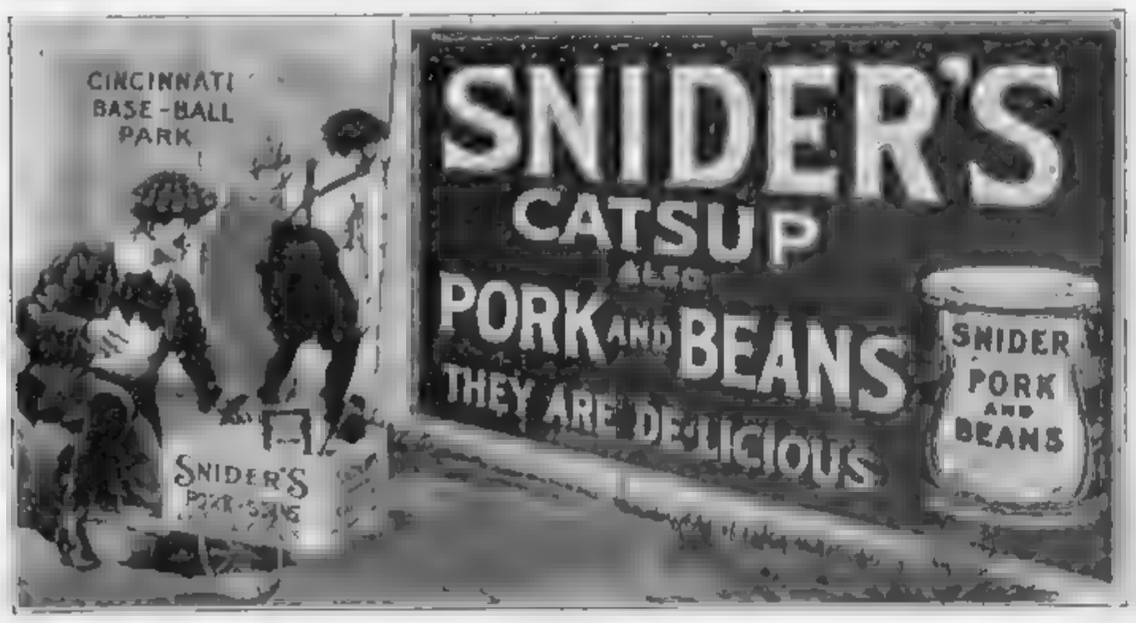

good, each taking some part in the woman movement now sweeping around the world.

"Every woman is needed, the Southern gentlewoman as much as any." Her eyes were earnestly searching my face and I saw she was appealing especially to me. Then she leaned a little forward and spoke directly to me. "Oh, my friend, the cause of woman needs you!"

A light that was lightness of spirit, of heart and of understanding seemed to break in me. I was needed at last. Countless women, or rather women's lives, seemed pressing around me from all quarters of the globe; women with toil-worn hands and aching backs, carrying the burdens of maternity; lives starved and weary with the struggle for bare existence on the planet; lonely women who could never find a mate; friendless women and cripples—a vast sisterhood of all women in the world, and I was one of them.

Instantly after, I felt appalled and ashamed that I should be able to live at ease and bemuse myself with grief, while hundreds of thousands—women like me—must work incessantly to keep bread in their mouths; and at the same time I felt exultant that I was called to help, that I was still in a world that could help. I was needed! "Every one was needed," the speaker said. I was at least one. I counted for something.

A salvation feeling flooded me, lifted me out of myself and carried me aloft on its wings. I can think of no other word than "salvation" for what I then experienced.

I can sum it up in this: I had the vivifying sense of a changed and lifted life with hands no longer empty.

I lost count of time and flowing words until I saw my little gray-eyed friend coming toward me with outstretched hand. I laid mine in hers and said: "I'm so glad! Use me any way you can."

She has told me since the tears were rolling down my cheeks. I did not know it. She slipped her arm through mine and took me with her.

III

I THOUGHT at first mine was an exceptional, dramatic and unusual conversion to the cause of woman suffrage. Talking with other workers I have learned to my surprise it was rather the contrary. Mine was unique only in its extremities of grief and realizations, not in its general pattern; not in the sudden fervency with which the cause is embraced, once the feeling of the great sisterhood of all women has taken possession of the imagination. With all converts the appeal is to a basic instinct, woman's hunger to be needed; an instinct so profoundly embedded in the very fibers of her being that without it she ceases to be woman.

Did you ever stop to think how, back to the very dawn of the world, woman has always felt herself needed by her young? Yes, the very beasts of the field and the birds of the air feel it too. And when in the dark recesses of her mind she knew her offspring needed feeding and protection and she responded to their cries, it was her first conscious recognition of a relationship that had a claim—a claim for service antedating the tribe, the herd, the hunting pack, and taking precedence over all other claims of pack, herd, tribe, nation, society or the world at large. For ages piled on ages that instinct has been silently growing and eternally responded to in woman's nature as it never has in man's, and for all those ages the instinct has been almost entirely absorbed and gratified within the four walls of home.

And now it is the world that has changed, not woman. Her home labors have shrunk and her world has enlarged, and it is a world with a good many things in it our grandmothers hardly knew the names of; popular magazines and the daily news of everything from pure milk to murder, theaters and symphony concerts, slums, sweatshops, child labor, Browning clubs, domestic economics, the servant problem, woman's increased earning capacity. In other words, ours is a world of a far greater variety of pleasures and wider call to our sympathies.

But the change in myself was, I think, much more than a change in point of view; it was an actual development of my psychic nature. And this is true of the entire movement. We are following a traced way; we are living out our heritage from the mother instinct of the ages, the desire to be needed, bequeathed us in direct succession since mother instinct came into the world.

(Continued on Page 56)

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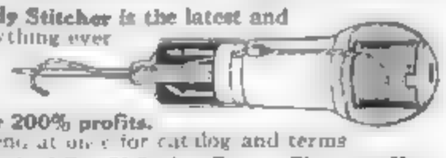

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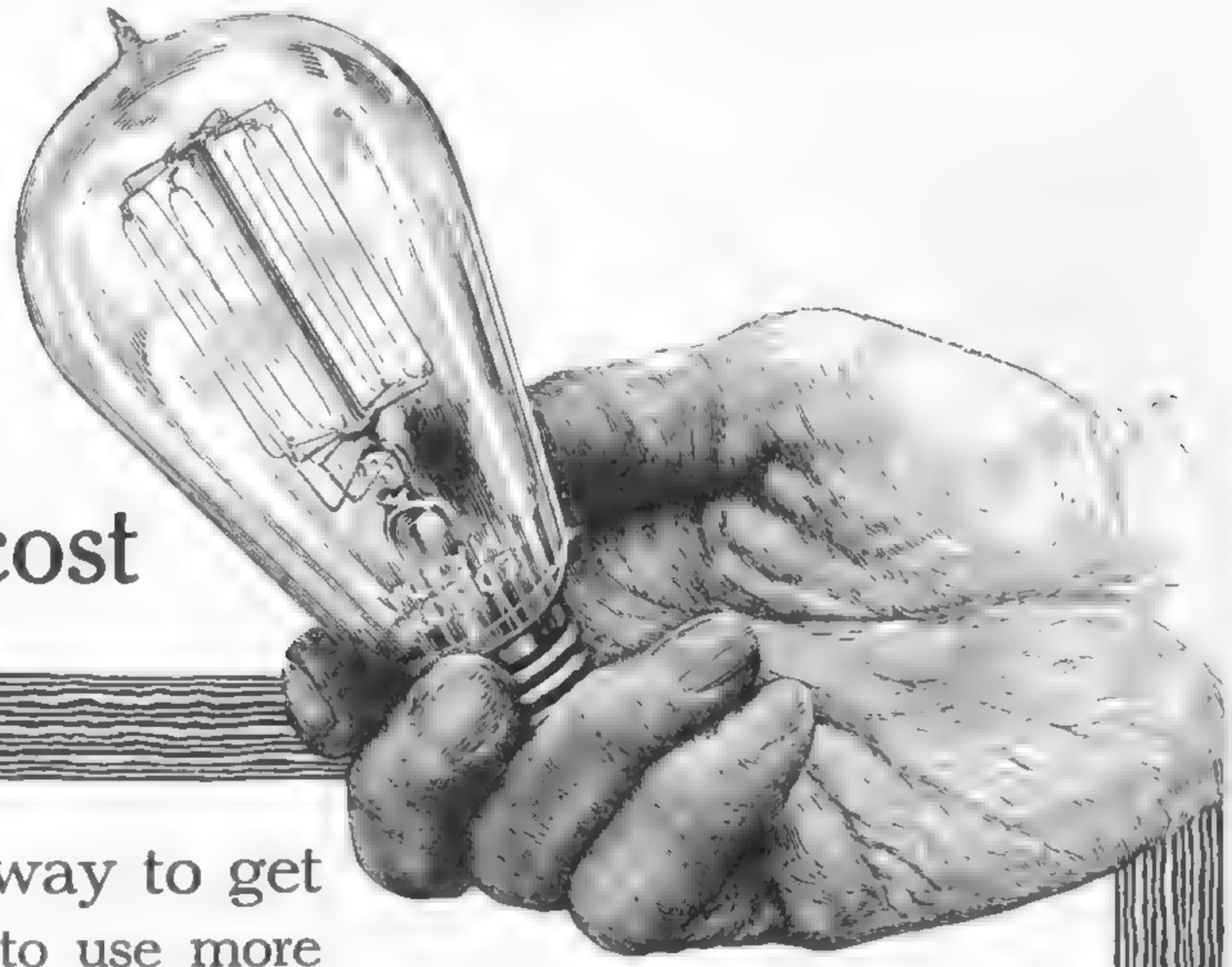

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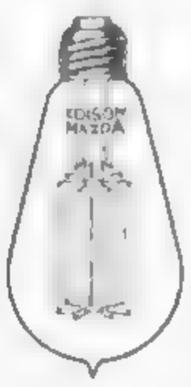

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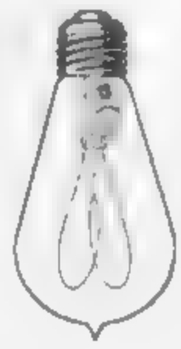

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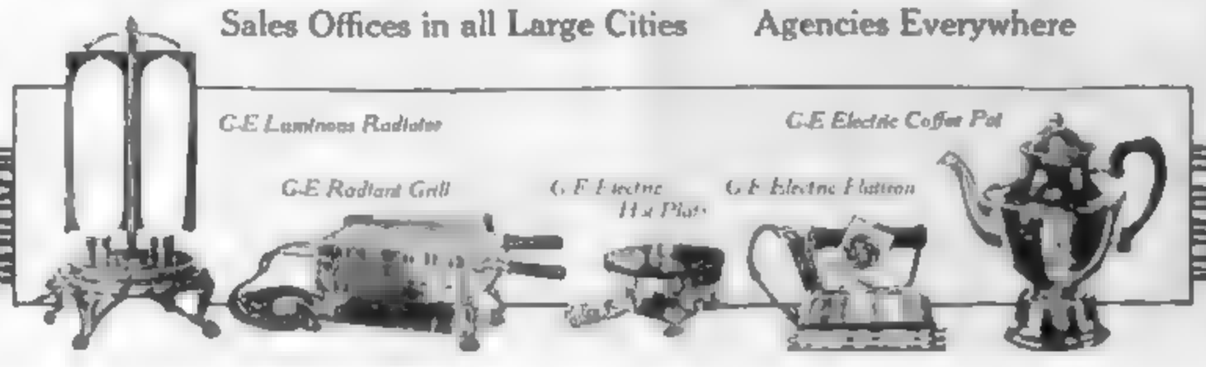

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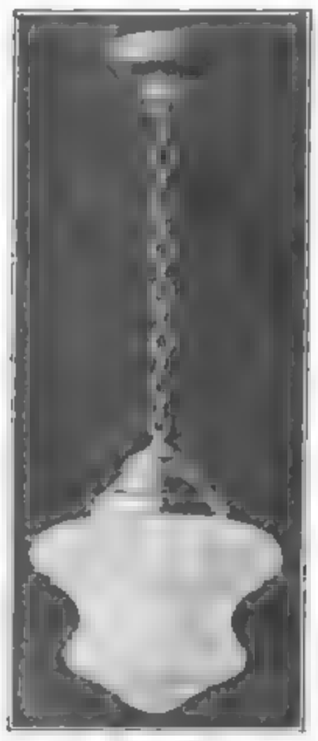

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(Continued from Page 54)

Instinct, that is to me the magic word, the key to the mystery of the whole woman movement; that is the invincible, overwhelming force back of it all.

Stop and think what instinct really means. When nature wants a job done—a big job like keeping alive a species or populating the earth; a job requiring sacrifice and self-effacement and endless work and watching—does she call in reason, argument, philosophy, art, science, religion, economics or philanthropy? Not a bit of it! She hands that job over to a fundamental instinct, and instinct gets that job done. The very hardest thing in the world to change is a fundamental instinct, for it will live on and on for untold centuries after the natural object of it has disappeared.

In women the instinct for service has survived a large part of the need for her former specialized services in the home. That instinct must satisfy itself somewhere. A woman will go through fire and water to give herself to what needs her most; she will sacrifice her comfort, her pleasures, her ambitions, her beauty, her reputation and even her very life, content in the thought that she has served a loved one. Literally she will stop at nothing, once the instinct calls to her to act, whether the call come from a beloved object, a beloved institution, a beloved cause or a beloved ideal. That is what made the suffragists and is now turning them wholesale into suffragettes.

I know, as thousands of us know, that no matter what my social traditions or what my reason tells me, I am ready now to fight, as ready as the serene old cow is ready to gore the wolf circling her and her calf, or the timid sparrow is ready to fly at the snake crawling toward her nest and try to peck out his eyes for him. It is the readiness of millions of timid mothers before us. Reason says: "Fly away and save your own feathers"; instinct tells me to stay where I am and fight in the defense of the thing I love, and talk about it afterward.

Nor do I need to pray for courage to join a riot, throw stones, scratch faces, tear clothes, or anything else that comes along in the course of defending my ideals. That courage was born in me as my woman's heritage of the ages and trained by every tradition of my personal life and of the South.

Here is the important point, it seems to me, the men and the antis are all missing in the psychology of the present stage of the suffrage movement, particularly as it is manifesting in England: When driven to despair of the use of milder methods despair of argument with a wolf or moral suasion with a snake—we start in fighting, nerved and spurred to it by one of the oldest instincts in the world: defense of our offspring of body or brain. The instinct has never changed, and may Heaven defend us from the woman who isn't womanly enough to stand up and fight, regardless of self-interest, for the thing she loves! The woman who isn't willing to isn't a woman at all, she's only an apology in petticoats.

Realizing this now, I frankly glory in being "a creature of instinct." It makes me feel consciously allied, as I never did before, with the whole living world, one with its primal forces, partaker of its progress, assistant creator of its coming achievements.

IV

THE great procession marked the halfway stage between my being a suffragist and a suffragette; it was to me the final loosing of a bondage to an eye-service conventionality. Up to that time I could enthusiastically attend meetings and all that sort of thing, but I couldn't—no, I simply could not—go out into the public streets and exhibit myself to the gaping multitude. Gracious, no! My little cherished dignity would never allow it! What would my friends think if they saw me? I still cared a great deal what people thought about me, even if I didn't care a rap for the people who did the thinking. But when my little gray-eyed friend said: "Of course, you must show yourself with us; you must do your share in the open with the new crusadera, not sit back coddling yourself on a cushion within your castle walls while the rest march forth afoot carrying the banner of progress," I got terribly ashamed of my cowardice and went along like a lamb.

The two weeks before the procession I spent mostly in screwing my courage up, notch, notch, notch, with all the noble reasons for my joining in that I could lay hands on. Every time I quailed at the

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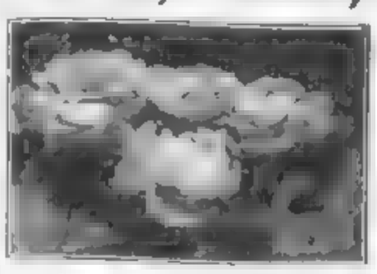

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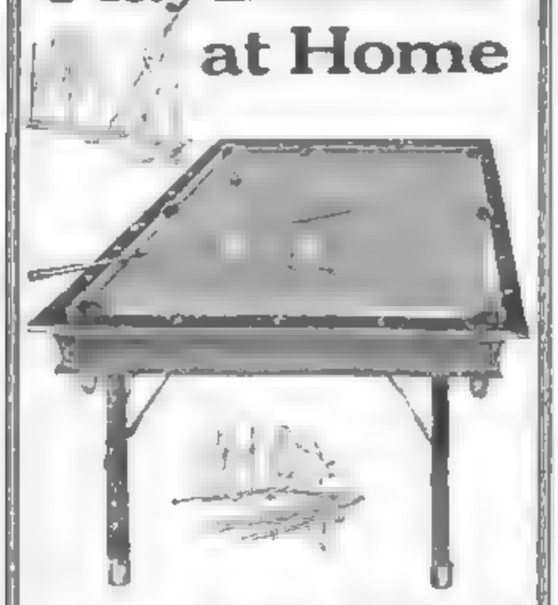

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picture of little, home-loving me afoot in the middle of the street, I repeated what my friend had said, quoted a text, or took thought unto my forebears that had fought and died for the cause of secession in the South; none of which made the picture less dreadful, but only kept my mind off it. Up to the last minute I was still inwardly quailing, quaking and shuddering with outraged conventions, though I was in a do-or-die determination when our division gathered at its meeting-place.

Just a lot of women like myself! A crowd getting more jammed every minute as the hall filled, and every one laughing, chatting, calling back and forth, hand-clasps and howdy-do's mixed up together, with directions for the march shooting like rockets through the buzz of voices. Were they all quailing inside too? They certainly didn't show it, and no more would I! The battle was on; die game!

Presently I became conscious of a subtle, vibrant undertone throughout the room, an electric thrill in the words passing among us: "You here?" And the sharp reply: "Of course I'm here!" Some added: "Do you think I'd let this slip?"

As my little gray-eyed friend spied me and shot her question through a smile, I shot back: "Of course I'm here!" and began to feel it wasn't so very dreadful, so shockingly unladylike after all. I got quite brave about it and told myself I was glad I'd come.

A bugle sounded. Almost pellmell we hurried down to form in line. The band heading our division struck up; the ranks in front of me marked time, swung into step, marched. Before I knew it I was marking time and moving forward in the great procession.

My heart beat wildly, partly through nervousness, partly through the excitement of the crowd and the music. For some minutes, in front of the throng of strange faces lining the street where we formed, it seemed as if I might faint. Then we wheeled, rank on rank, into Fifth Avenue, and before me as far as my eye could reach stretched that great army of marching women.

With the first block on the Avenue all my nervousness left me; verily, I seemed to be treading air, not the dust of the common roadway. With another block or two I seemed to be swept entirely out of myself on a resistless tide of aspiration flowing onward, ever onward, toward the ideal of universal fraternity, its banners borne aloft by women's hands.

You never know until you have been in it the tremendous emotion of a procession marching for a cause, something never experienced in ordinary life that catches you up and sweeps you along with it, tears you out of yourself and fills you with the strength of hundreds. For the first time I realized the force of the woman movement gaining headway all over the civilized world, the sheer mass of it in terms of human flesh and blood.

Nothing could hold us back now. Individuals among us might fail and fall out of the procession, but countless others were rising up to take our places. The cause could not fail.

I think one can never be quite the same again after such an experience. I was not. Somewhere along the line of march I had shed the shackles of convention and had left behind my petty self and its withholdings. Thenceforth I felt I could withhold nothing from the cause—not ease and personal comfort, or money, or dignity, or even reputation. The whole of me had been called out in a burst and I felt too big for the old shell. The old shell was too small; it pinched my soul!

From that experience when we disbanded I walked away a suffragette!

■

THE event that made me admittedly a suffragette I must of necessity touch very lightly here. Enough to say it was a matter the name of which I barely knew, and whose meaning in terms of a life to live I didn't know at all. The case that converted me to militancy was a girl brought from my own state and rescued, running away, half clothed, half starved, on the street by my gray-eyed friend. I took the child home until we could decide what to do with her and had had an opportunity of hearing her story.

Though I learned soon enough it was the common one, it was my first glimpse into the underworld. I walked the floor almost the entire night, boiling.

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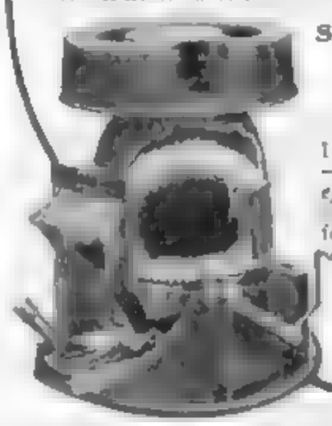

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Works like a carpet sweeper. We have three machines [illegible] all mahogany and wood, two all metal, nickel plate [illegible] $7.50 to $12.50. Write for catalogue. Salesmen wanted.

The Sterling Vacuum Cleaner Co.
Sole Distributors, Sebring, Ohio

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid [illegible] Both for $10

Hot Water, double walls, copper tank, self-[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

For Winter **chapping** *of* FACE *and* HANDS

Liquid Cream 50c **HINDS** Honey and Almond **CREAM** *Cold Cream* 25c

Recovers at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it. Is not greasy, cannot grow hair, is absolutely harmless. At all dealers.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube. A. S. HINDS, 89 West St., Portland, Maine

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

The best—yes!—and for good reasons:

The largest skate factory in the world; expert designers; intimate knowledge of skaters' needs; an exclusive and scientific process for tempering skate steel; flint-hard runners; over fifty years' experience; world-wide sales.

Winslow's Hockey Skates Cannot be Equalled

Under any conditions Winslow's Hockey Skates are perfect in detail and in action. They combine all the good points any player can wish, whether expert or amateur. Write for the new descriptive catalogue No. 2, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Factory and Main Offices: Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.
Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St.
Pacific Coast Sales Agency: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., San Francisco

Stocks to be found at LONDON 8 Long Lane, E. C. PARIS, 84 Avenue de la Grande Armee BERLIN, SYDNEY and BRISBANE, Australia, DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON New Zealand

Makers of the famous Winslow's Roller Skates

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Don't pull up your socks; keep them up—with

PARIS GARTERS

25¢ - 50¢

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago and New York

ROSES of NEW CASTLE

Is the greatest book on the culture of roses and other [illegible] 70 pages, [illegible] Describes [illegible] Roses, hardy plants, bulbs, [illegible] for home planting—FREE. [illegible] Roses of New Castle always grown on their own roots.

KELLER BROS. CO., Box 118, New Castle, Ind.

Best Birds, Best Eggs Lowest Prices

All leading [illegible] varieties. [illegible] Incubators and Brooders. [illegible]

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Rockford, Ill.

Modern Improved Hatcher. Heat, Moisture, Ventilation—all measured and regulated automatically in Mandy Lee Incubators. Everything made exact. A great advance; fewer hatches spoiled [illegible] plan of ventilation. Better chicks, more of them. Book free. Geo. H. Lee Company, 1150 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

Money In Poultry and Squabs Start small, Grow BIG. [illegible]

F. FOY, Box 4, Des Moines, Iowa

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

GOLD EDGES
For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes
AIR CUSHION FINISH

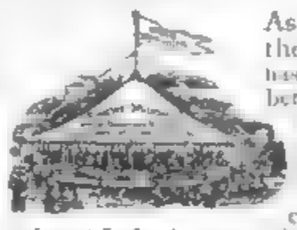
1913 SPECIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES Revised up-to-date to meet the needs of players. ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CLUB INDEXES
In use in all
The Civilized
Countries of
The World
For General Play
IVORY or AIR CUSHION FINISH

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

A BIG INCOME



As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrousels. They are simple in construction, [illegible] to operate. Write for [illegible] and get started.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
172 Sweeney Street North Tonawanda, N. Y.

This Portable Fireproof Garage

Comes Complete—Ready to Set Up

Pruden System of [illegible] self [illegible] metal [illegible]

No any other. No wood. No framework nec[illegible]

Ideal [illegible] for cottages stores warehouses hunting lodges

Write for Big, New Catalog

METAL SHELTER CO., 8-42 W. Water St., St. Paul, Minn.
Patentees and Sole Mfrs. of Pruden System Buildings

WHEN YOU GO TO NEW YORK TRY THE

GRAND UNION HOTEL

JUST OPPOSITE THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION
42ND ST. AND PARK AVE

HANDY TO SHOPS & THEATERS
ROOMS $1.00 A DAY AND UPWARD

BAGGAGE TO AND FROM STATION FREE
MODERATELY PRICED RESTAURANTS

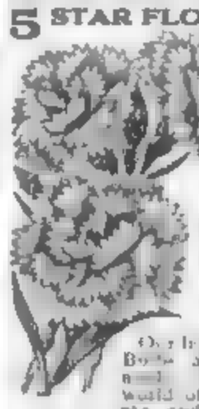
LEARN ABOUT OUR NEW COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

A Great Opportunity We are offering for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing our assortment of

"Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors This is a great opportunity for ambitious persons, either sex, to increase their earning capacity. Good show card writers in constant [illegible] salary or in business for yourself. Our show card course is not a book of alphabets [illegible] a complete course in lettering compiled by an expert New York [illegible] Litholia [illegible] water paint [illegible] Litholia [illegible] Litholia [illegible] artist, or the interior decorator. A letter of request brings booklet, circulars and full information.

LITHOLIA S.P. COLOR CO. 71 to 81 West 23rd Street, New York City

5 STAR FLOWER SEED NOVELTIES For Only 10 Cts.



Octavia Castle Gould, most brilliant of flowers.
Crego Aster, monster white, [illegible]
Carnation [illegible]
Giant Portulaca, [illegible] in brilliancy.
Orchid flowered Pansies, wonderful colors and forms.

These 5 most superb Novelties sold last year for one dollar. Nothing better in cultivation. We mail all 5 with cultural directions and [illegible] for 10 cts.

Our big Catalogue [illegible] Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs and [illegible] free to [illegible] We are the largest growers in the world of Gladiolus, Cannas, Dahlias, Lilies, etc., and our stocks are the best and cheapest.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Up to that period I seem to have thought very little in detail of the legal aspect of the woman movement. I had put it to myself as "working for the cause of progress," "helpfulness," "the great sisterhood, bettering the conditions for all women," vaguely and without formulating the betterment in terms of specific laws and statutes on the books. Now it suddenly came home to me that if we were to better anything we must get right down to the laws, and we could do nothing with the laws until we had the vote. "Votes for women" had been to me a sort of halleluiah and amen. Now it took on a poignant, insistent, definite meaning, colored with the tragedy of a little ruined life, better dead a thousand times than living with the memories of its past.

I flamed. Literally I saw red. Something must be done. We women must stop talking and act! Fight! Throw stones! Do anything, it didn't matter what, so long as we got the vote and could legislate in our own protection and the protection of the children!

The fury of that mood passed off with daylight, but its marks remain with me still, and I am only one of thousands of women who have felt the same at least once in their lives over man's injustice.

I admit it is quite useless for mere man or an antisuffragist to discuss the situation with me calmly, tell me cold reasons why "it isn't expedient to give woman the unrestricted franchise," or point out "what women haven't yet done in the states where they vote, therefore we have every reason to suppose ——" and so on *ad nauseam*; not because I'm deaf to reason or opposed to calm argument in their place, but because when an instinct boils over it sweeps away reasons and arguments and rushes into action along the open way. Instinct invariably says: "*Do!*" And that is all I think of—Do! Do something, and do it quickly and effectively. Let there be an end of shilly-shallying.

We militant suffragettes feel we are soldiers of the common good of woman, and many of us have reached the place where we are ready to fight and die for the cause, if our dying will help it one step forward, as our ancestors faced death and fought through the Civil War or the Revolution for causes they held dearer than life. Are we fighting now sex against sex, woman against man? At times it almost seems that way; it feels that way, too, in my moments of indignation at the injustice of some of the man-made laws for us. I have what I certainly never had in my youth, a sense of opposition to the entire sex. I have grown pugnacious, and only the memory of personal loved ones keeps me from becoming bitter toward every creature with a vote that I am deprived of. And yet to say that we—my friend and I and thousands more suffragettes—no longer desire domestic life, that we wouldn't marry the right man if we were properly asked to, is the absurdity of an infantile mind that doesn't know what women are made of.

Even though a suffragette, I am still a woman as much as I ever was, and more so in some ways. Still I must say this—I could never marry again on the former terms. I could not now engage to deliver over all my thought, time, energy, devotion, ambition and money to my husband's and my individual interests as I once did. For with the larger development of my mind, the wider horizon opened to my view through suffragism, the sense of great issues and a closer sisterhood, I can no longer regard the home as a purely personal affair between two people and their offspring. I see the home now as part of an immense, complicated, embracing whole to which every woman owes a duty; to which she is bound by high moral obligation to render whatever service of work or support in its forward progress she is able to give.

To the Point

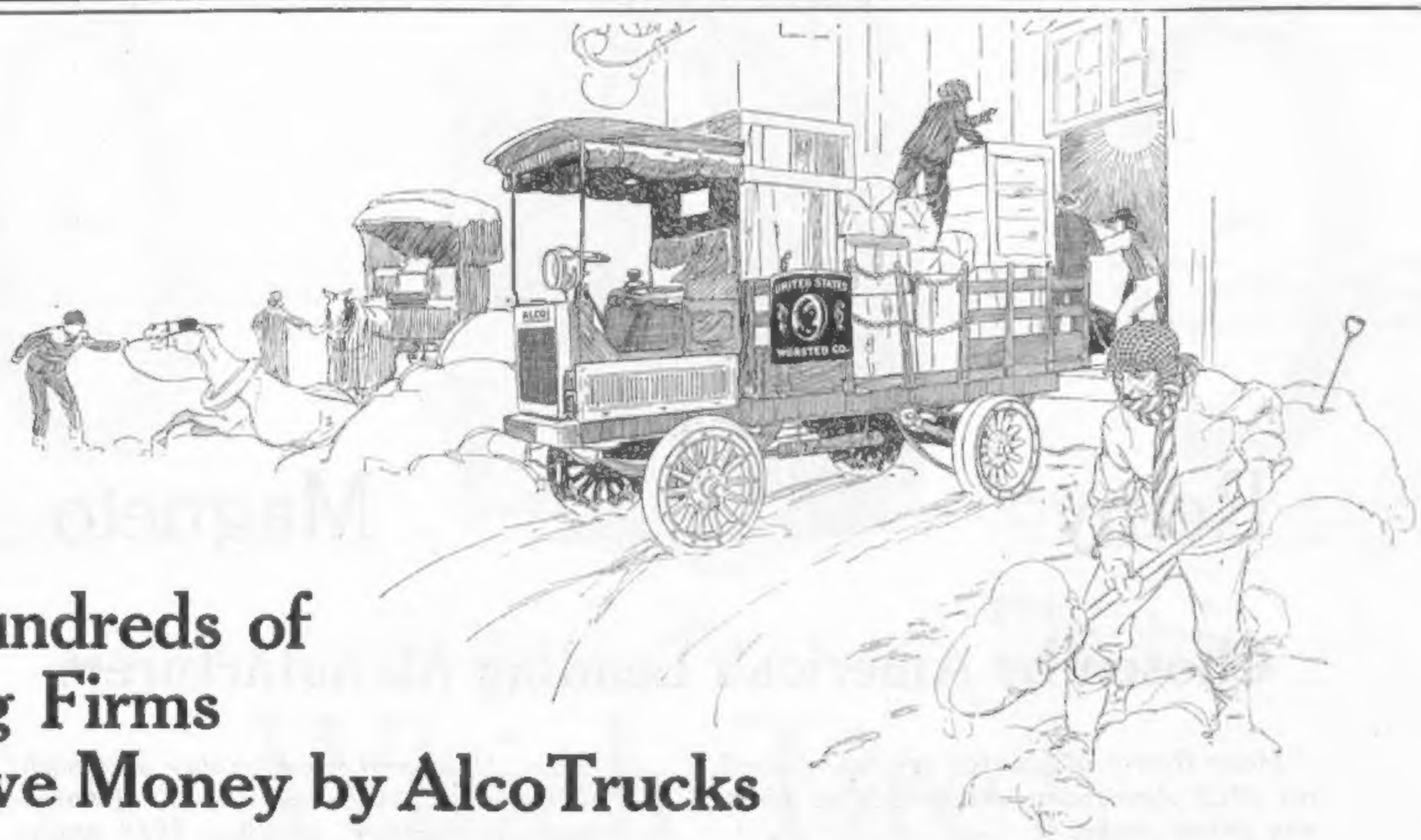
THE late Thomas B. Jeffery, who built bicycles and automobiles, was a man of few words. One day he was on a railroad train when a traveling acquaintance called his attention to a big building in a town by which the train was passing.

"See that warehouse?" asked the traveler. "Well, ten years ago I could have bought that whole thing for seven thousand dollars and now it's worth twenty."

"Did you have the seven thousand?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, then," said Jeffery, "I wouldn't let it worry me."



Hundreds of Big Firms Save Money by Alco Trucks

One Alco truck is displacing six horses; another eight; another ten; another eighteen; another twenty. One saves 66 per cent; another saves 20 cents a ton; another delivers 150 miles a day. Alco trucks are saving in 103 different lines of business. Below are specific instances:

Coal

20 Cents Earned Per Ton

The Seaconnet Coal Company of Providence, R.I., save 20 cents a ton. One Alco owned by the Godfrey Coal Company of Milton, Mass., displaces four horses.

Contractors

On One Trip Hauls 18 Tons

Carlson & Torell of Hartford, Conn., make 80 miles a day now—horses did well to make ten. John Quinlan of Montreal has four trailers attached to his Alco, and hauls on each trip 18 tons. Palmer Bros. Construction Company of San Diego, Cal., move houses with their Alco.

Dairies

Supplant 9 Horses by Alco

One Alco in service of the South Lincoln Dairy Supply Company of Boston, displaces 9 horses. The Alco truck owned by Levy Dairy Company of New York replaces 8 horses.

Dry Goods

Save 33⅓ Per Cent on Delivery Costs

Lord & Taylor of New York City use their Alco day or night. The Spokane Dry Goods Company is saving 33⅓ per cent.

Express

$290,000 Their Alco Investment

Over $290,000 is invested in Alco trucks by express companies. One company has over $136,000 in Alcos. The American Express Company operate 28, the Long Island Express 20, Westcott Express Company 12, Wells Fargo 6.

Farmers

Increase Profits $22 a Trip

Alfred P. Griffith of Azusa, Cal., saves $30 a month in salaries alone by his Alco. Charles Siedler of Maxville, Mo., profits $22 per trip.

Furniture

Save Over $100 Per Month

G. C. Flint & Company of New York now accomplish with one Alco in one day's work what horses did in two days. The Kennedy Furniture Company of Chicago have tripled their radius of delivery.

Grocers

6 Alcos Replace 36 Horses

Each of six Alcos owned by T. C. Jenkins of Pittsburgh displaces six horses.

Ice

Save 66⅔ Per Cent Over Horses

The Hygienic Ice Company of Chicago have done away with three teams at a saving of 66⅔ per cent over horses.

Leather

Does Work of 20 Horses

The Alco owned by the Wagner Leather Company of Briceland, Cal., displaces 20 horses—five 4-horse teams.

Lumber

Load Alco in 2 Minutes

Two Alcos in the service of the Newburg Motor Transportation Company of Los Angeles displace six 2-horse teams. Each loads up in two minutes. Watson & Pittinger of Brooklyn, load lumber on their Alco in two minutes by a special device.

Miners

Replace 18 Horses in Alaska

One Alco owned by the Alaska-Gastineau Mining Company of Juneau, Alaska, in the Chilkoot Mountains, replaces 18 horses.

ALCO

Motor Trucks

6½ Ton 5 Ton 3½ Ton 2 Ton

Movers

Deliver 150 Miles a Day

The Liberty Storage and Warehouse Company of New York have moved goods in one day formerly requiring three by horses. Bosworth Bros. of Chicago often deliver furniture 150 miles.

Oil

Invest $187,850 in Alcos

Refiners have invested $187,850 in Alco trucks. The Gulf Refining Company have 17 Alcos, Standard Oil Company 11, the Union Oil Company 9.

Packers

Save by Alco 47 Per Cent

Nearly all the big packers own Alcos—Morris & Company, Swift & Company, Armour & Company, and so on. Morris has ten. Roberts & Oake of Chicago have two Alcos, which average a dividend of 47 per cent.

Shoes

Costs Cut in Half by Alco

Rice & Hutchins of New England have cut down their shoe delivery cost 50 per cent.

Steel

3 Teams Replaced at Saving

One Alco in the service of the Cambria Steel Company of Johnstown, Pa., displaces three heavy teams at one-half the former cost.

Soaps

Made Longest Delivery on Record

Chas. W. Young & Company of Philadelphia delivered by Alco three tons of soap across the continent, 4,145 miles—the longest motor truck delivery on record.

Textiles

Never Lost a Working Day

The U. S. Worsted Company's Alco did not lose a single day last winter.

Truckmen

$8 Saved Every Trip

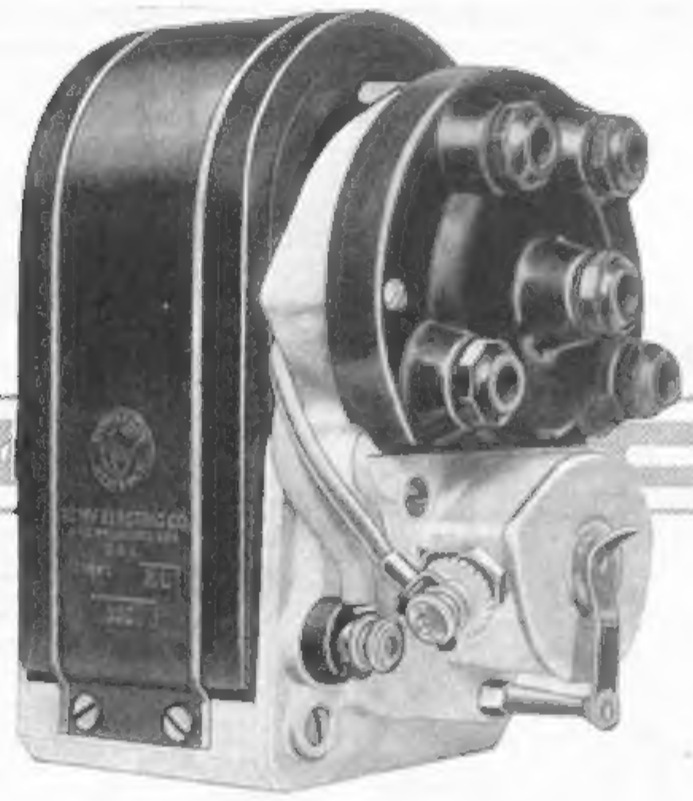
Holzhausen & Duncan of Los Angeles earn $8 a load. The Cartwright Draying Company of San Francisco use a trailer which gives them 8 tons to a trip.

If Alco trucks save money in these lines of business, they may save money for you in your line of business. Write today for data about Alco trucks in your own business—contained in the new 112 page book on the Alco. Sent gratis. Address Division M.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY 1886 Broadway, NEW YORK

Builders of Alco Motor Trucks, Alco Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Movers of the World's Goods Since 1835. Capital, $50,000,000



Remy Magneto

Chosen by America's Leading Manufacturers

More Remy Magnetos are being used on 1913 American Automobiles than any other make.

Our contracted Sales for 1913 are Five Times Greater than in 1912.

One thousand men, in day and night shifts, are busy in the world's greatest magneto factory, building 1913 equipment for the leading manufacturers.

We ship over 13,000 Remys monthly.

THE greatest aggregate board of automobile engineers in the world recommends the use of the new Remy Magneto. This is an unheard of acknowledgment of the merit of a magneto. It is an expression of the confidence of this country's foremost manufacturers in Remy Magnetos and the facilities of the Remy plant in Anderson, Indiana. It means that factory heads, responsible for returns from financial investments totaling one half billion dollars, put their stamp of approval on the new Remy Magneto. These men are ready to trust their entire 1913 productions and business reputations to the performance of the new Remy.

And these builders in making their choice consulted more than 10,000 automobile dealers throughout the United States. They, too, approved the Remy.

Each of these groups of engineers, manufacturers and dealers feel secure in buying Remy quality. The engineers know the Remy stood their punishing tests; the manufacturers know the Remy from its inception; the dealers know the Remy as having made good on more than 300,000 cars during the last 15 years. All of these groups know that the Remy is the simplest ignition device made; that this simplicity is backed by Remy Magneto Service for Users, Dealers and Manufacturers.

Remy service insures continuous satisfaction to owner, dealer and manufacturer. From far off Calgary and Winnipeg to El Paso and Houston; from Vancouver to Savannah; from Los Angeles to New York—you are always within easy reach of a Remy headquarters. When we say "Remy headquarters" we mean a fully equipped factory branch and service station—with facilities for repair adjustments, second only to those at the mammoth Remy plant in Anderson, Indiana.

Always, when considering magnetos and magneto service, remember: The Remy Electric Company is the pioneer manufacturer of magnetos in this country—one of the first in the world.

We created "Ignition Service."

There are more than fifty Remy branches and service stations located in North American motoring centers for intelligent service to Remy users.

See that a new Remy is on the car you buy.

We have published a simple explanation of magnetos in general and Remys in particular. It is written so that a school boy can understand it. Copy to you on request.

Exchange your Old Magneto, any make, for a New 1913 Remy; it will cost you practically no more than repairs on your present ignition system.

See the Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition Exhibit at the Chicago Automobile Show, Space 66, Coliseum Balcony.

The Remy Electric Company, Anderson, Indiana

Service Stations.

Anderson, Ind.	Charlotte, N. C.	El Paso, Texas.	Memphis, Tenn.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Savannah, Ga.
Albuquerque, N. M.	Chicago, Ill.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Milwaukee, Wis.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.
Atlanta, Ga.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Houston, Texas.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Portland, Me.	Spokane, Wash.
Baltimore, Md.	Cleveland, Ohio.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Nashville, Tenn.	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis, Mo.
Birmingham, Ala.	Columbus, Ohio.	Jacksonville, Fla.	New Orleans, La.	Providence, R. I.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.	Dallas, Texas.	Kansas City, Mo.	New York City, N. Y.	Rochester, N. Y.	Utica, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Denver, Colo.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Norfolk, Va.	San Antonio, Texas.	Washington, D. C.
	Detroit, Mich.	Louisville, Ky.	Omaha, Neb.	San Francisco, Cal.	

Canada—Vancouver, B. C.; Calgary, Alberta; Montreal, Que.; Winnipeg, Manitoba; Hamilton, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.

The Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tire ends Blowouts, Punctures and Dangerous Skidding, yet gives Utmost Riding Comfort

The Pneumatic Tire gives Ample Riding Comfort, but is Subject to Blowouts and Punctures—Gives but one-third the Mileage of Motz

The Solid or Truck Tire won't puncture and gives long Mileage, but it Jolts the Occupant and damages the delicate Mechanical parts of an Electric

In Buying Your Pleasure Electric

Which Tire?

The time to find out about tires is *before*, not *after* you've bought your pleasure electric car.

You can buy *Solid Tires*, *Pneumatic Tires* or *Motz Non-Skid* Cushion Tires.

If you get Solid Tires, commonly known as "truck tires," you'll find your car jolty and uncomfortable. And in a short time you'll probably discover that its delicate, mechanical parts are being ruined. For Solid Tires are hard and unyielding. They are not sufficiently shock-absorbing. The man or woman who uses Solid Tires hoping to save *tire* expense does so vastly at the sacrifice of personal comfort and greatly to the detriment of the car. *Ask any one who has used Solid Tires on a pleasure electric to tell their experience.*

Next, consider the *Pneumatic* Tire. *This* tire *does* absorb shocks. It gives comfortable riding. It protects the mechanism. In spite of exasperating punctures, blowouts and high upkeep cost, the pneumatic is, for HIGH SPEED CARS, the best tire now known. *If pleasure electric cars were driven at 30, 40, 50 or 60 miles per hour, perhaps none but pneumatic tires would be used.*

But pleasure electric cars are not driven at above 25 miles per hour. At *that* speed, or under, there is one other tire besides the pneumatic which gives utmost riding comfort, which amply protects the car. And this *other* tire entirely does away with *punctures*, *blowouts* and *dangerous skidding*. Moreover, it never needs repairs, and it gives, on the average, three times the mileage of the pneumatic tire.

This is the Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tire. Now a *proven* tire, after 4 years' usage. Now adopted by practically every maker of pleasure electric cars. Now gaining in popularity at the amazing rate of 500% per year. Now seen wherever electric cars are driven.

One recognizes the Motz at a glance. Its appearance is so characteristic—the double notched treads, the undercut sides, the slantwise bridges. Perhaps you'll see this tire again and again *today*, on the leading boulevards of your city. Look for it.

The Secret of Their Success

Women and men marvel at how comfortably a Motz-equipped pleasure electric rides.

Perhaps they would understand if they knew these facts.

We use, in this tire, the famous "417" Rubber. It costs 50% per pound more than the ordinary kind. And we use nearly 50% *more* rubber than is usual for tires of this carrying capacity.

This extra *quality* and extra *quantity* of rubber alone would insure unusual shock-absorbing qualities.

But note the *construction* of the Motz. Note the *double, notched treads*, the *undercut sides*, the *slantwise bridges*. Few, except mechanical engineers, can fully appreciate how amazingly these features add to the cushioning qualities of a tire. Needless to say, this construction is *patented*. It can be used only on a Motz Tire.

The End of Tire Trouble

These tires entirely do away with punctures, blowouts and dangerous skidding. They end tire breakdowns and delays. They are absolutely dependable at all times—just the equipment for cars driven by women and girls, or by men who would avoid tire troubles of all kinds.

They Cut Down Expenses

The initial cost of these tires is somewhat above pneumatic tires, but think what they save! Not only *trouble* but all kinds of expense. They *never* need repairs.

They end the *carrying of tire repair outfits* and *emergency* tires.

And they are *guaranteed* on pleasure electrics for *10,000 miles, two years*. That's about treble the guaranteed mileage of the ordinary pneumatic tire. Some sets of Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tires have given 25,000 miles' service.

If you care for *economy*, you'll use Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tires!

Remember This

After 4 years' test of these tires, almost every maker of pleasure electrics has adopted them.

Thousands of pleasure car owners in every state now use them.

And each user by telling his experience to others has increased the popularity of the Motz Non-Skid Cushion Tire *ten fold in two years*.

It is the King-of-electric car tires.

Easy to put on, too. For it fits any standard clincher, universal quick detachable or demountable rim.

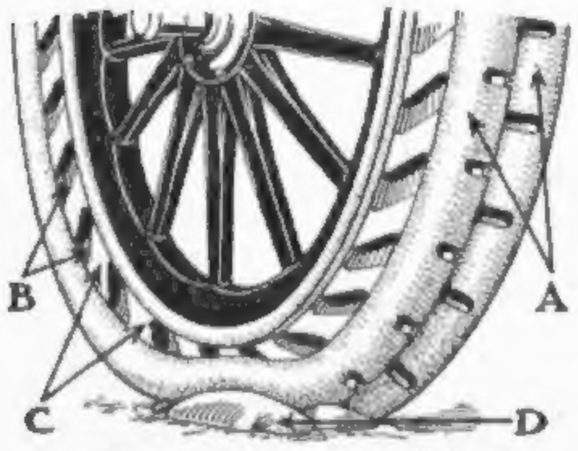
Tire Book Ready

We've a handsome Tire Book ready to mail you. If you are about to buy a pleasure electric or if you expect to replace tires on your present car, write for our Book 96. Tell us the Make, Model and Size of Rims if possible.

MOTZ

Non-Skid

Cushion Tires



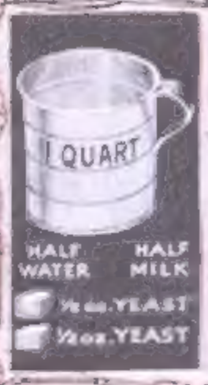
A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.
B—shows undercut sides.
C—shows slantwise bridges.
D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle.

The Motz Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

BRANCHES:—Boston, 4 Dundee Street; Chicago, 2023 Michigan Avenue; Cleveland, 1932 Euclid Avenue; Detroit, 999 Woodward Avenue; Kansas City, 409 E. 15th Street; Los Angeles, 336 W. Pico St.; New York, 1737 Broadway; Philadelphia, 1409 Race St.; Pittsburgh, 300 N. Craig St.; St. Louis, 4436 Olive St.

A GOOD BREAD RECIPE

FOR THE GOLD MEDAL MAID



FIRST, mix a luke warm
quart, my daughter,
One-half scalded milk, one-half
water;
To this please add two cakes
of yeast,
Or the liquid kind if preferred
in the least.

NEXT stir in a teaspoonful
of nice clear salt,
If this bread isn't good, it won't
be our fault,
Now add the sugar, tablespoon-
fuls three;
Mix well together, for dissolved
they must be.

POUR the whole mixture
into an earthen bowl,
A pan's just as good, if it hasn't
a hole.
It's the cook and the flour, not
the bowl or the pan,
That—"Makes the bread that
makes the man."

NOW let the mixture stand
a minute or two.
You've other things of great
importance to do.
First sift the flour — use the
finest in the land.
Three quarts is the measure,
"GOLD MEDAL" the brand.

SOME people like a little
shortening power,
If this is your choice, just add
to the flour
Two tablespoonfuls of lard,
and jumble it about,
'Till the flour and lard are
mixed, without doubt.

NEXT stir the flour into the
mixture that's stood
Waiting to play its part, to
make the bread good.
Mix it up thoroughly, but not
too thick;
Some flours make bread that's
more like a brick.

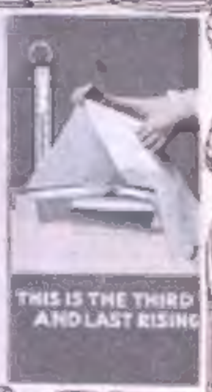
NOW grease well a bowl
and put the dough in,
Don't fill the bowl full, that
would be a sin;
For the dough is all right and
it's going to rise,
'Till you will declare that it's
twice the old size.

BRUSH the dough with melted
butter, as the recipes say;
Cover with a bread towel, set
in a warm place to stay
Two hours or more, to rise
until light,
When you see it grow, you'll
know it's all right.

AS soon as it's light, place
again on the board;
Knead it well this time. Here
is knowledge to hoard.
Now back in the bowl once
more it must go.
And set again to rise for an
hour or so.

FORM the dough gently into
loaves when light,
And place it in bread pans,
greased just right.
Shape each loaf you make to
half fill the pan,
This bread will be good enough
for any young man.

NEXT let it rise to the level
of pans—no more,
Have the temperature right—
don't set near a door.
Be very careful about draughts;
it isn't made to freeze,
Keep the room good and warm
—say seventy-two degrees.



NOW put in the oven; it's
ready to bake,—
Keep uniform fire, great results
are at stake.
One hour more of waiting and
you'll be repaid,
By bread that is worthy "A
Gold Medal Maid."

WASHBURN—CROSBY CO

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS